

MIDAS

A COMIC OPERA

As it is Perform'd at the THEATRE ROYAL

In COVENT-GARDEN.

For the Harpsicord, Voice, German Flute, Violin, or Guitar.

London. Frinted for I. Walsh in Catharine Street in the Strand.

Of whom may be had

Love in a Village, a Comic Opera The Arcadian Songs by Dr Arne Thomas and Sally The Spring & Fairies, 4 Books Dr Arnes Cantatas & Songs, 14 Books Judith. Paradife Loft. Rebecca. Eliza. Alfred. Tempest.
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Devil to Pay
Beggar's Opera for 2 Voices

A Table of the Songs in the Comic Opera call'd MIDAS

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New Musick Just Publish'd by I. WALSH.

For Concerts for Violins F. H. &c. Bach's 6 Opera Overtures
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Arne, Lampe, &c. 6 Medley Overtures
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St. Martinis Overtures & Concertos, Op. 8.
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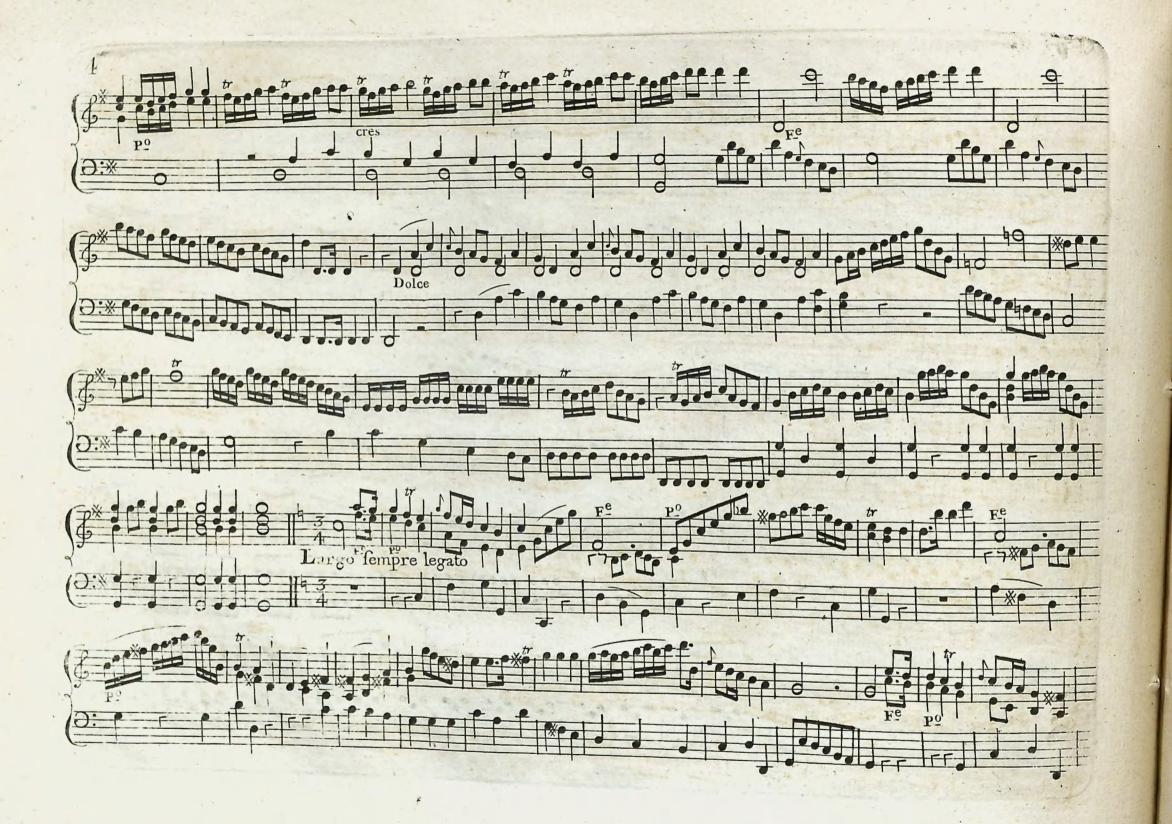
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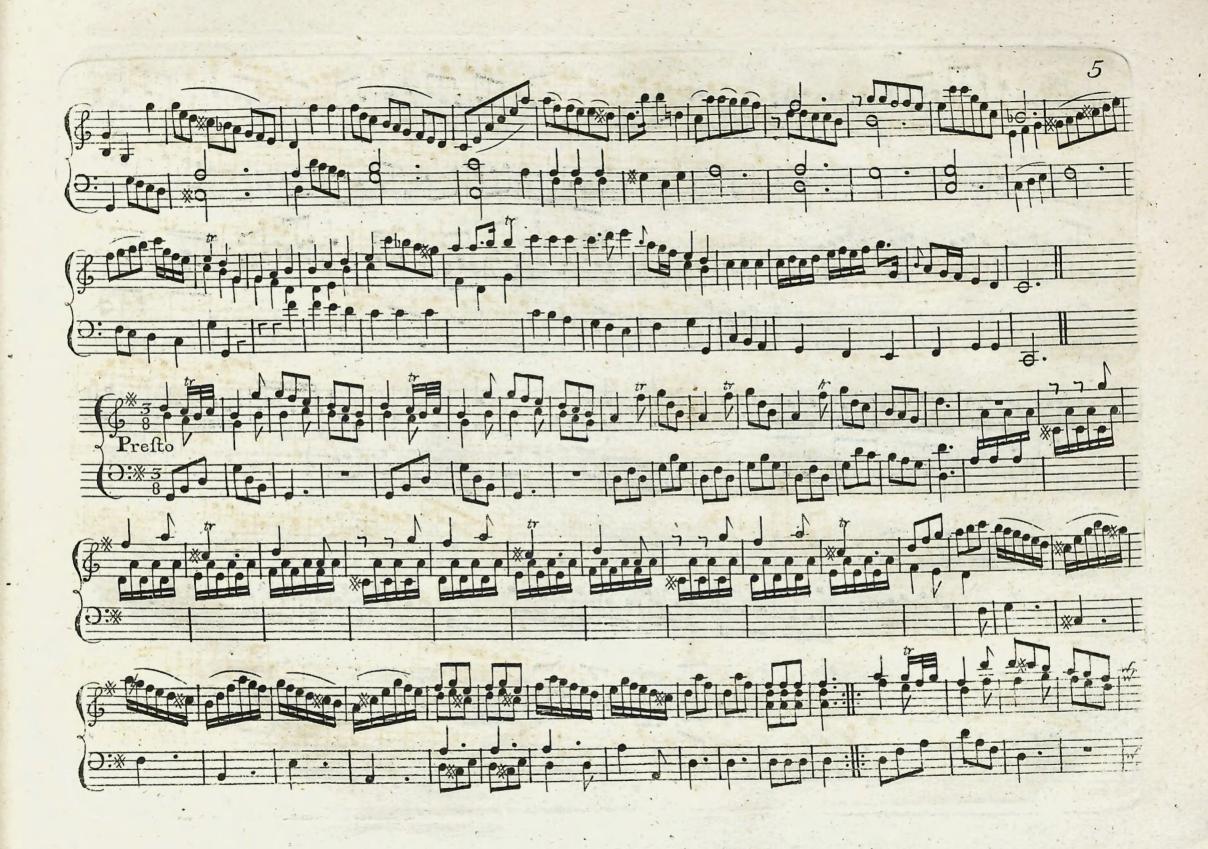
For 2 German Flutes and a Bass.
Martini of Milan's Notturnies
Galeottis Trios
Dothel Le Fill's Sonatas
Graun's Sonatas
Kleinknecht's Sonatas
Agrell's Sonatas
Jomellis Sonatas

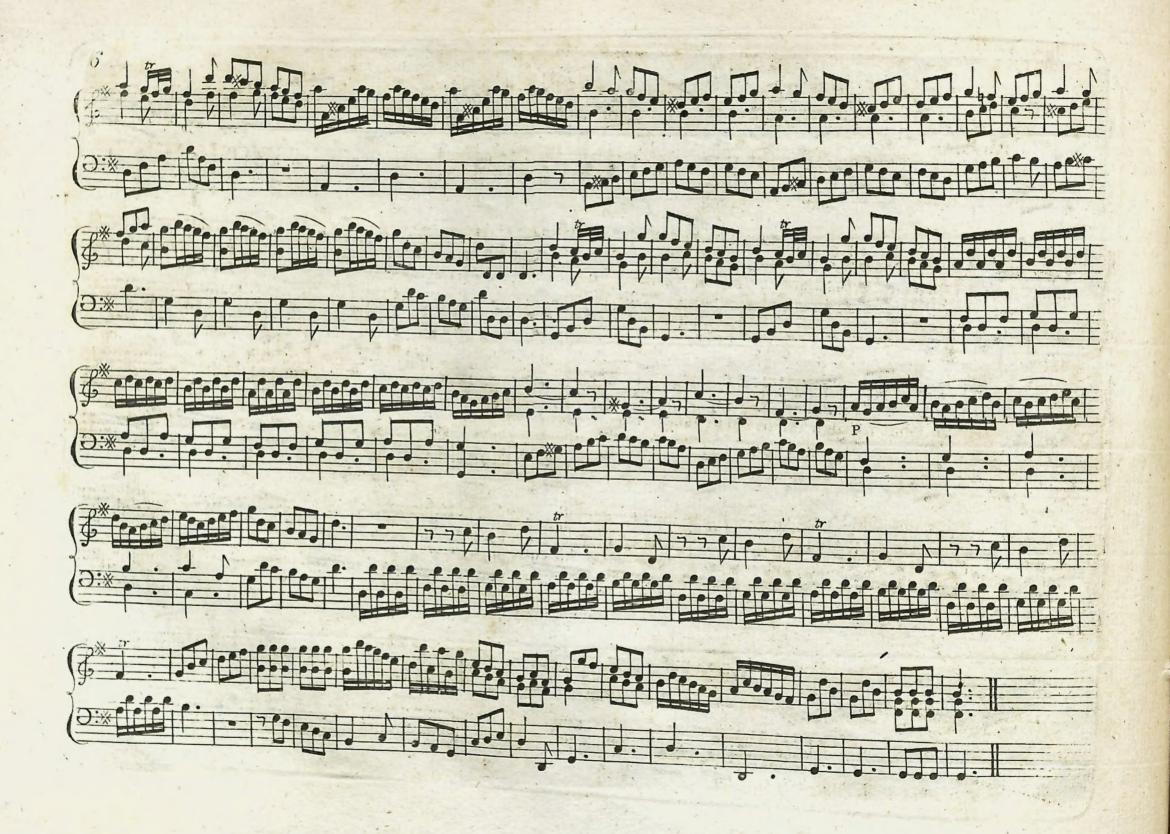
For a Violin and Bass.
Campioni & Chabran's Solos
Nardinis Solos
For a German Flute & Bass.
Richter's Solos
Dothel Le Fill's Solos
Weideman's Solos, 2 Sets
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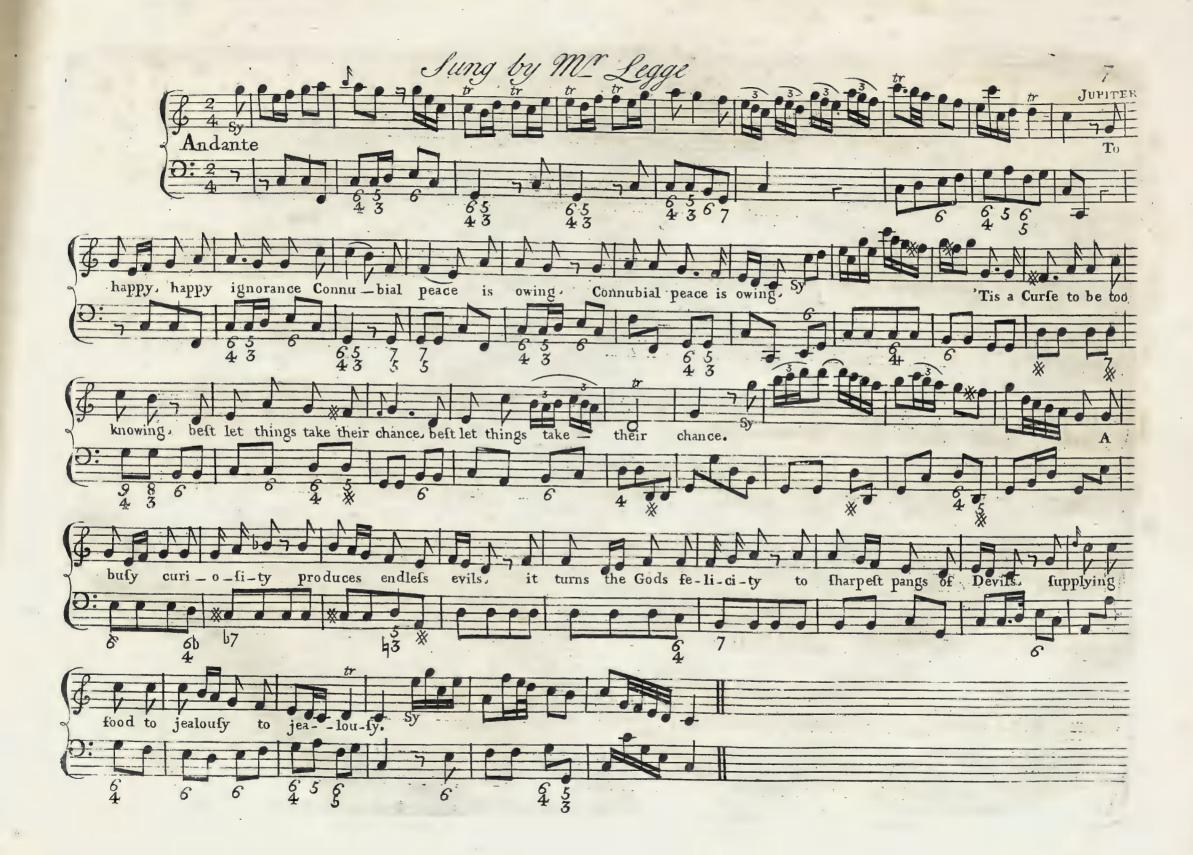


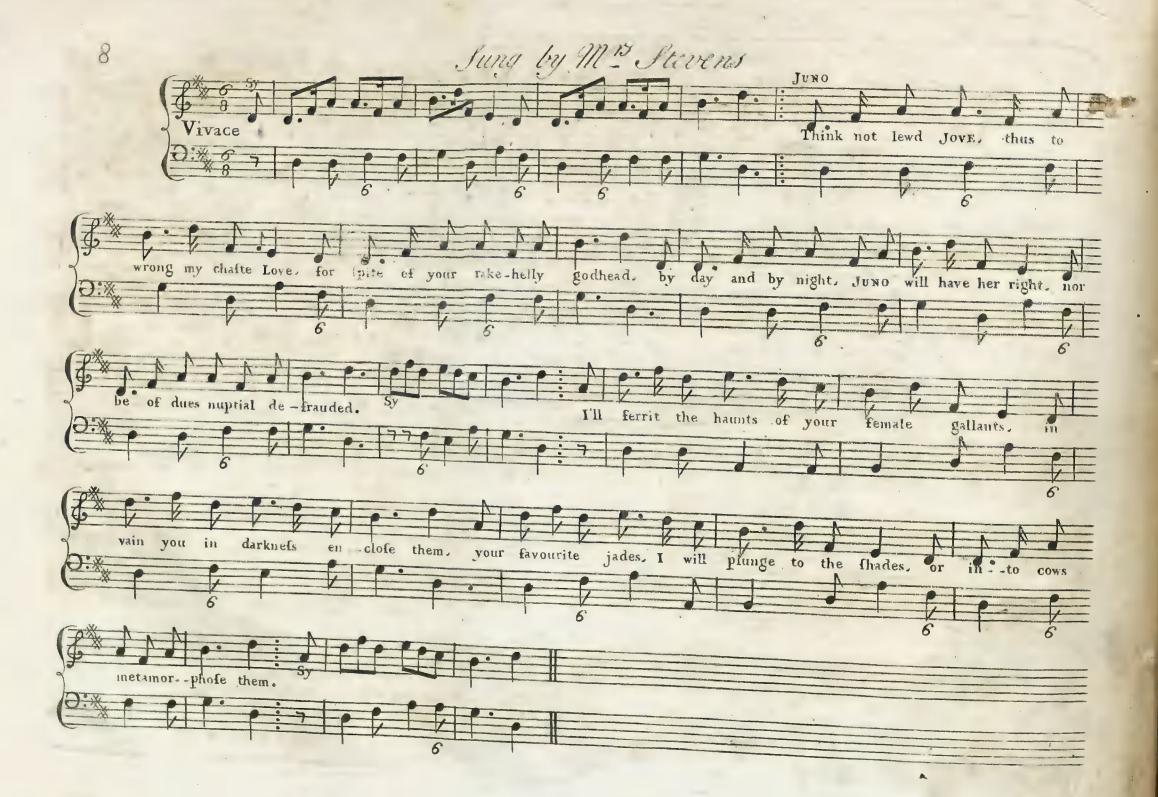


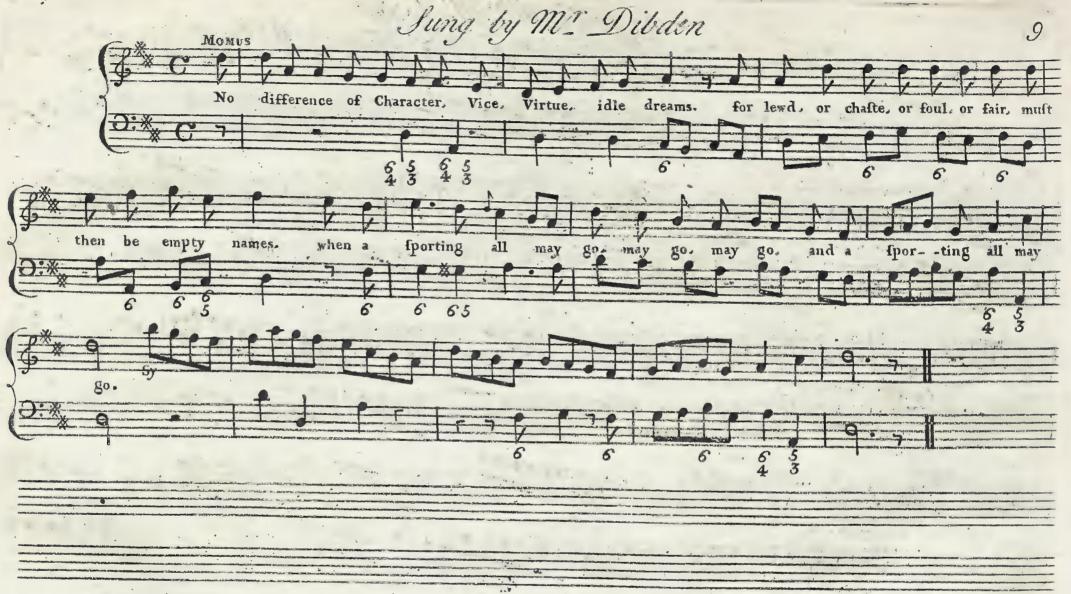












Screen'd from the husband's jealous eyes.

All love, all free as air.

No wanton need to fear surprize.

Oh what a life were there.

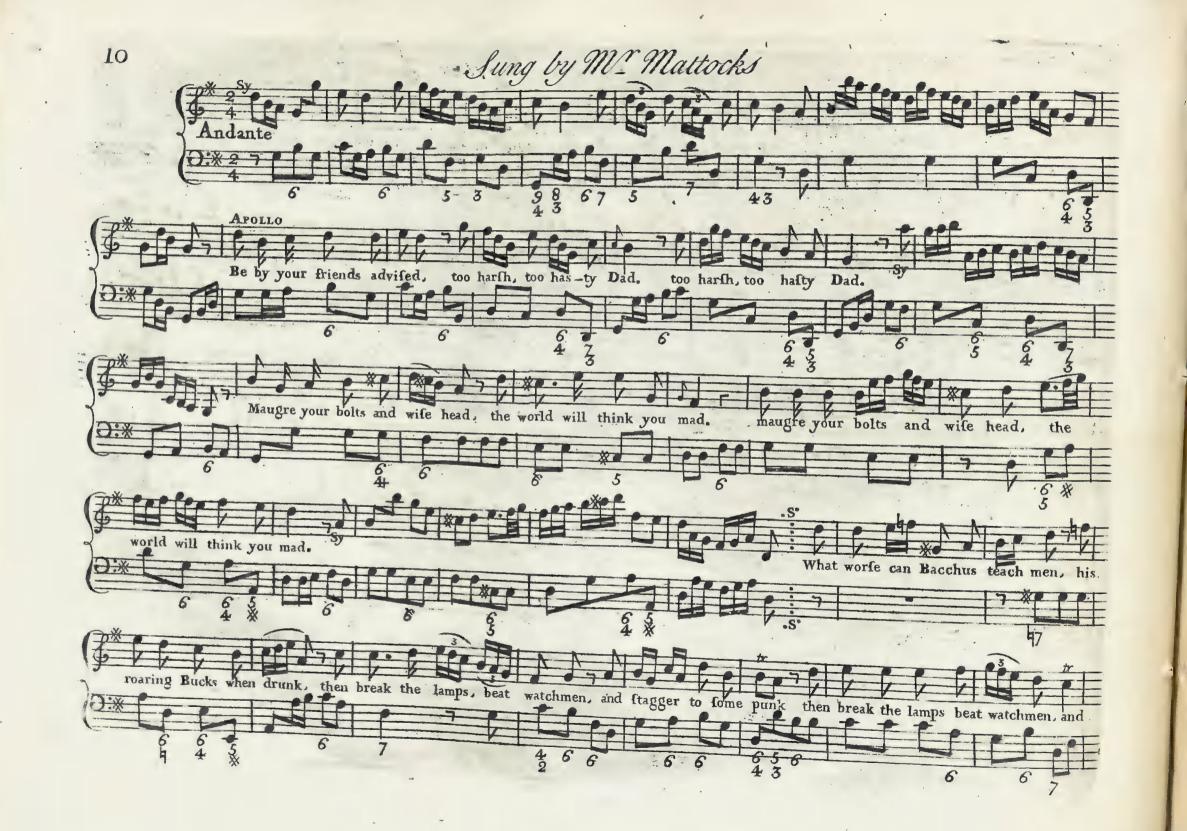
When a sporting &c.

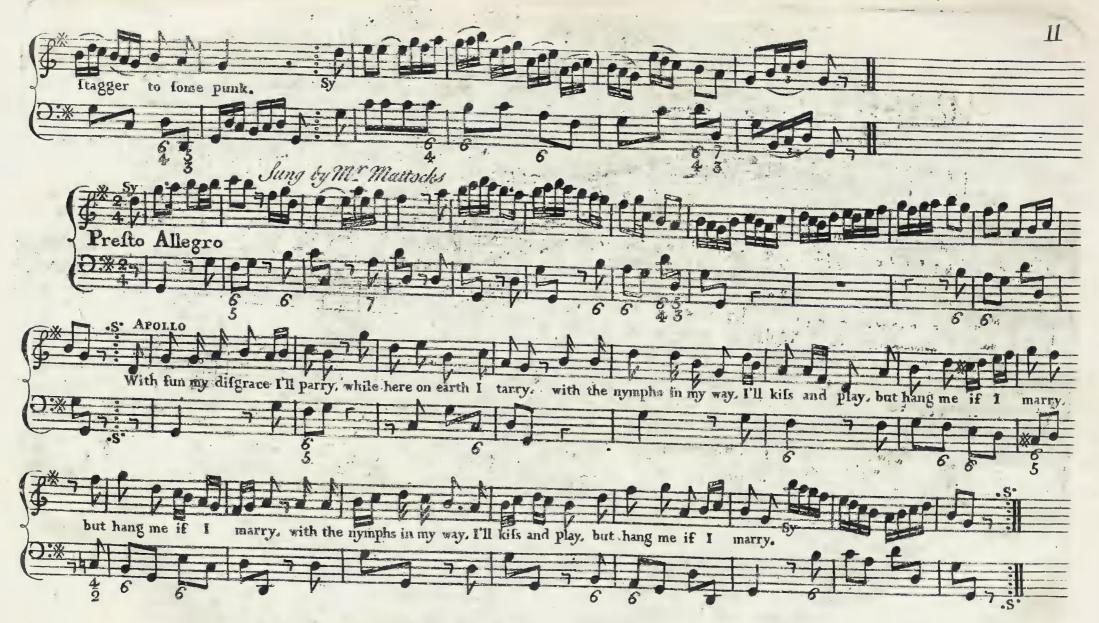
Then hey for trumps, for matadores,
And rare fansprendre voles.

Old maids will fly, when past amours

For dear quadrille by shoals.

And a gambling &c.





Let the fky go to wreck and mifcarry
Without my luminary.
Por here will ftay
To kifs and play.
To toy, but never marry toy but never marry.
Por here will ftay &c. &c.

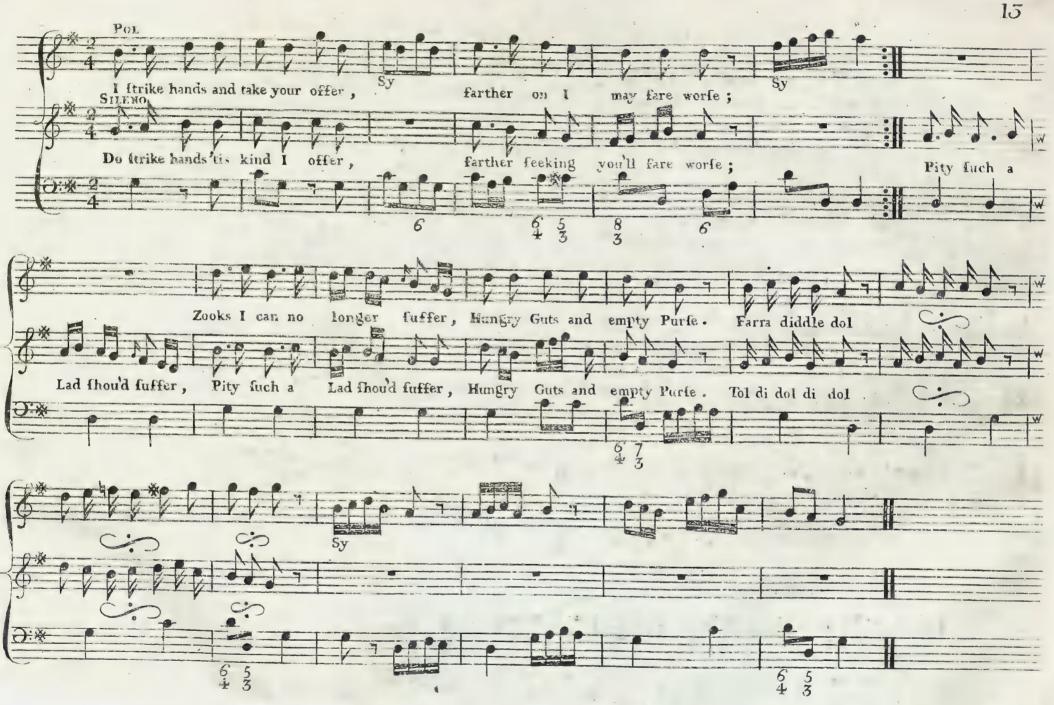


With three Crowns, your standing Wages, You shall daintily be fed;
Bacon, Beans, Salt beef, and Cabbage,
Butter, Milk, and Oaten Bread.
Farra diddle &c.

Come, strike hands, you'll Live in Clover,
When we get you once at home;
And when daily labour's over,
We'll all Dance to your strum strum.
Farra diddle &c.

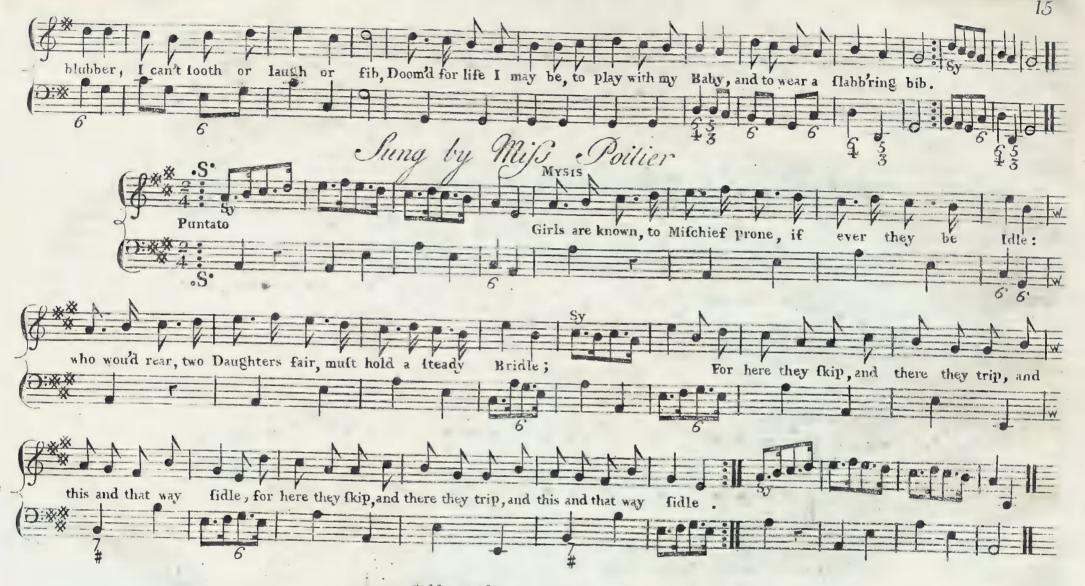
Pol.
Done, strike hands, I take your Offer,
Farther on I may fare worse;
Zooks, I can no longer suffer,
Hungry Guts and empty Purse.
Farra diddle &c.





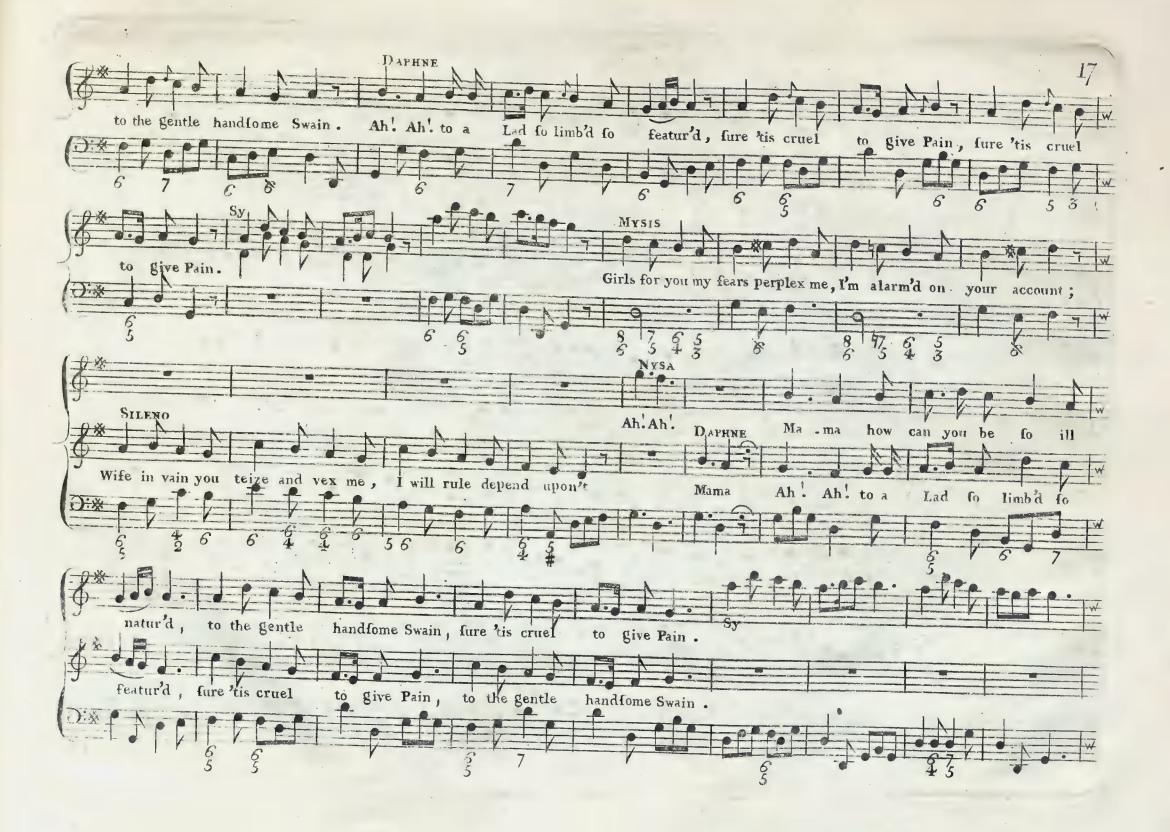


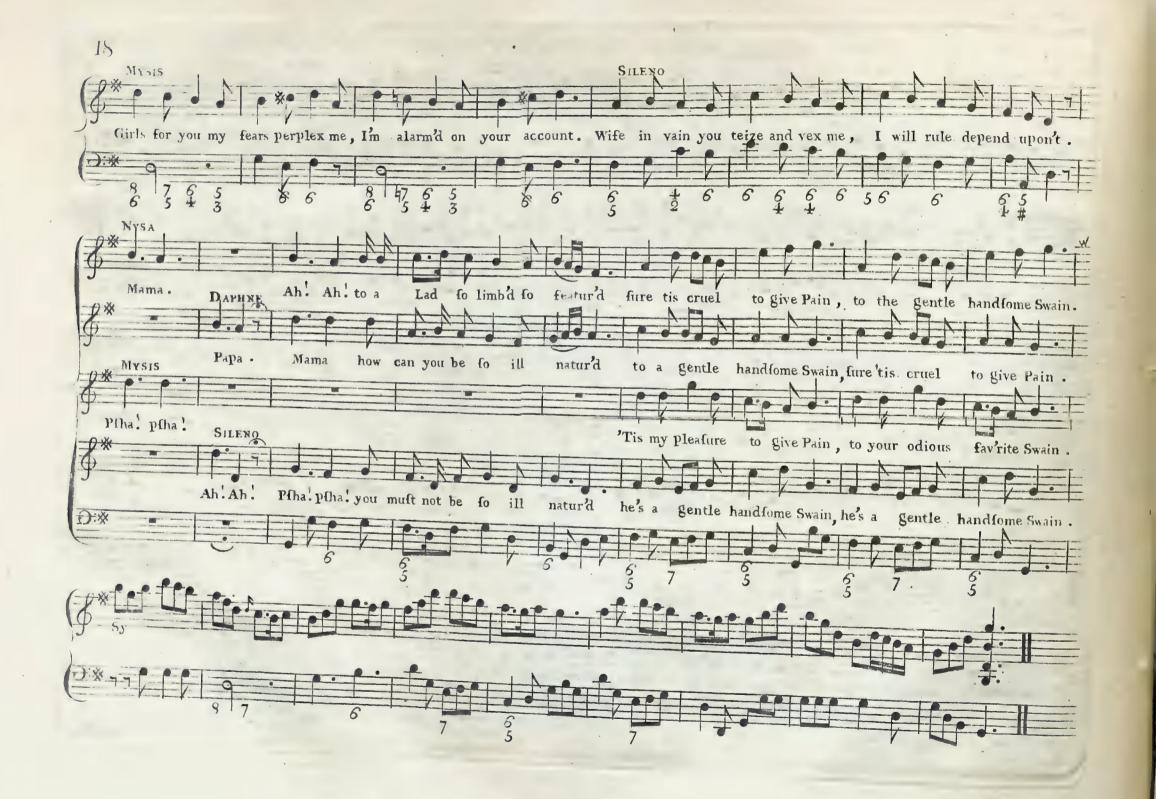


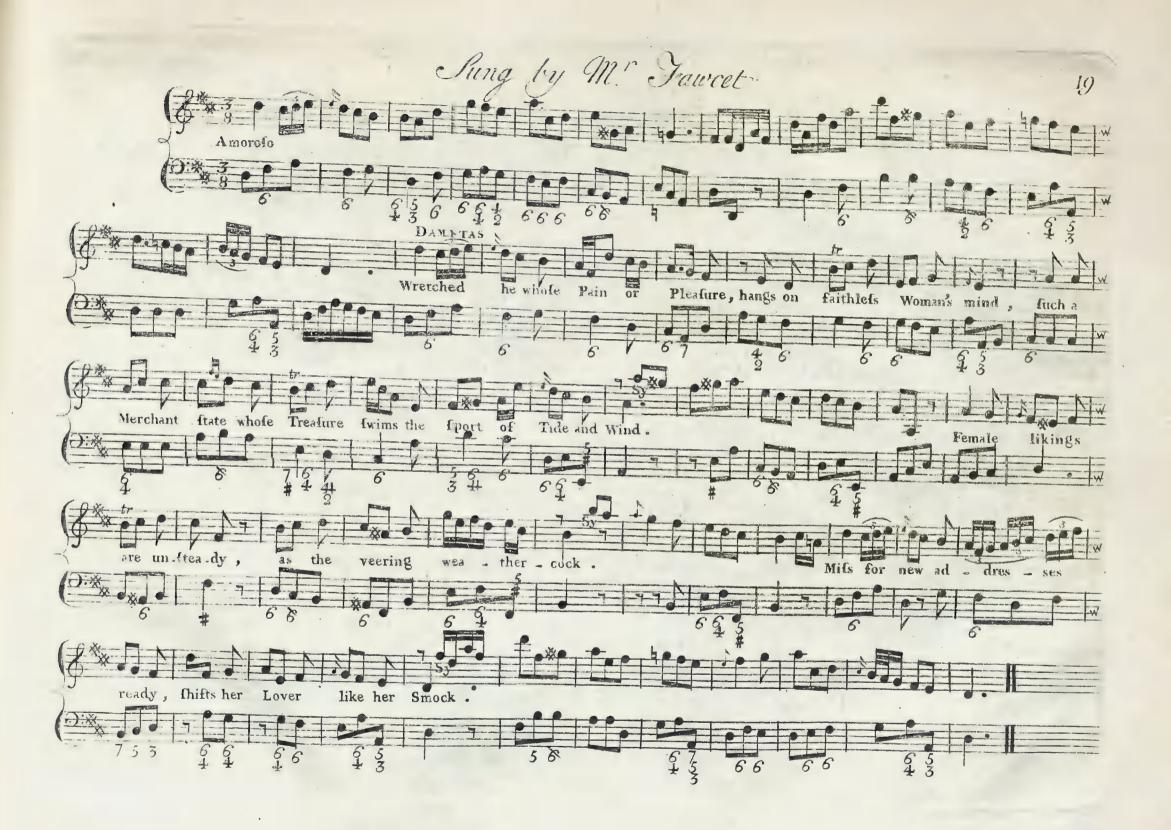


Giddy Maids, poor filly Jades, All after Men are gadding; They flirt Pall mall, their train to fwell, To Coxcomb, Coxcomb adding;
To evry fop, they're Cock a hoop; And fet their Mother's madding.
To ev'ry fop &c.

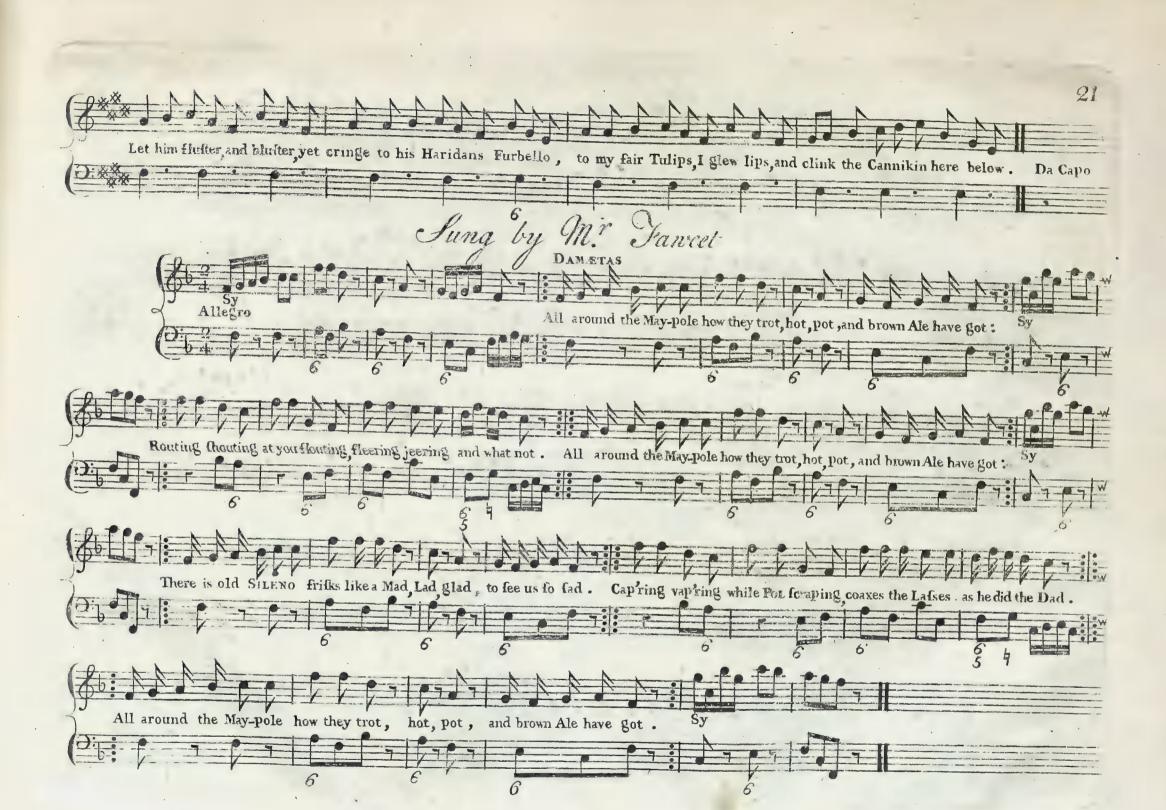




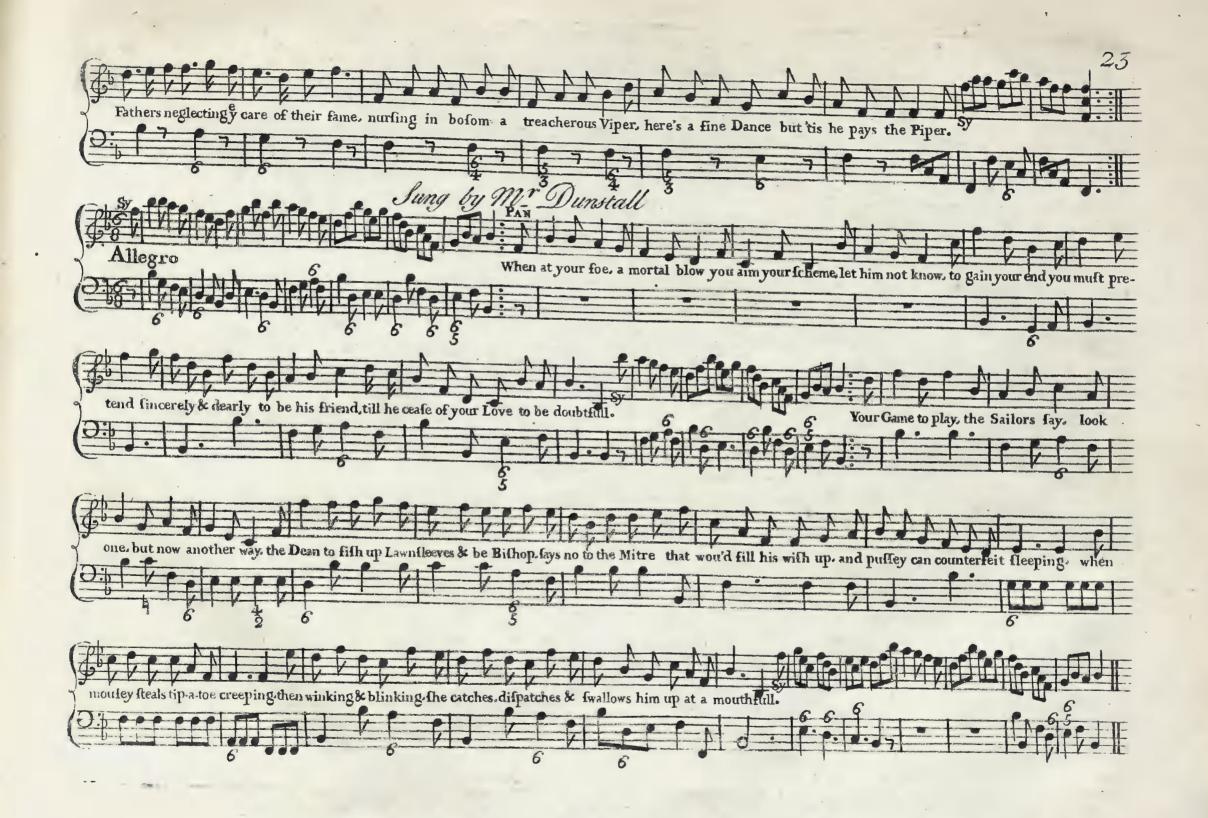




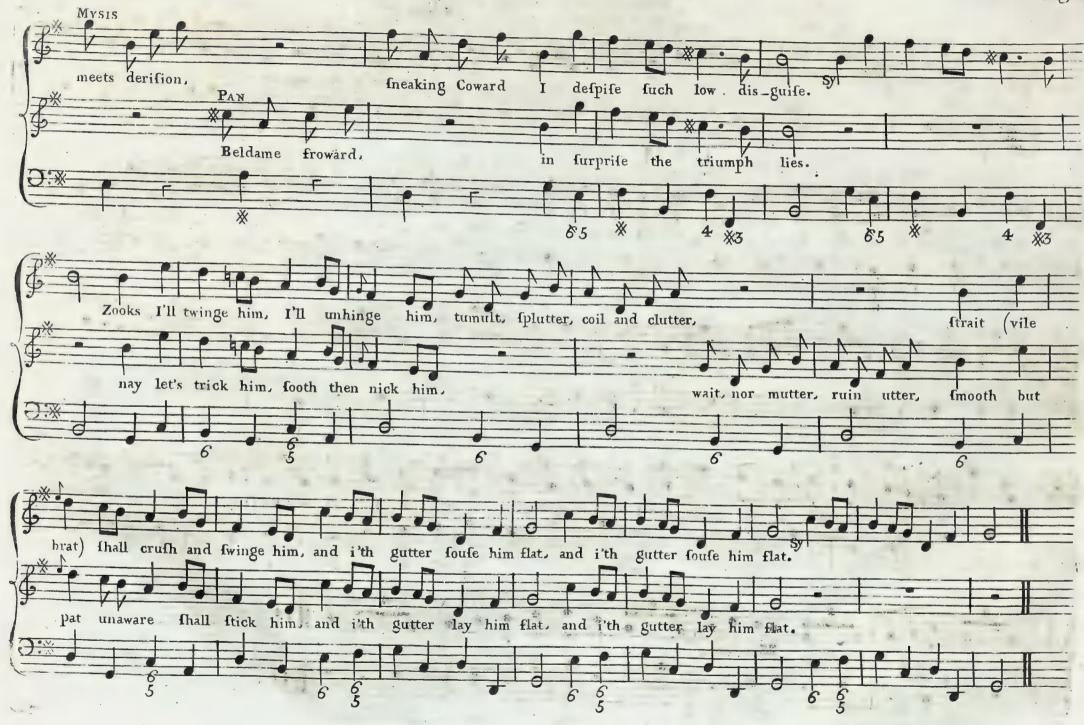


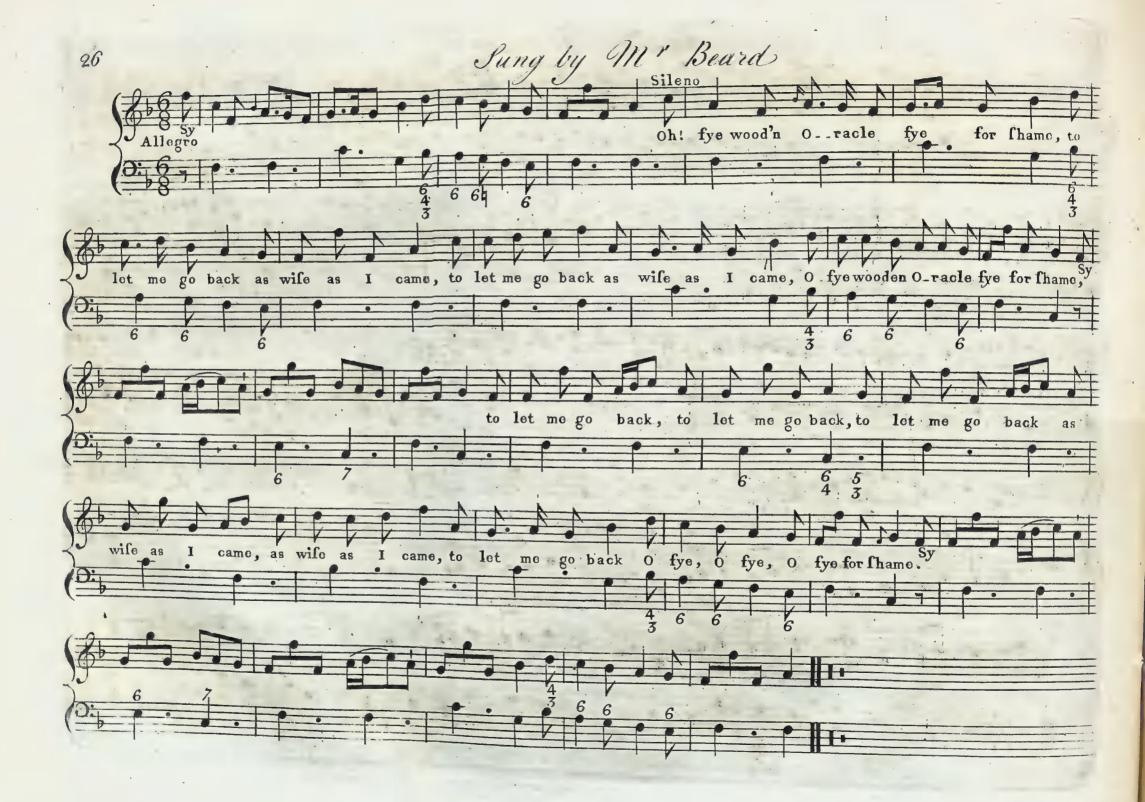


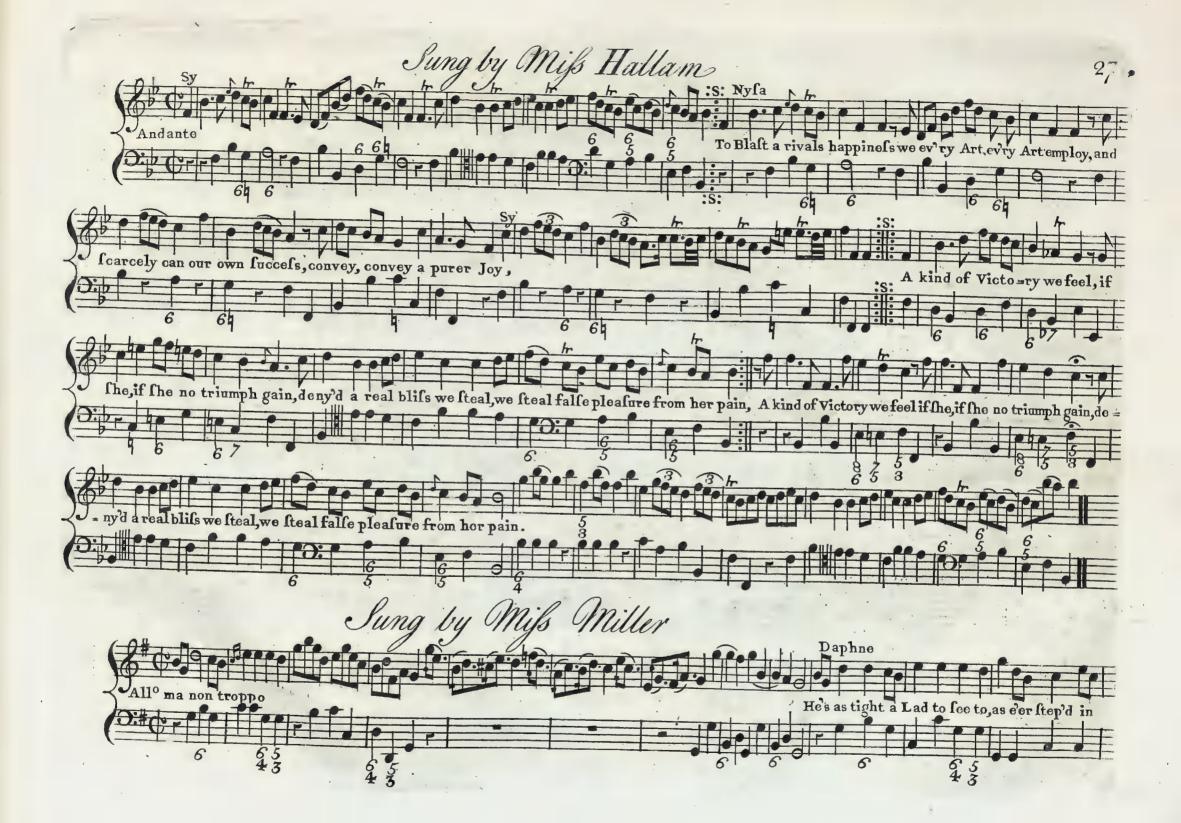


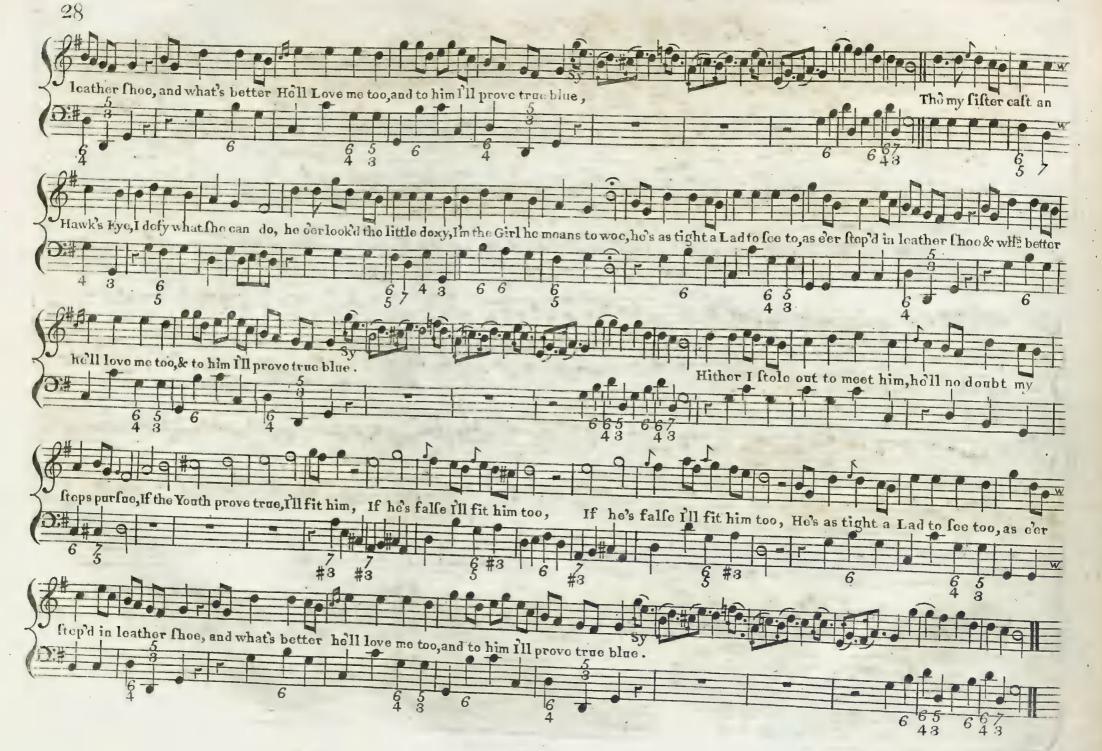


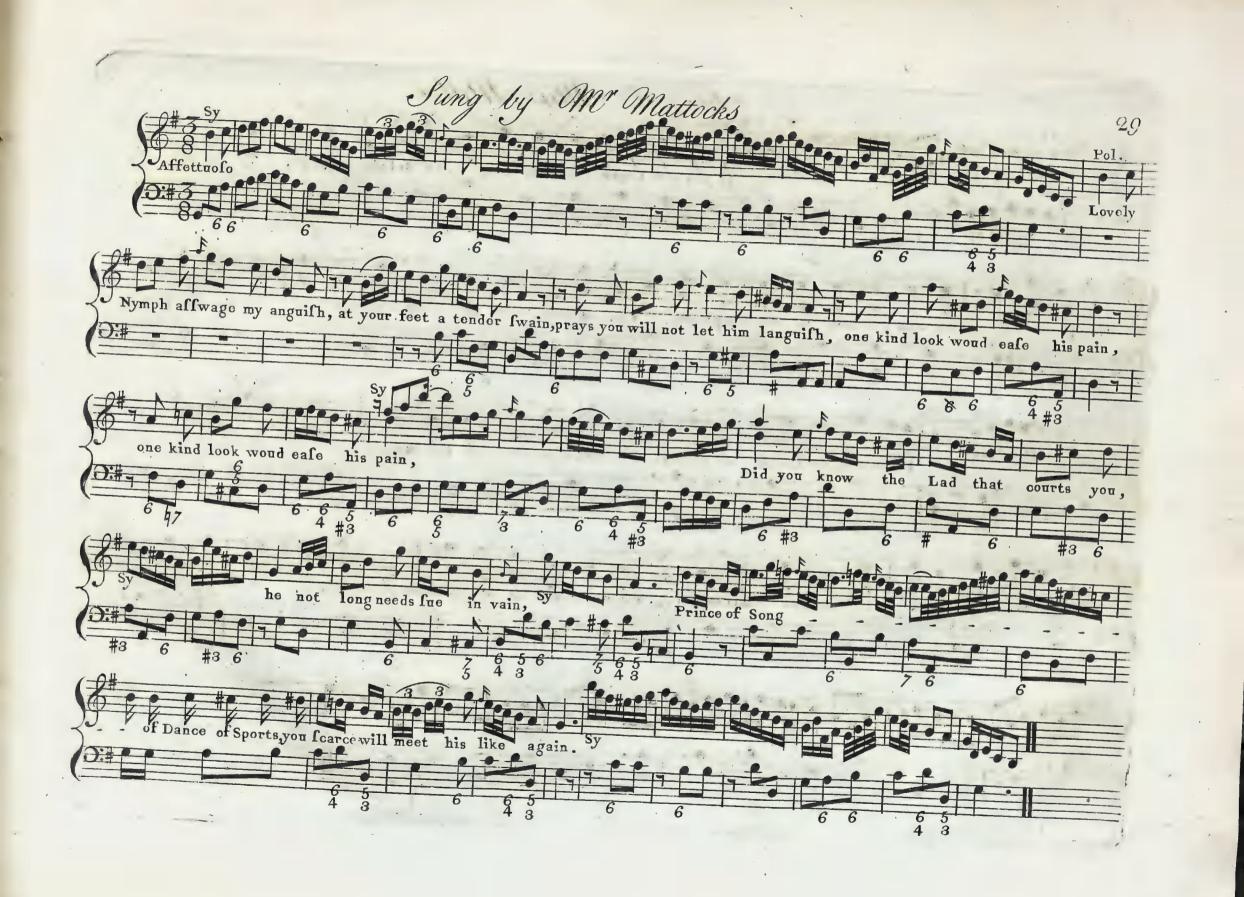


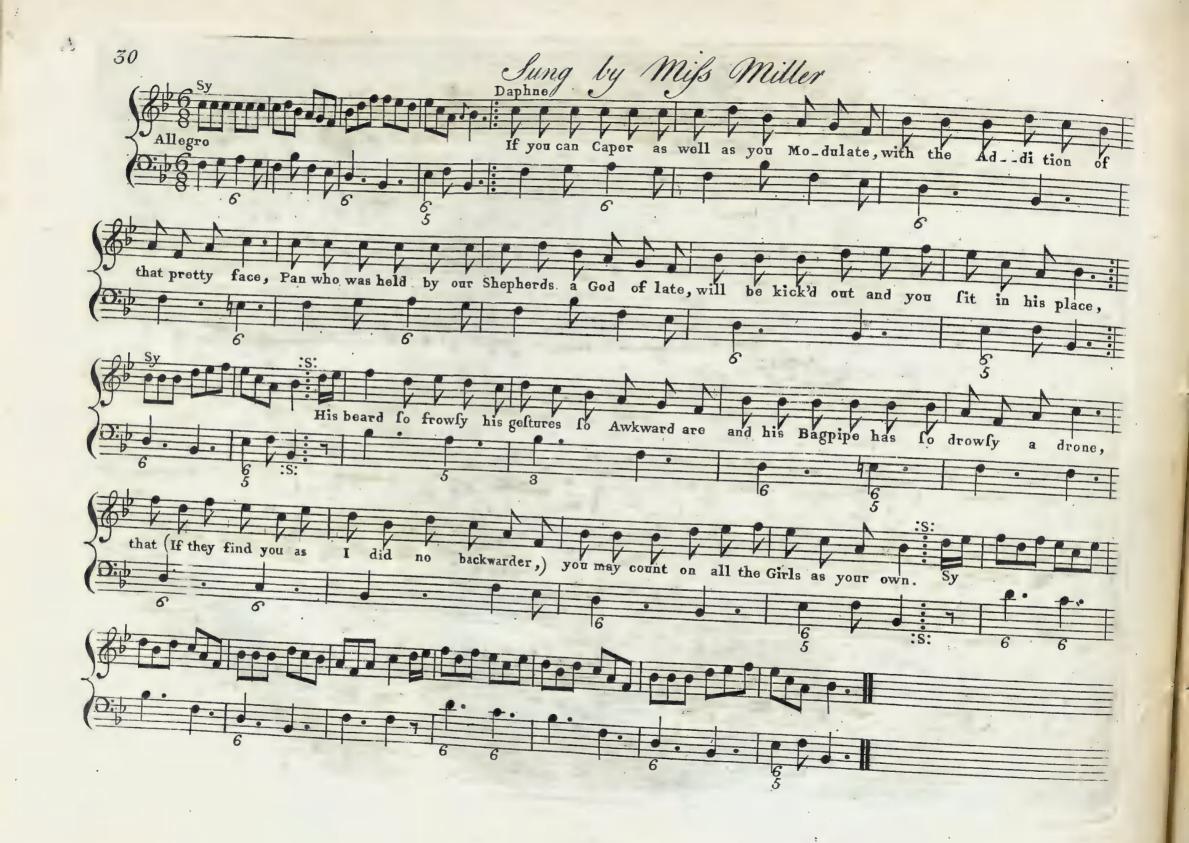


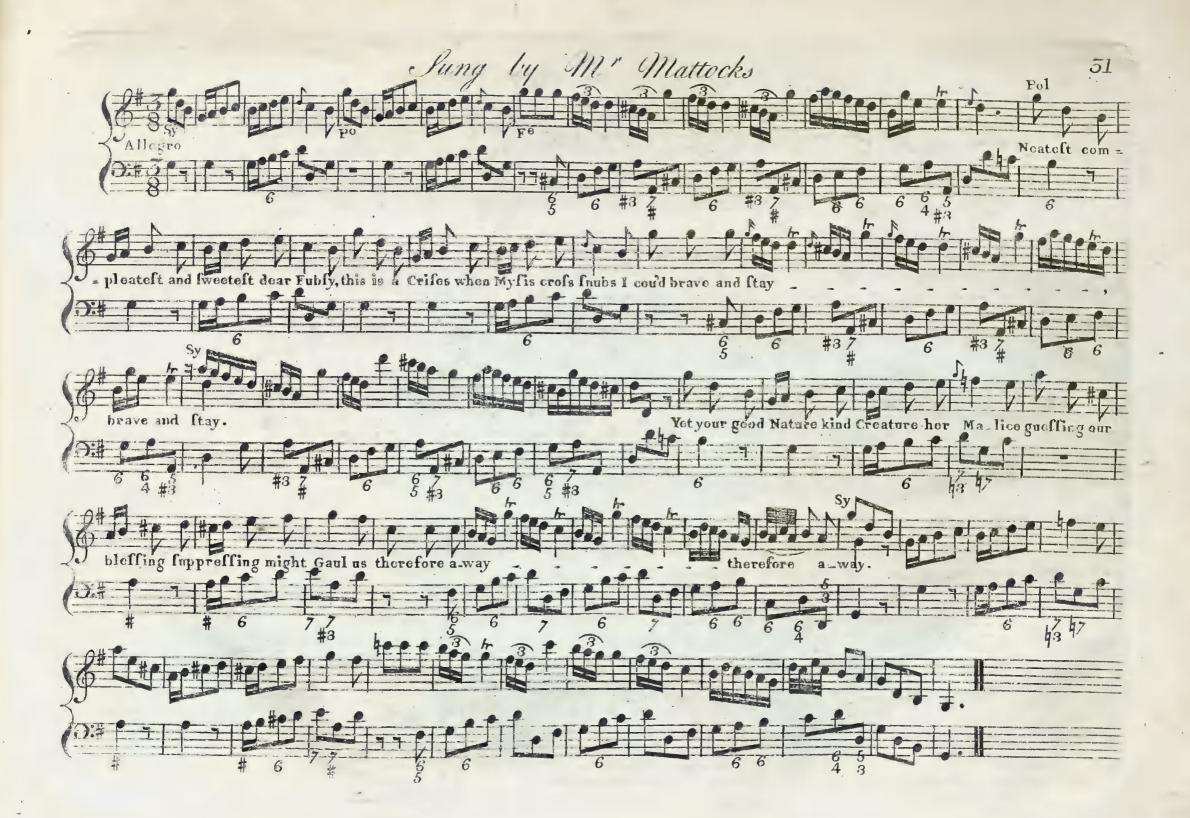


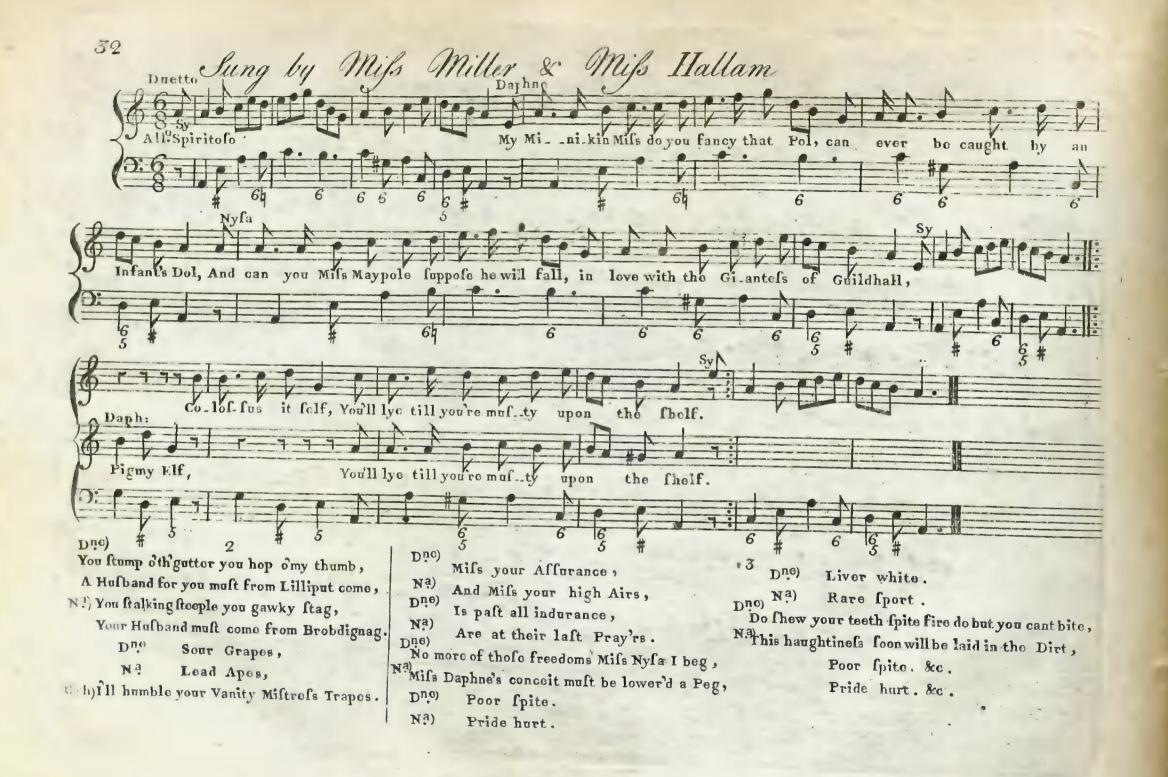








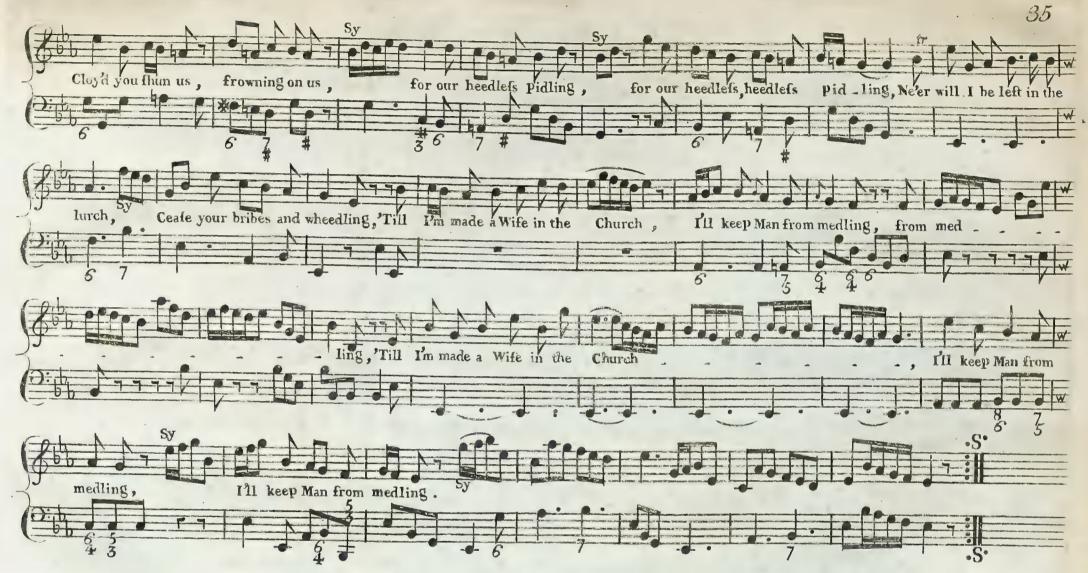




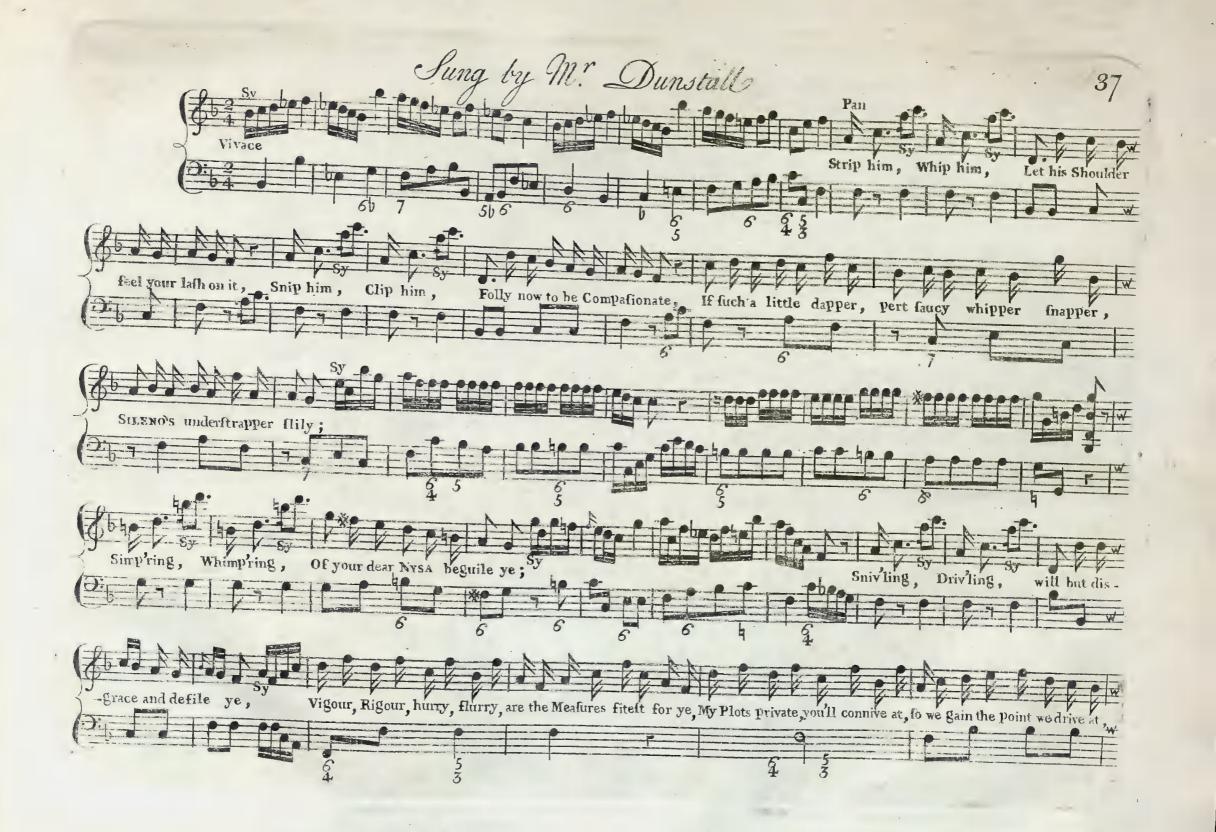


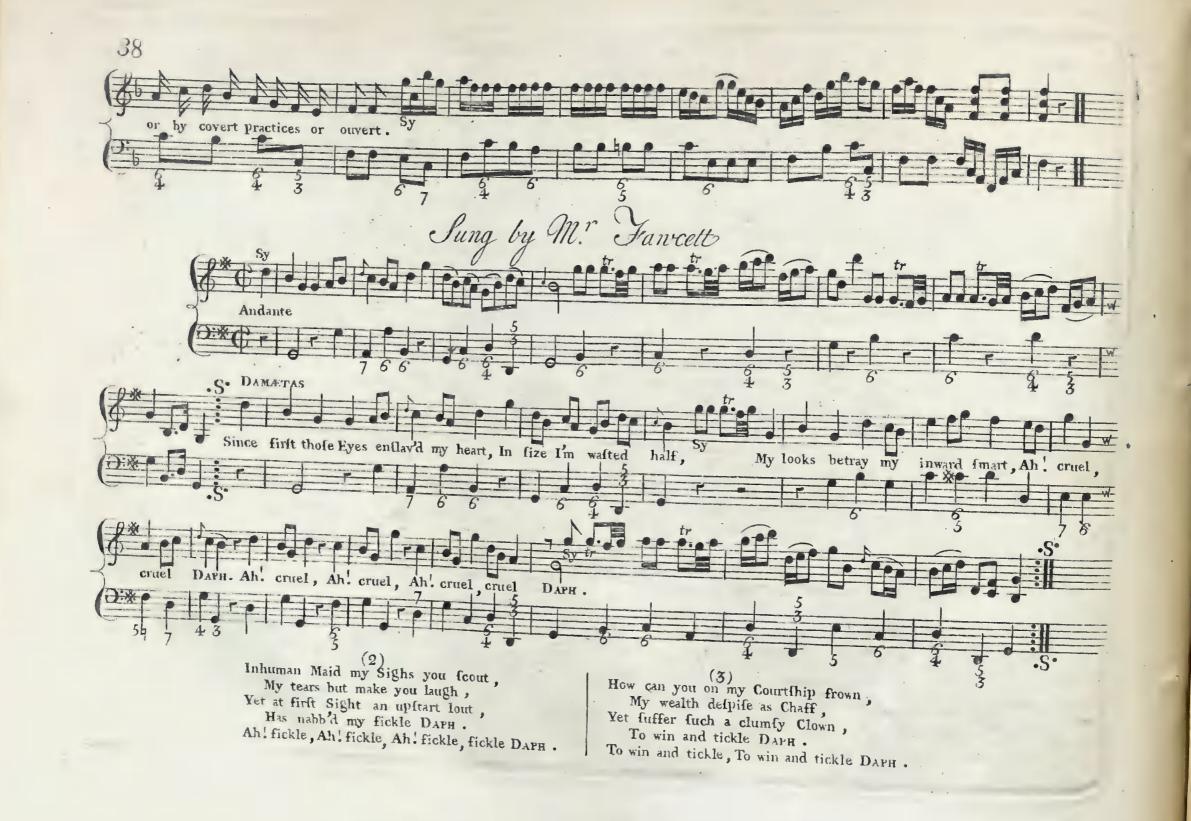
How I'd mumble her, touze and tumble her, Would little Nysa pig with me .



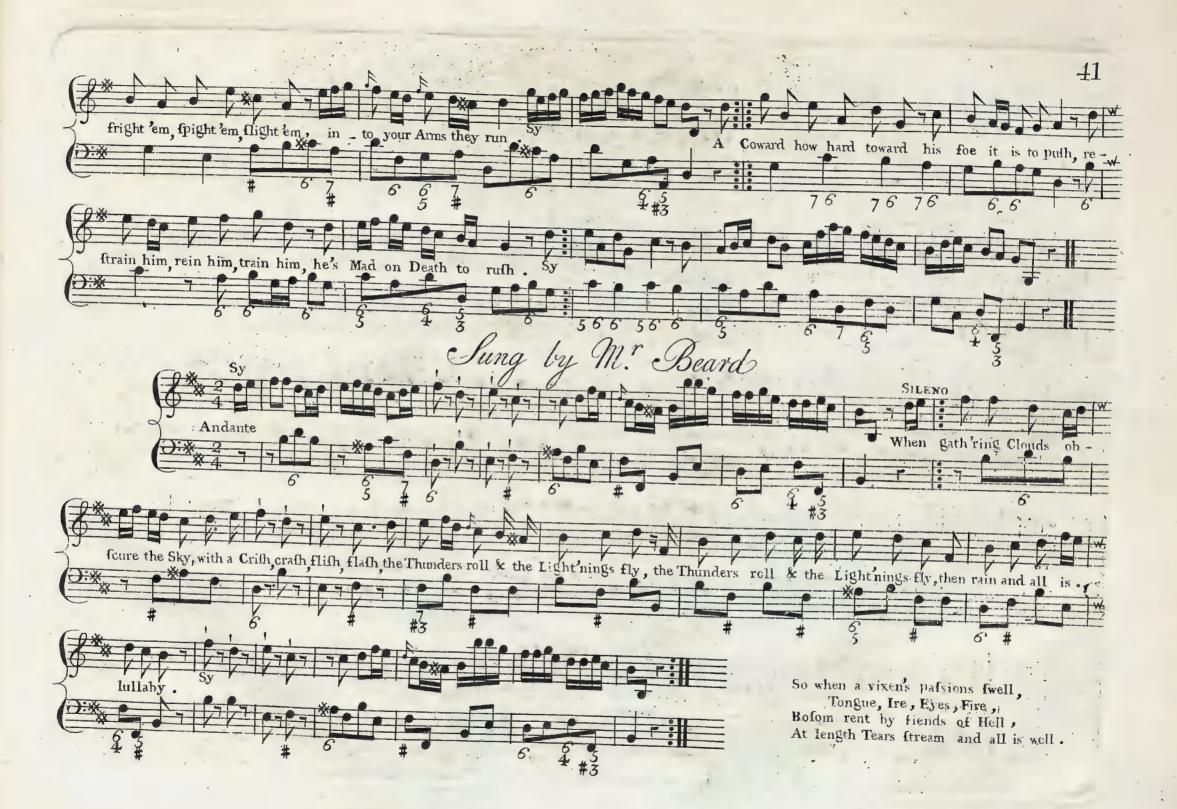


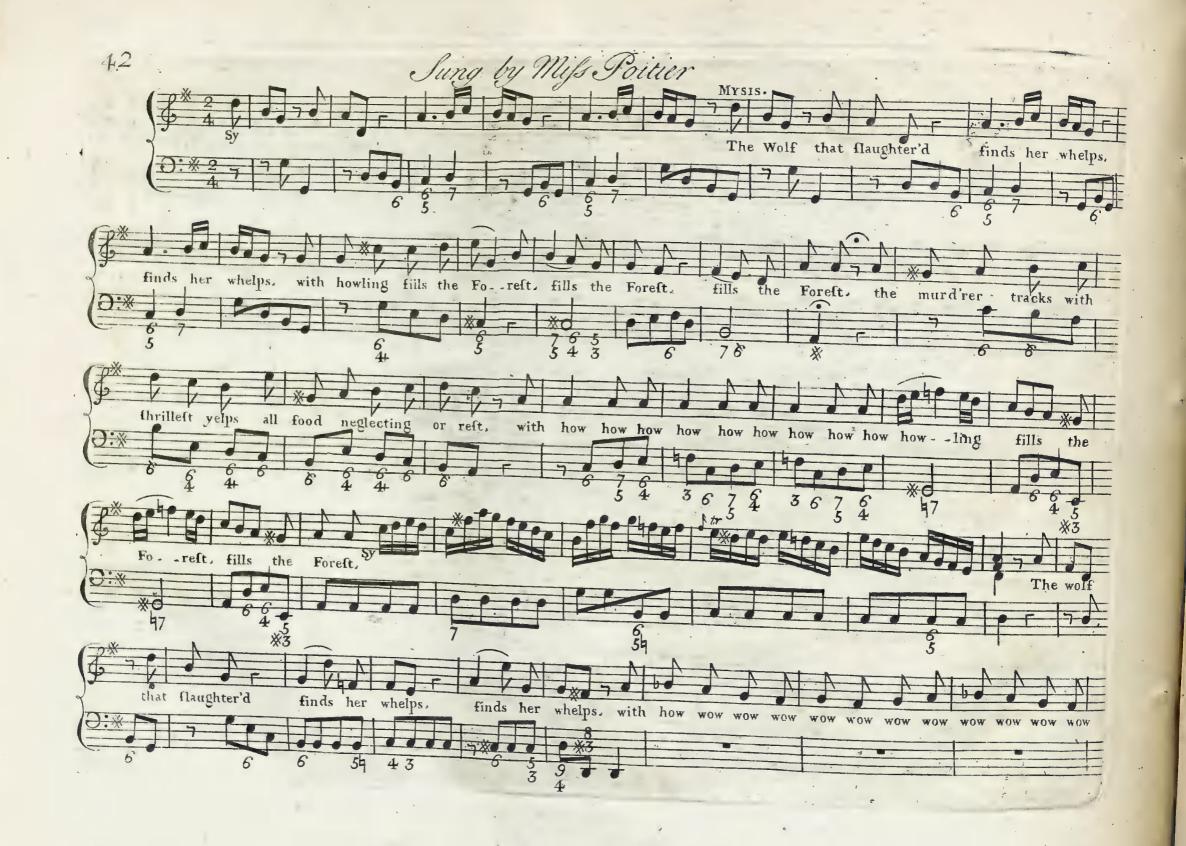
Can your Palace, Plate, or Coach . Can your Di'monds glitt'ring, Bridle the Tongue of foul reproach ? Gibers will be titt'ring . Then poor stumbler, How't must humble her, If a fumbler, the lets mumble her, When in her hearing, Whifp'ring, fneering, Chatt'ring, swearing, hissing, tearing Gall'ry Box and Pitt'ring .

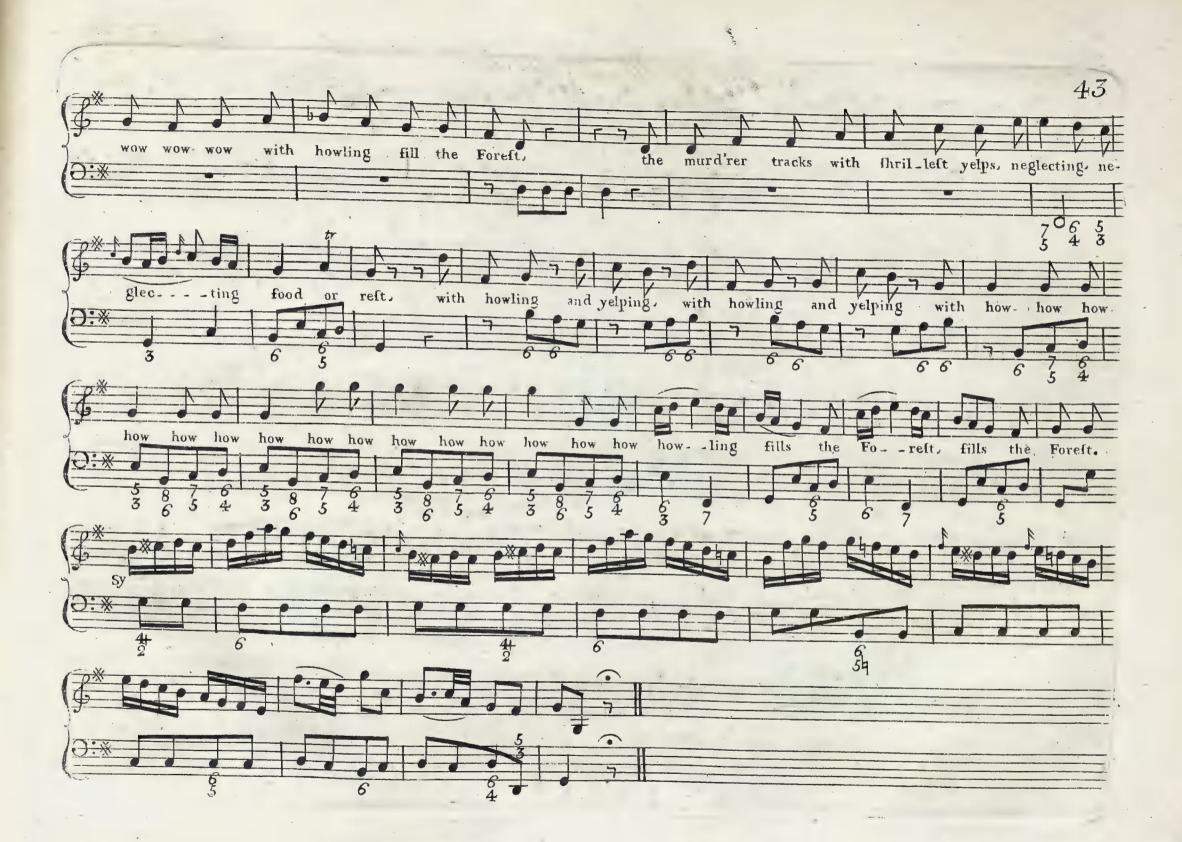


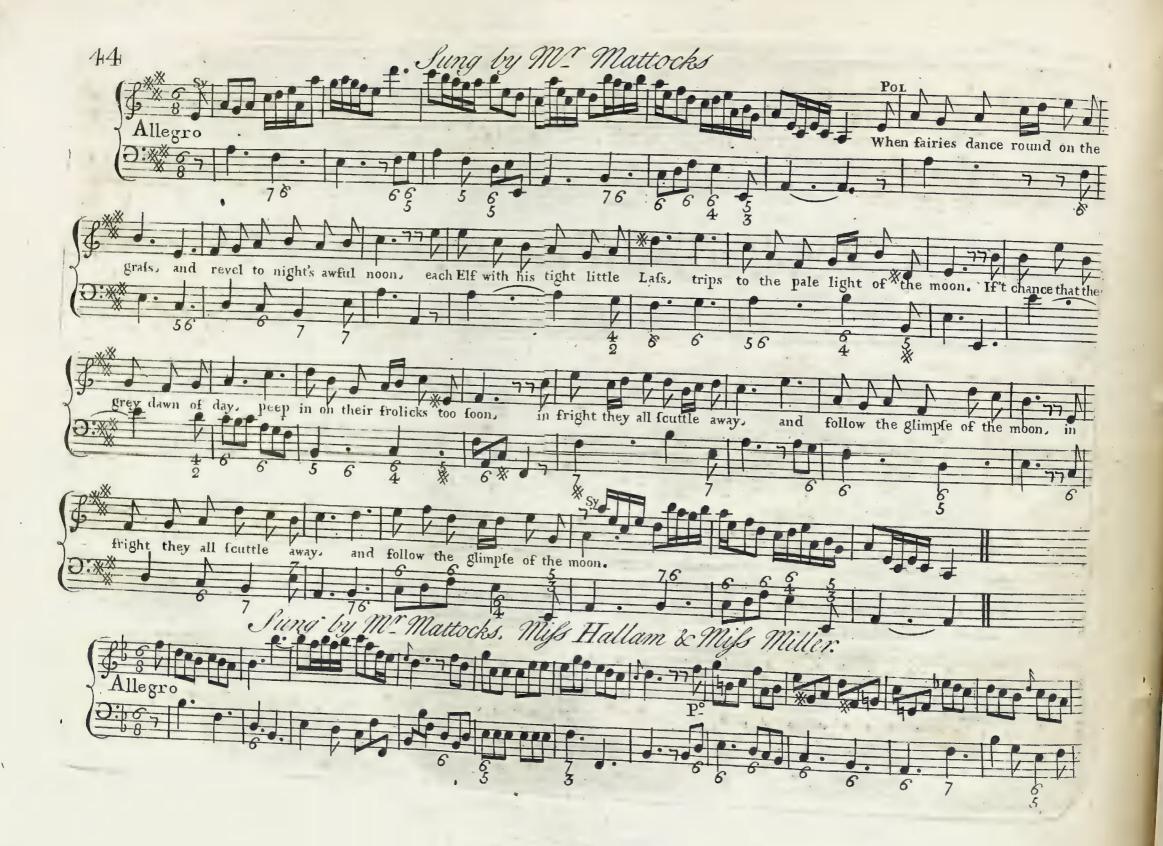


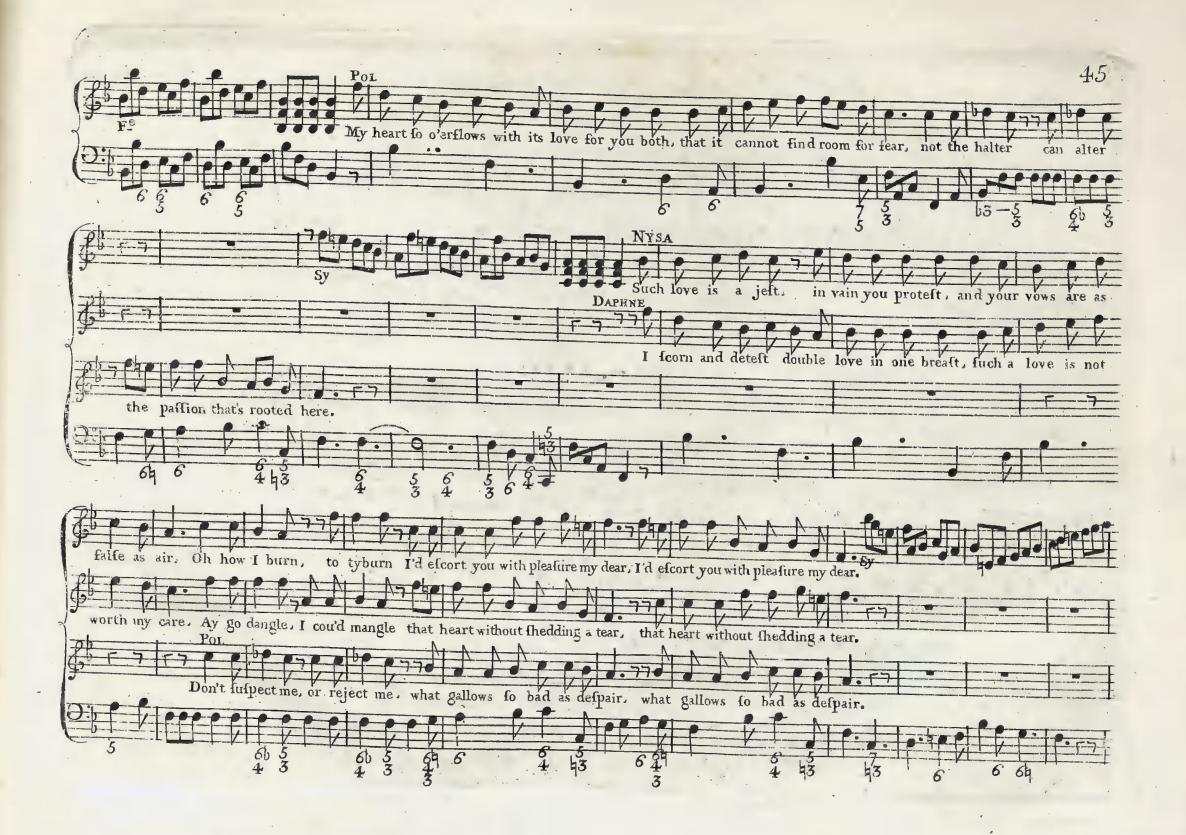


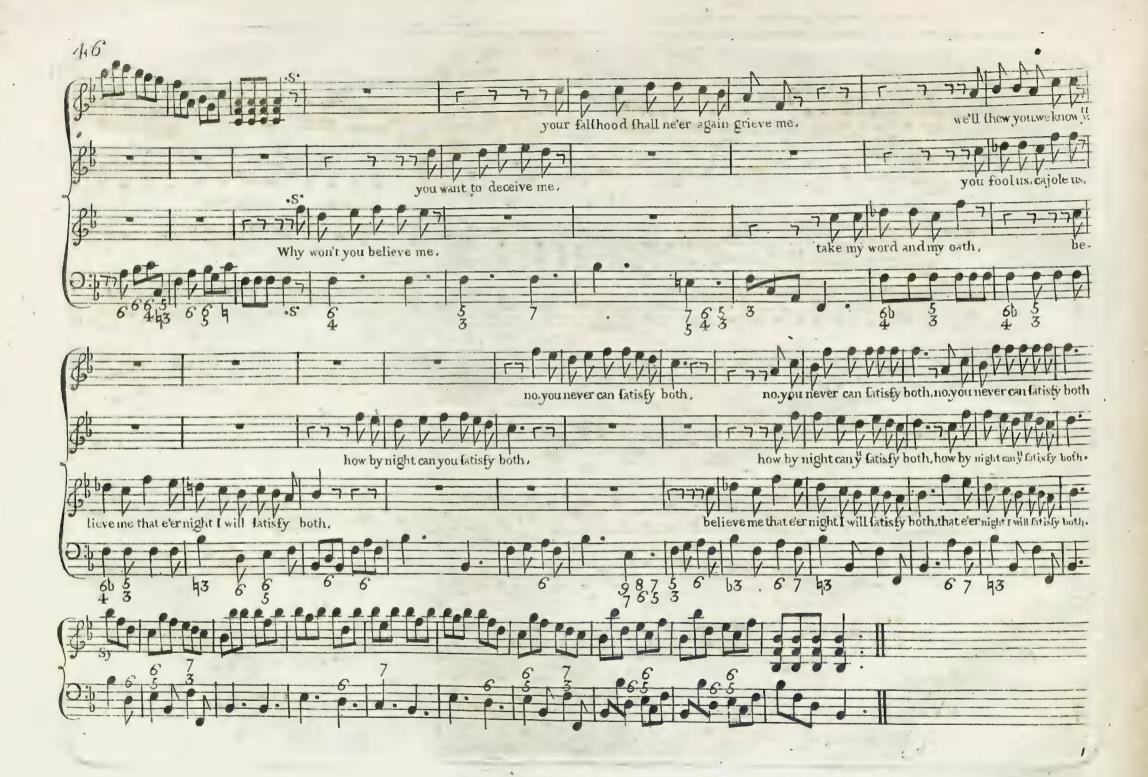




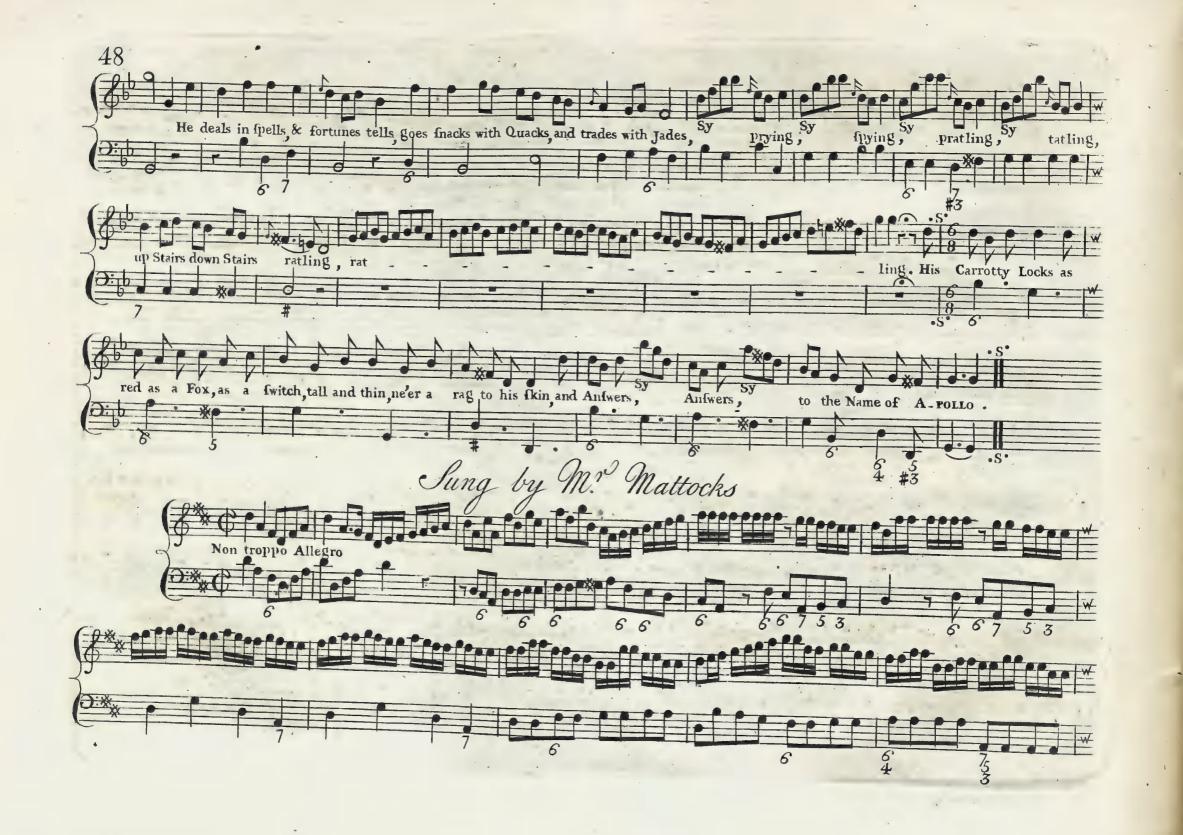




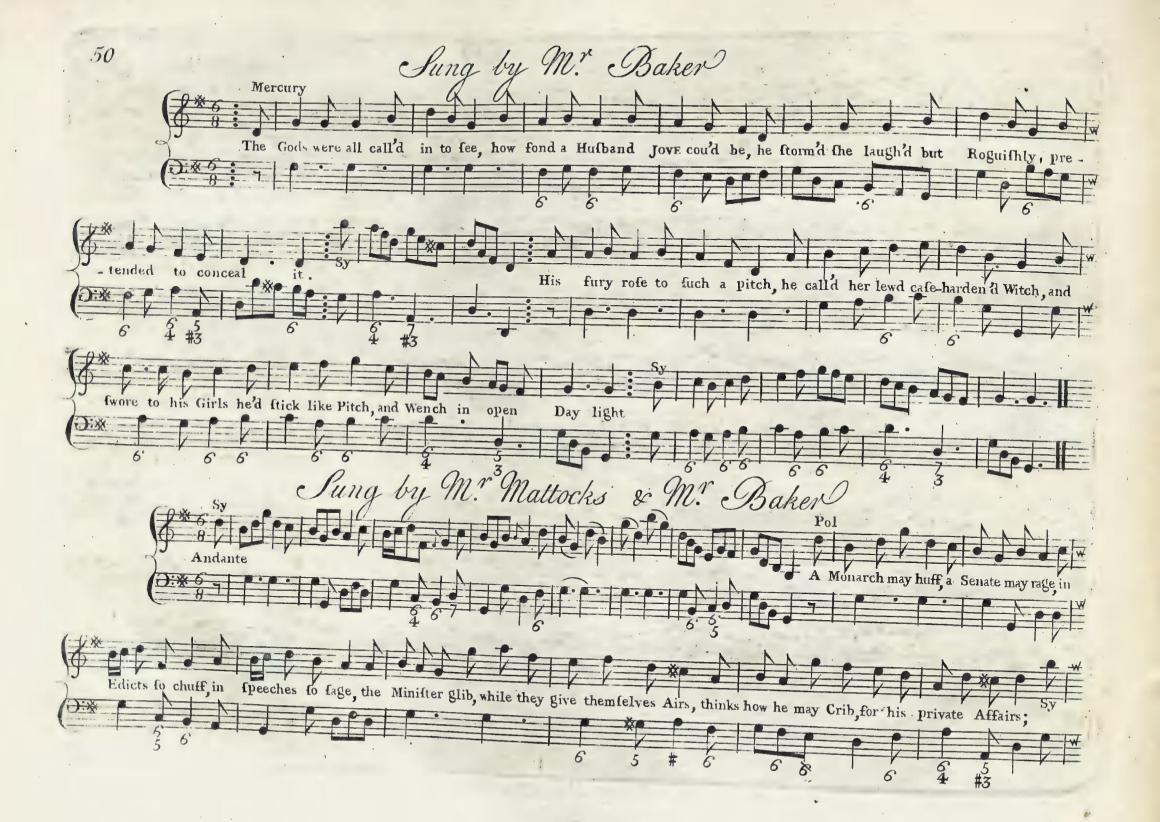


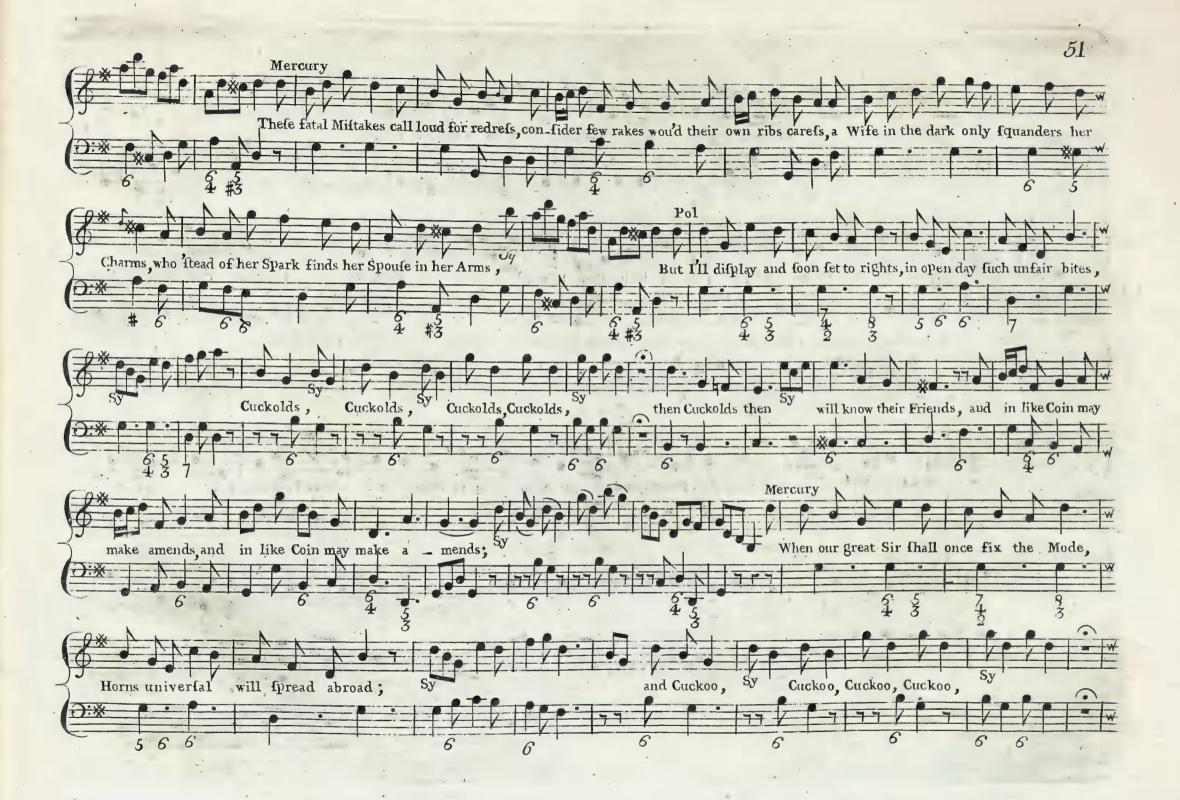


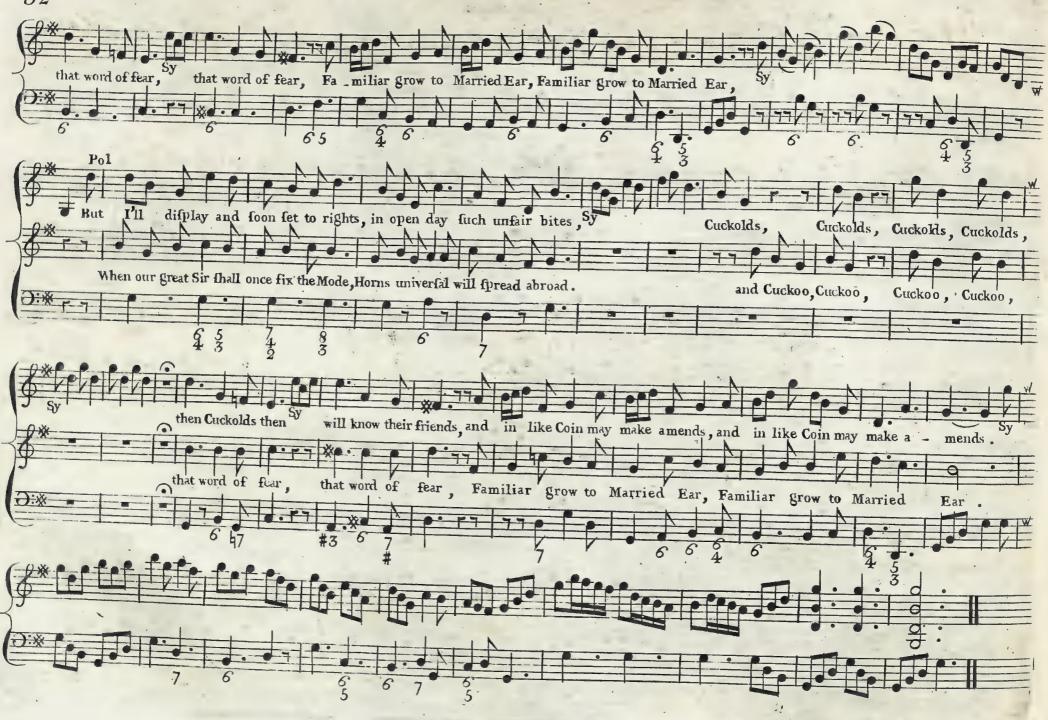




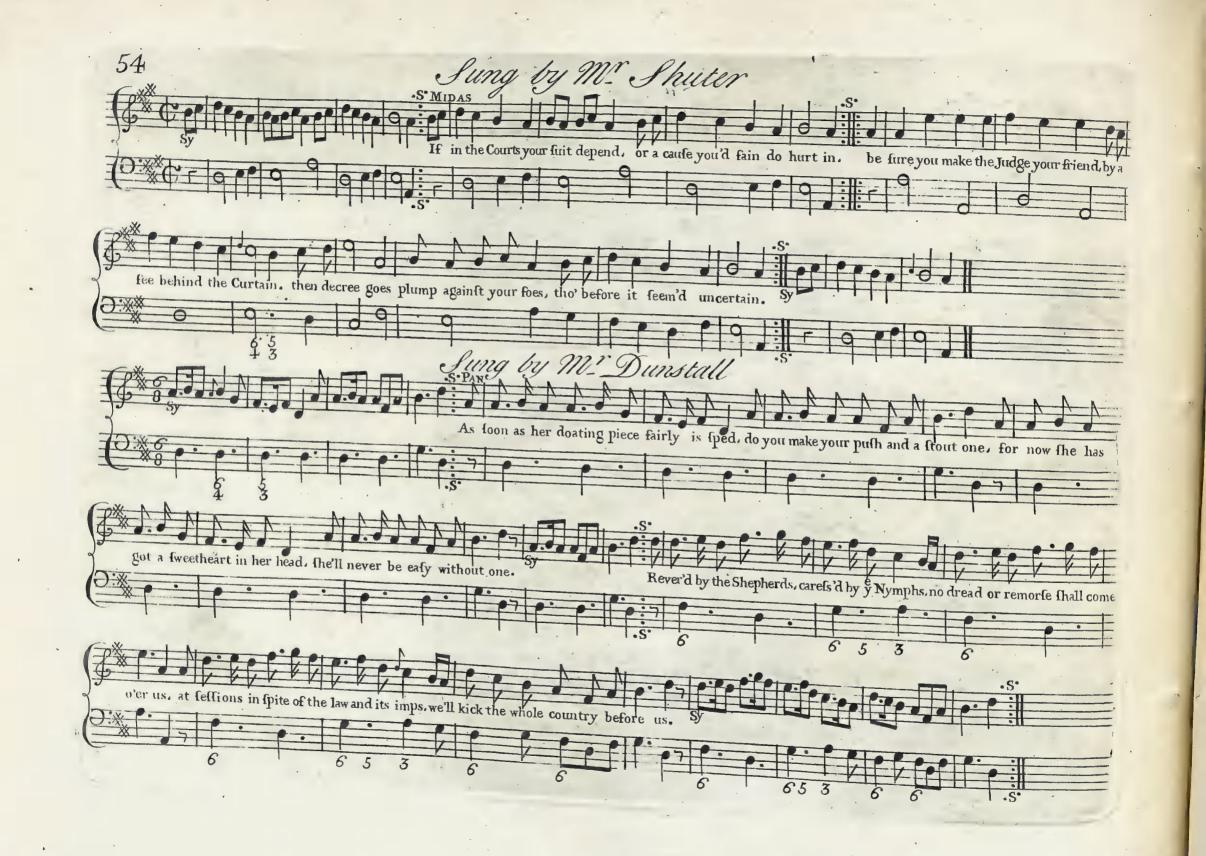


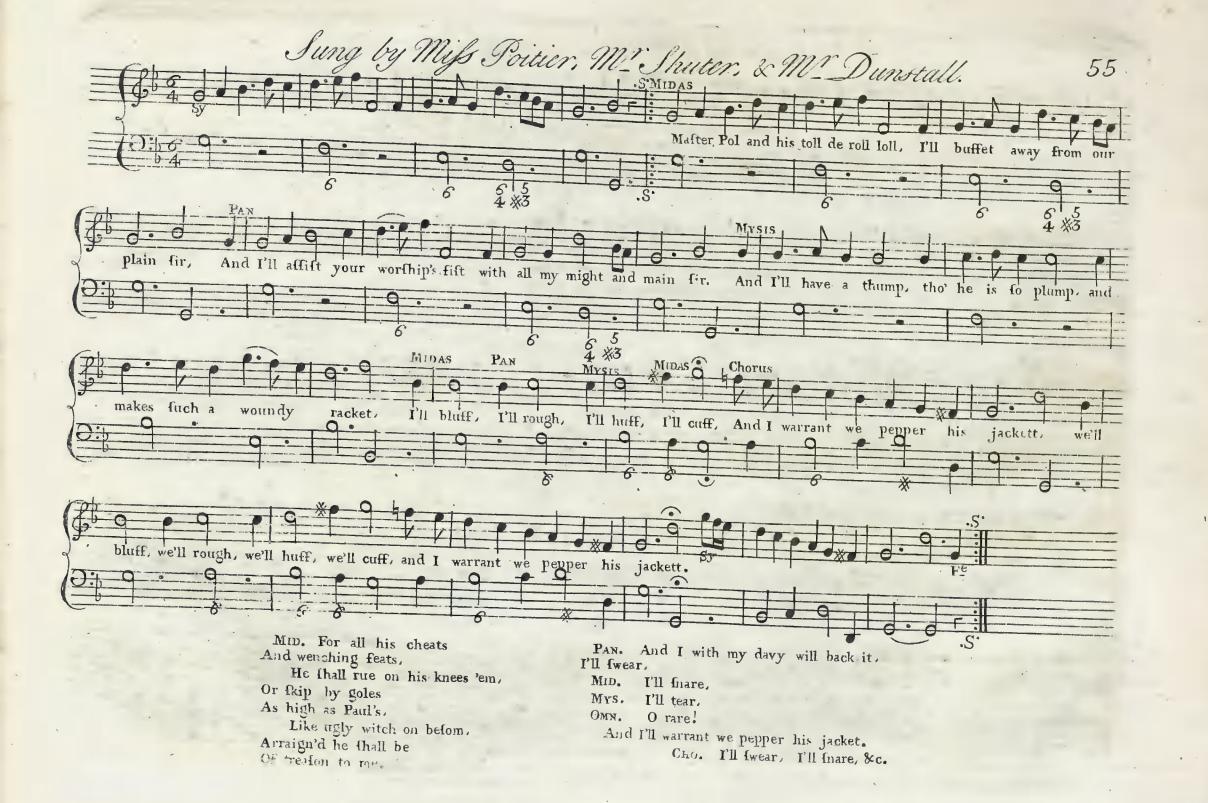


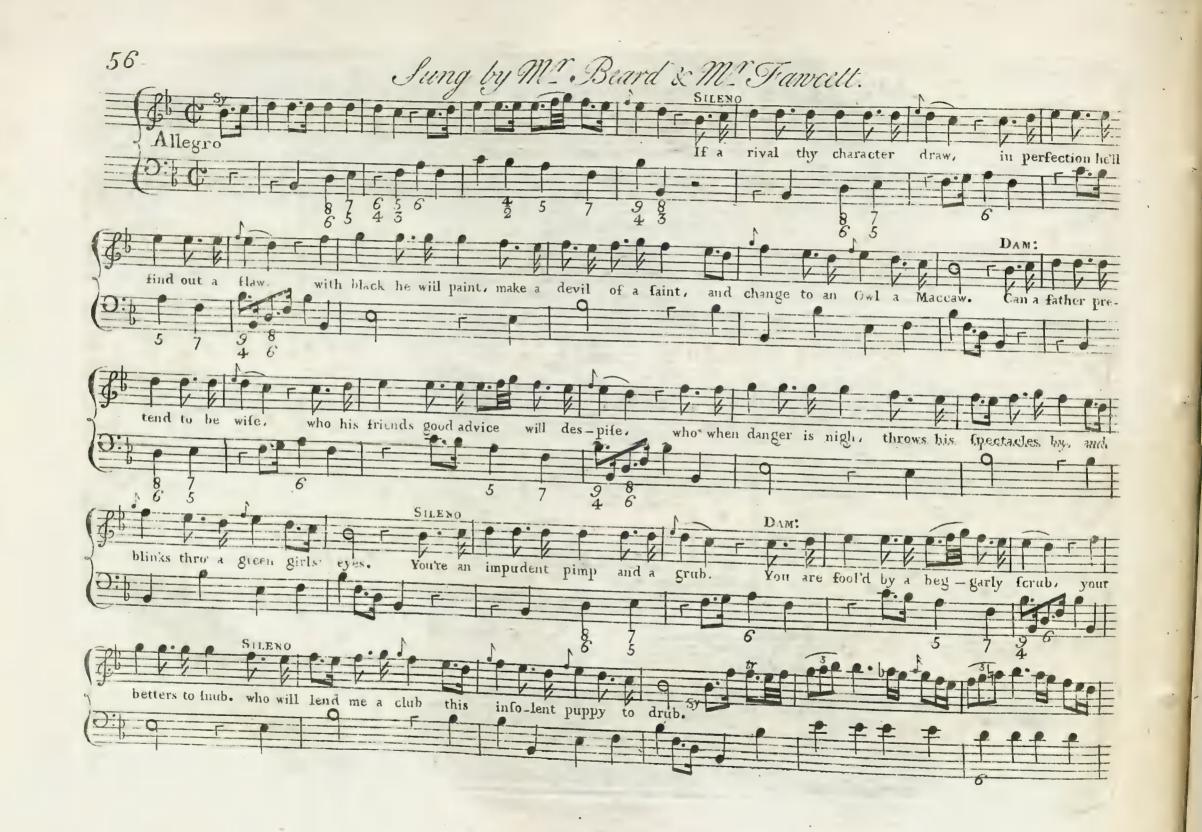


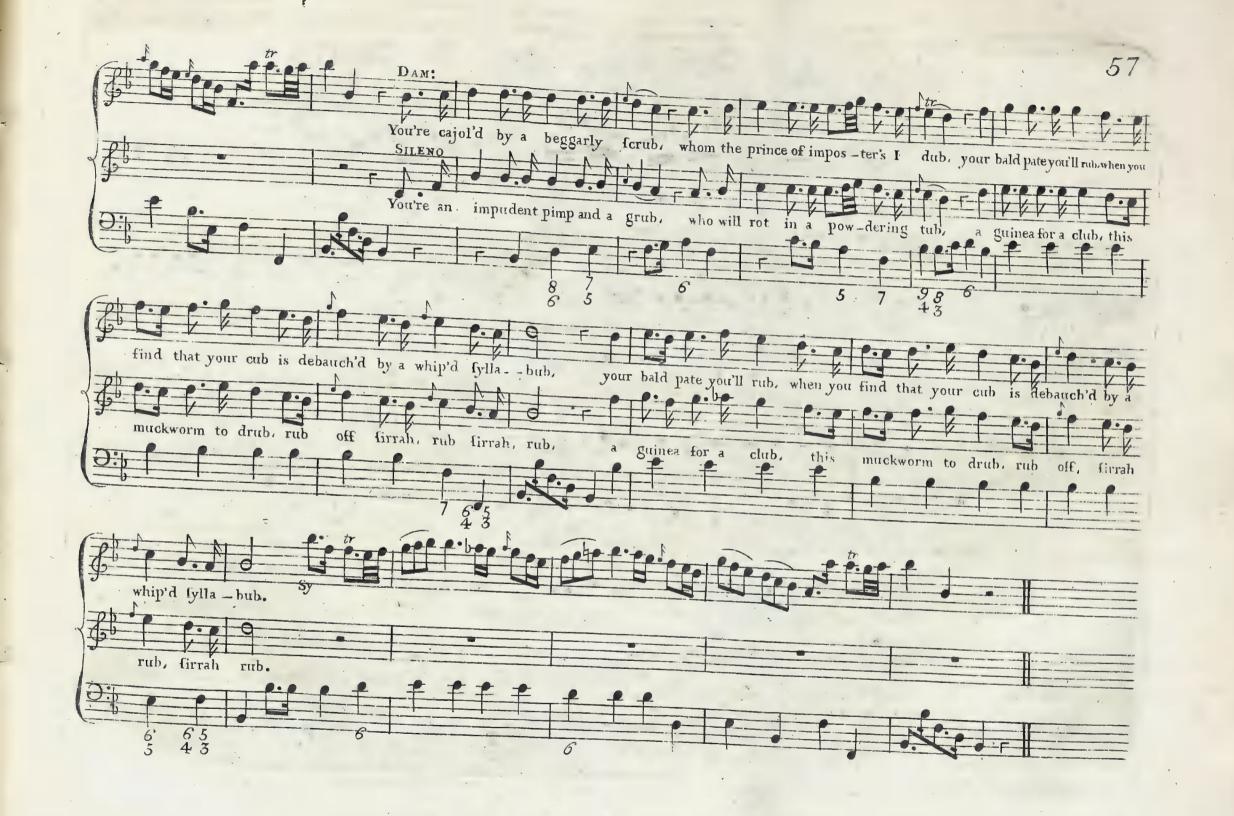


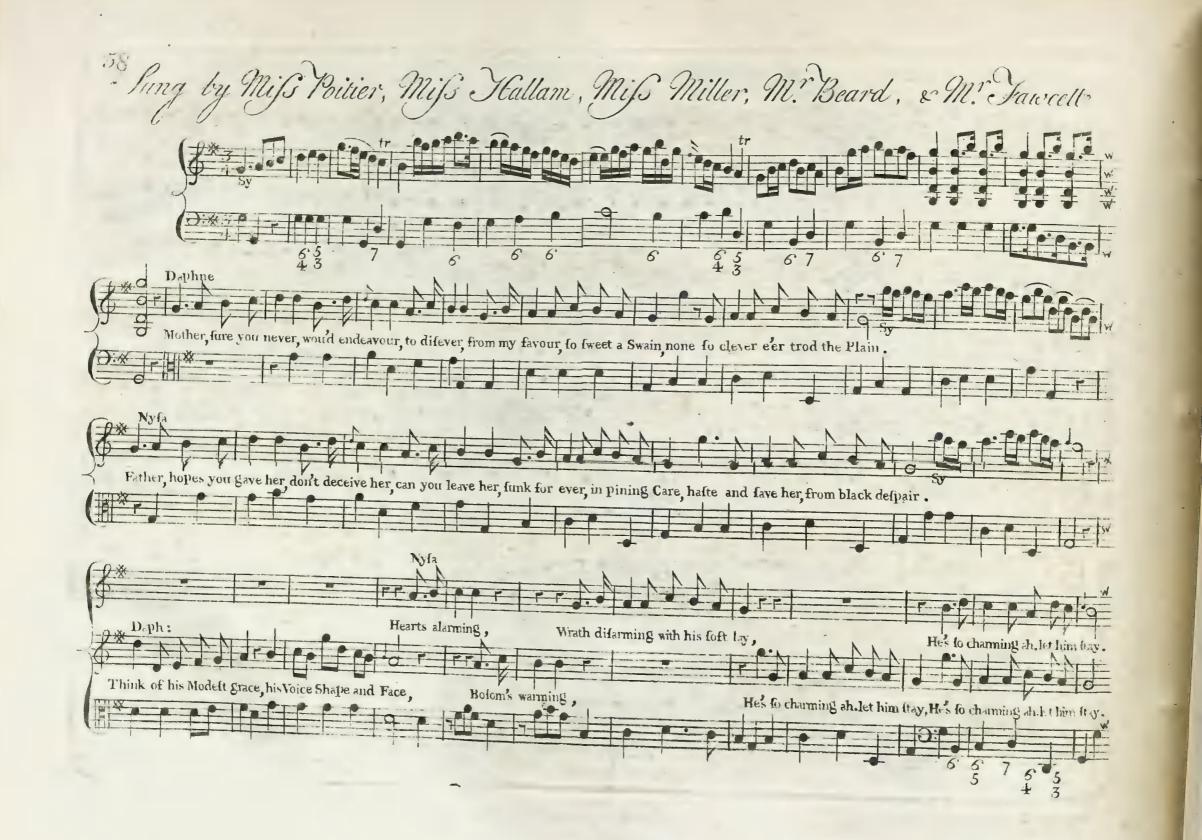


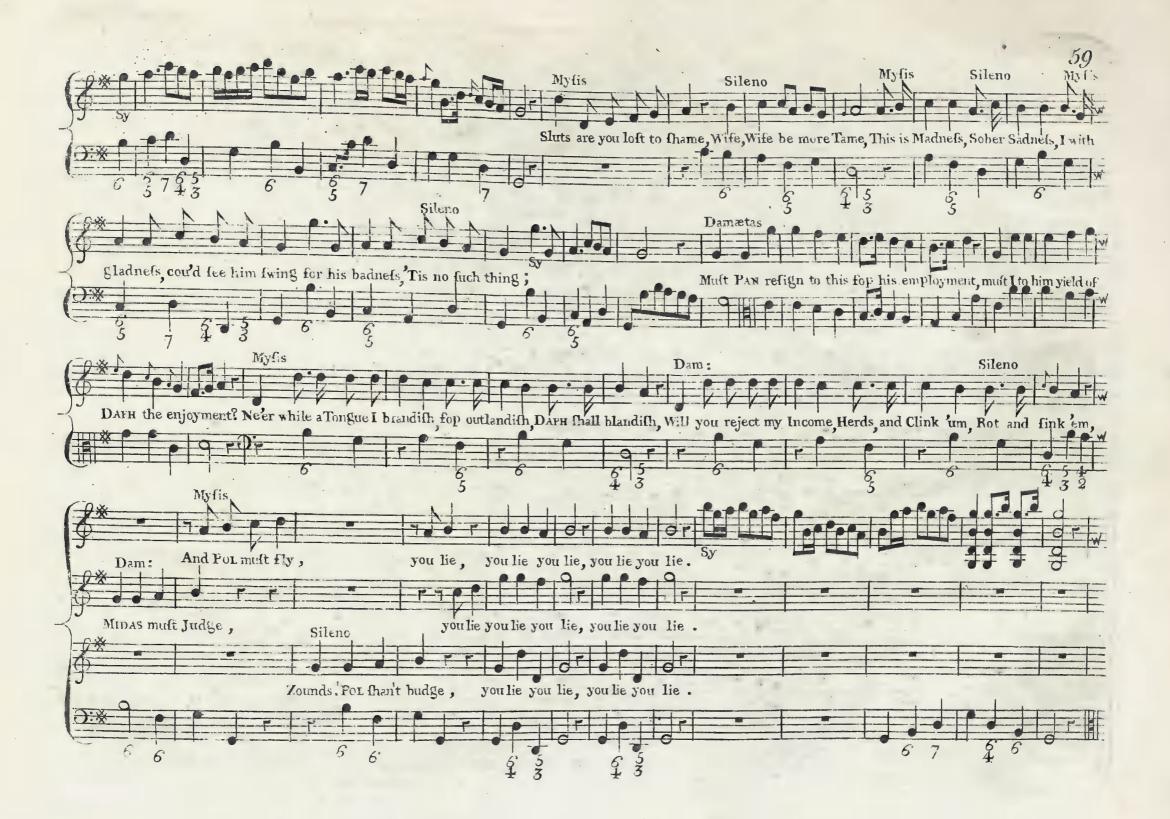




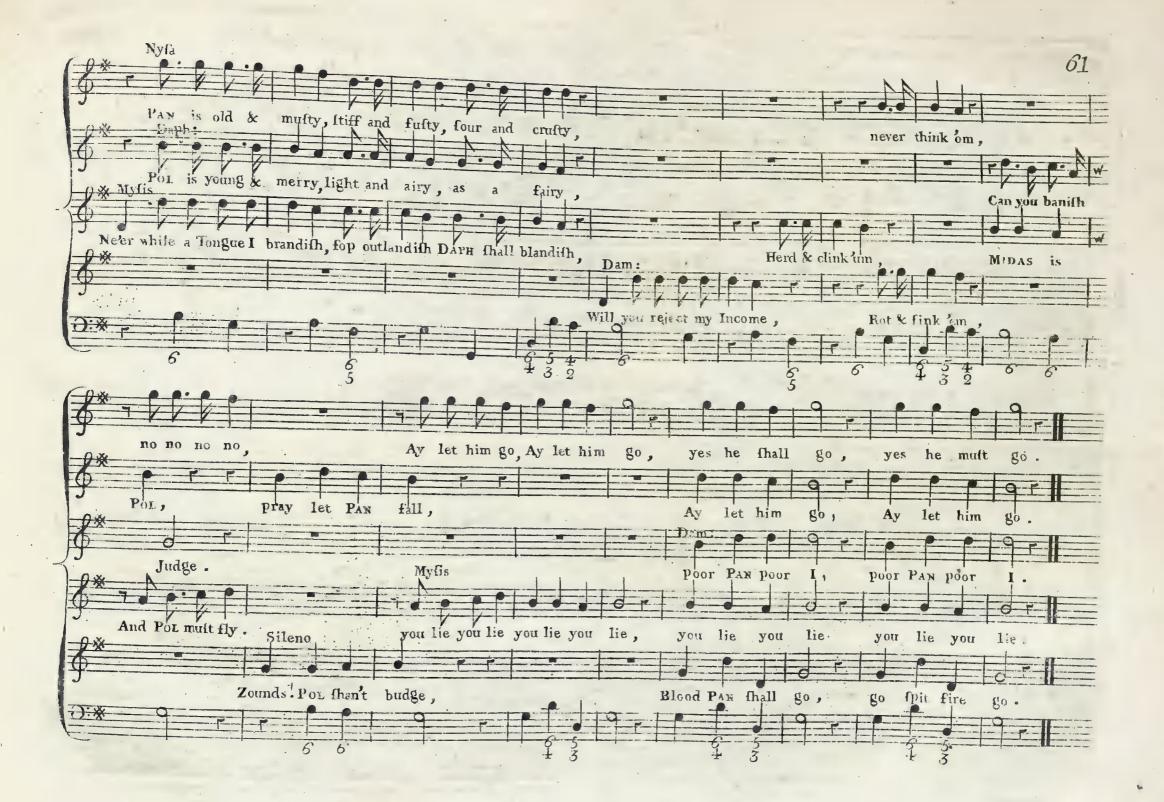










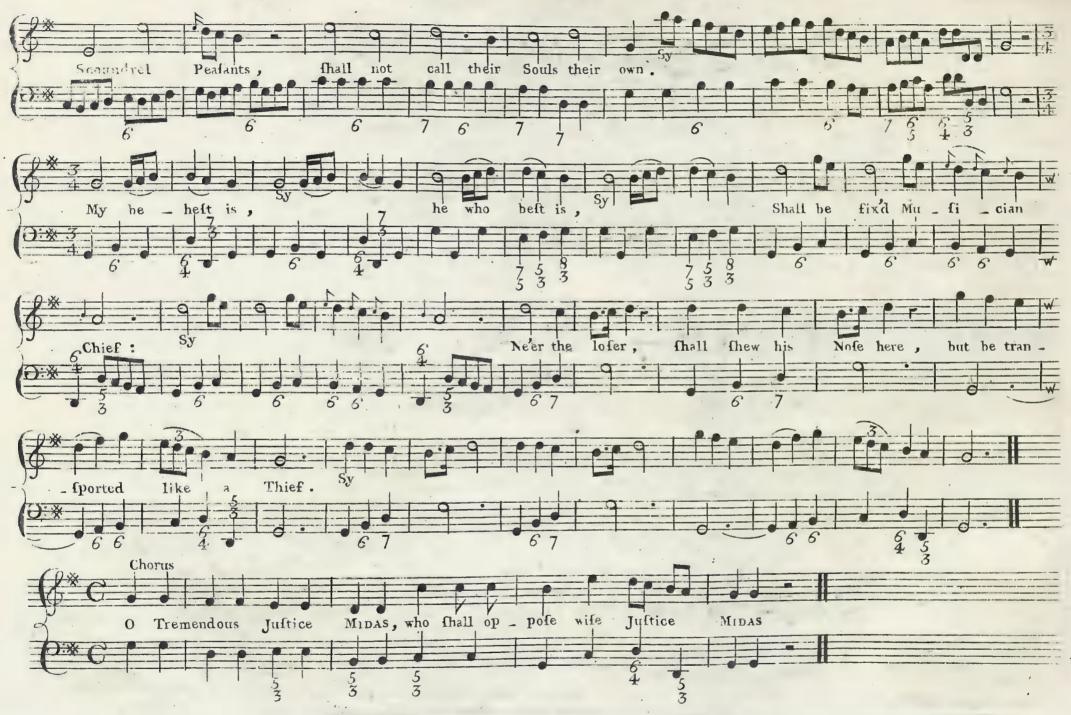




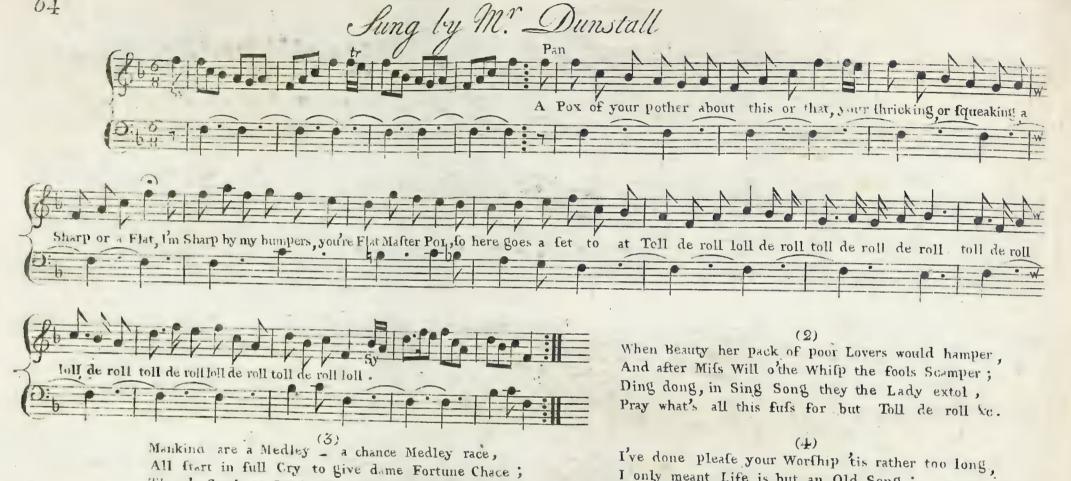


I'm given to understand that you're all in a pother here, Disputing whether Pan, or Pol, shall play to you another Year, Dare you think your clumfy lungs fo proper to decide as, The delicate Ears of Justice Midas .









Sung by Mr Mattocks

There's Catch as Catch can, hit or Mifs luck is all,

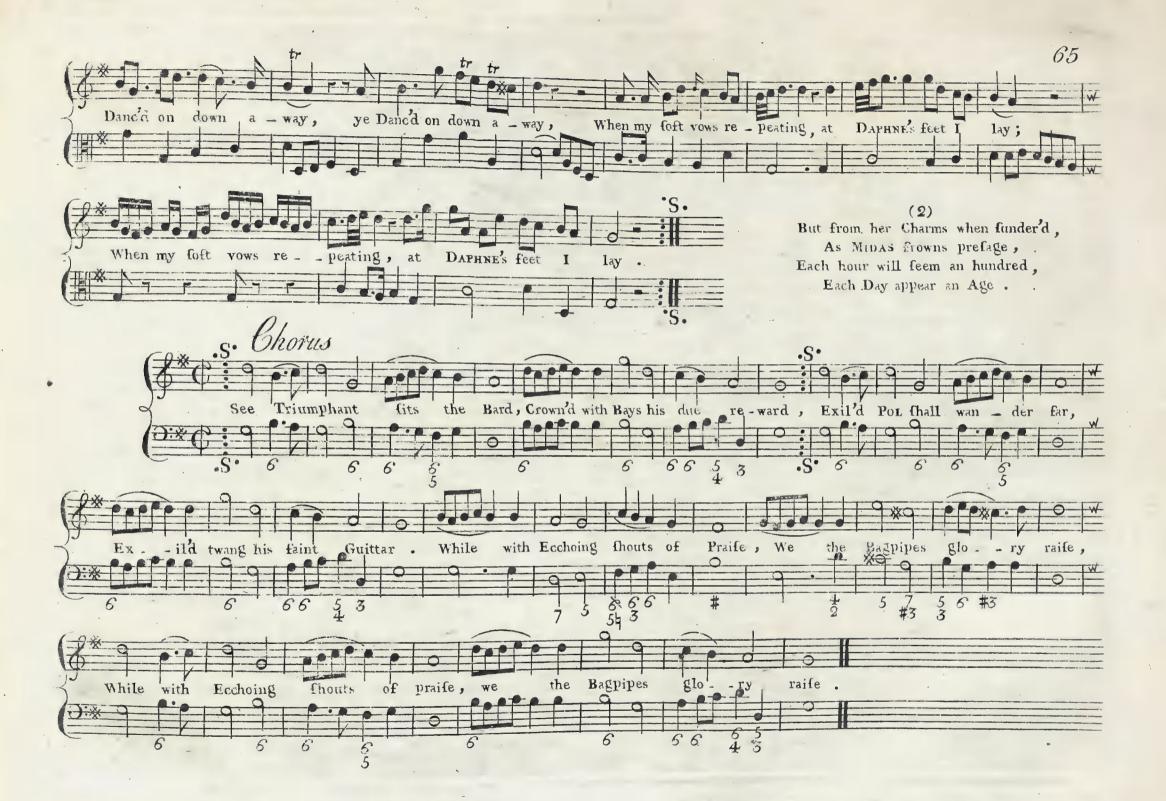
And luck's the best Tune of Life's Toll loll de roll &c.

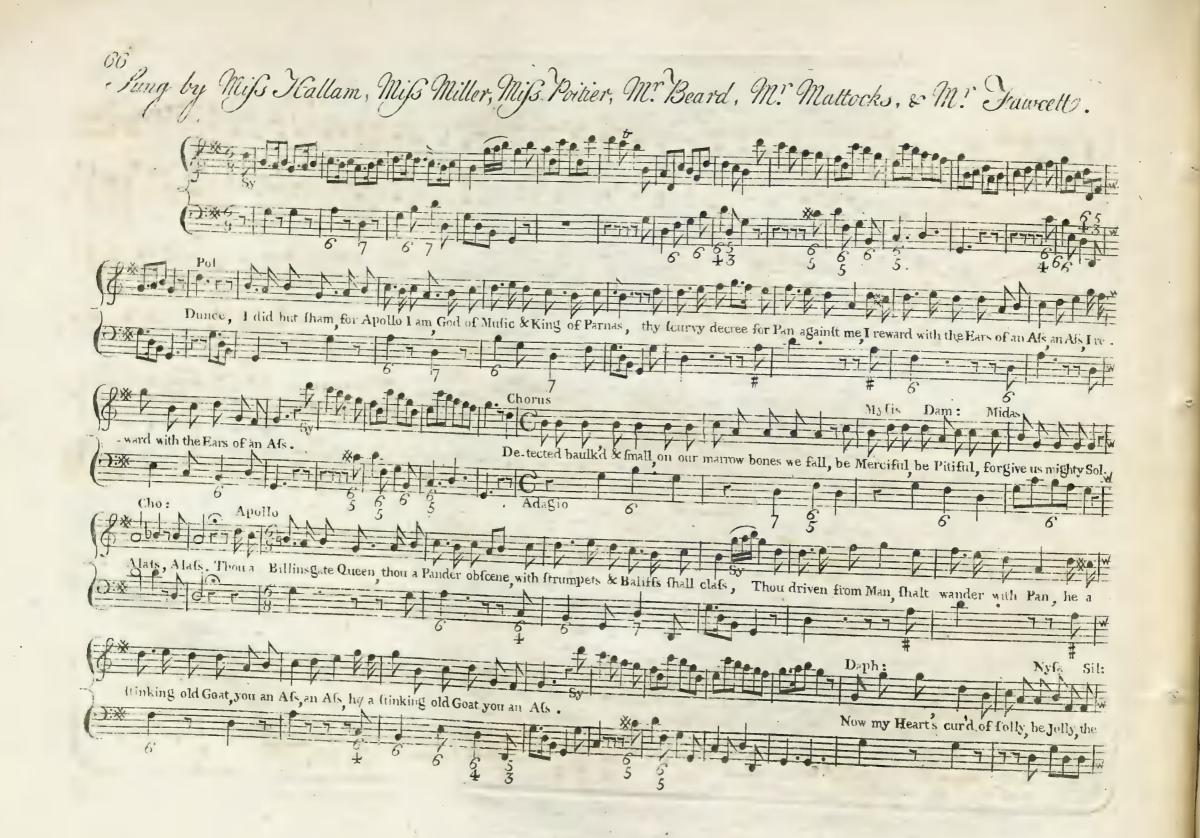
I only meant Life is but an Old Song;

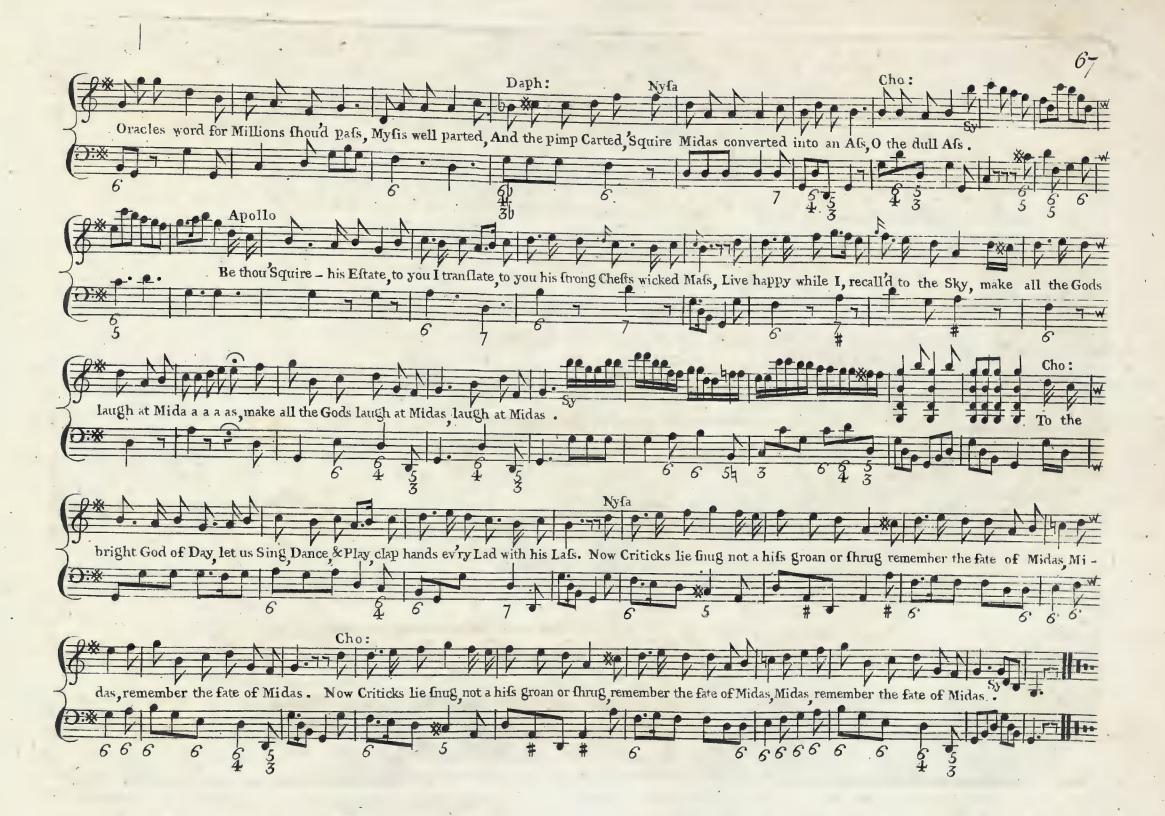
The Worlds but a Tragedy Comedy, droll,

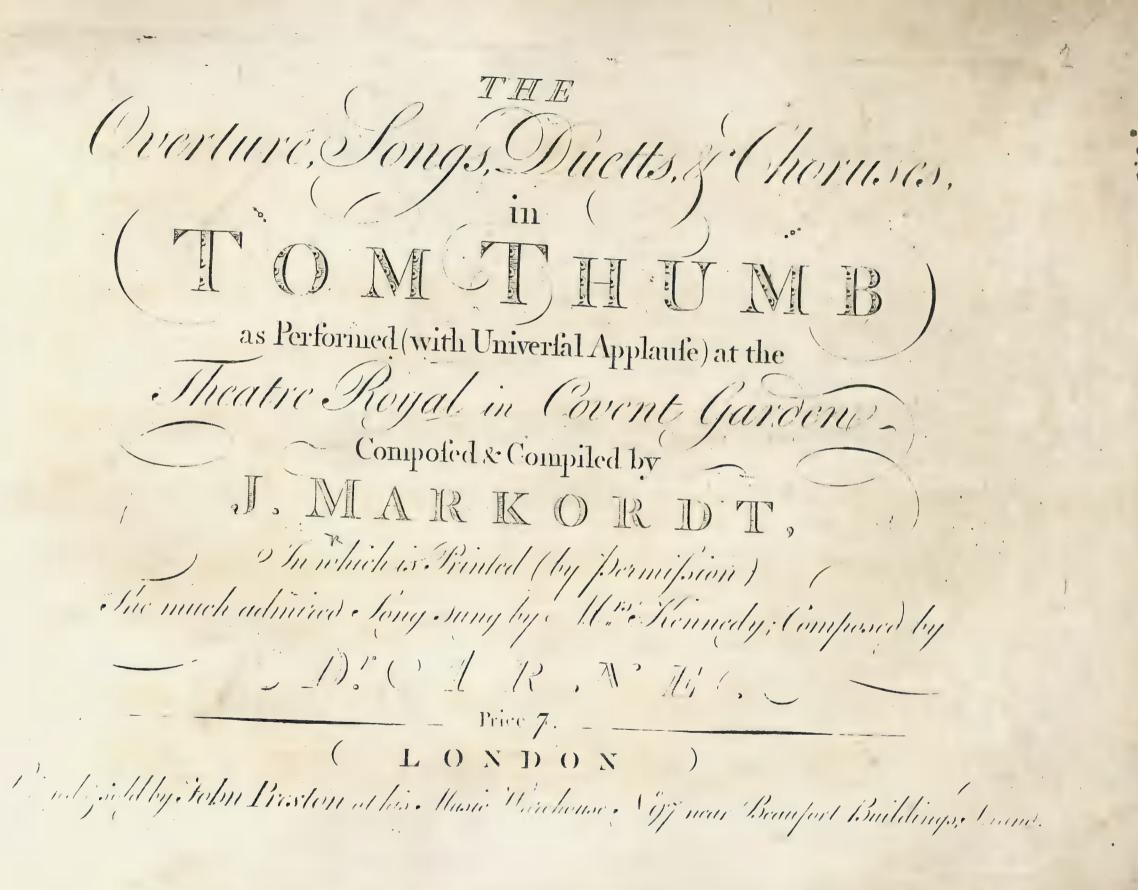
Where all Act the Scene of Toll loll de roll &c.

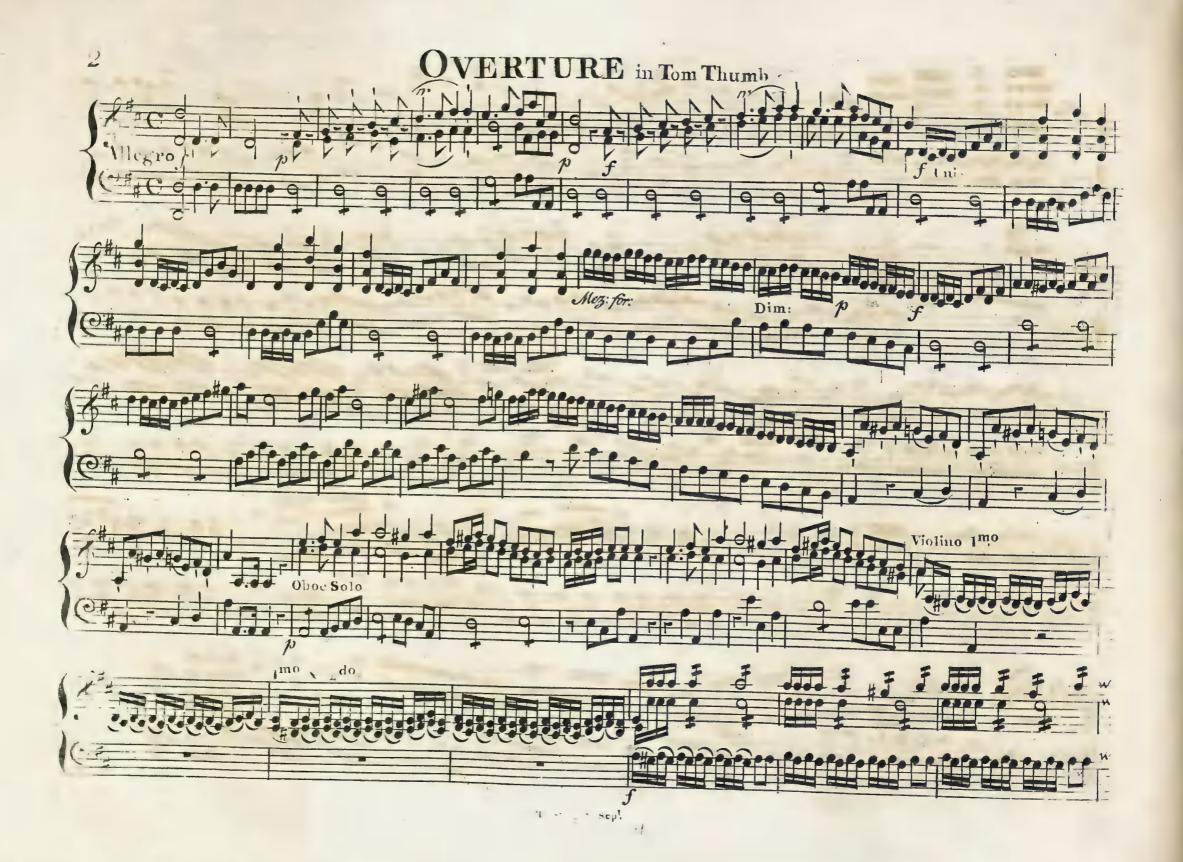
Ah happy hours how fleeting how fleeting,y







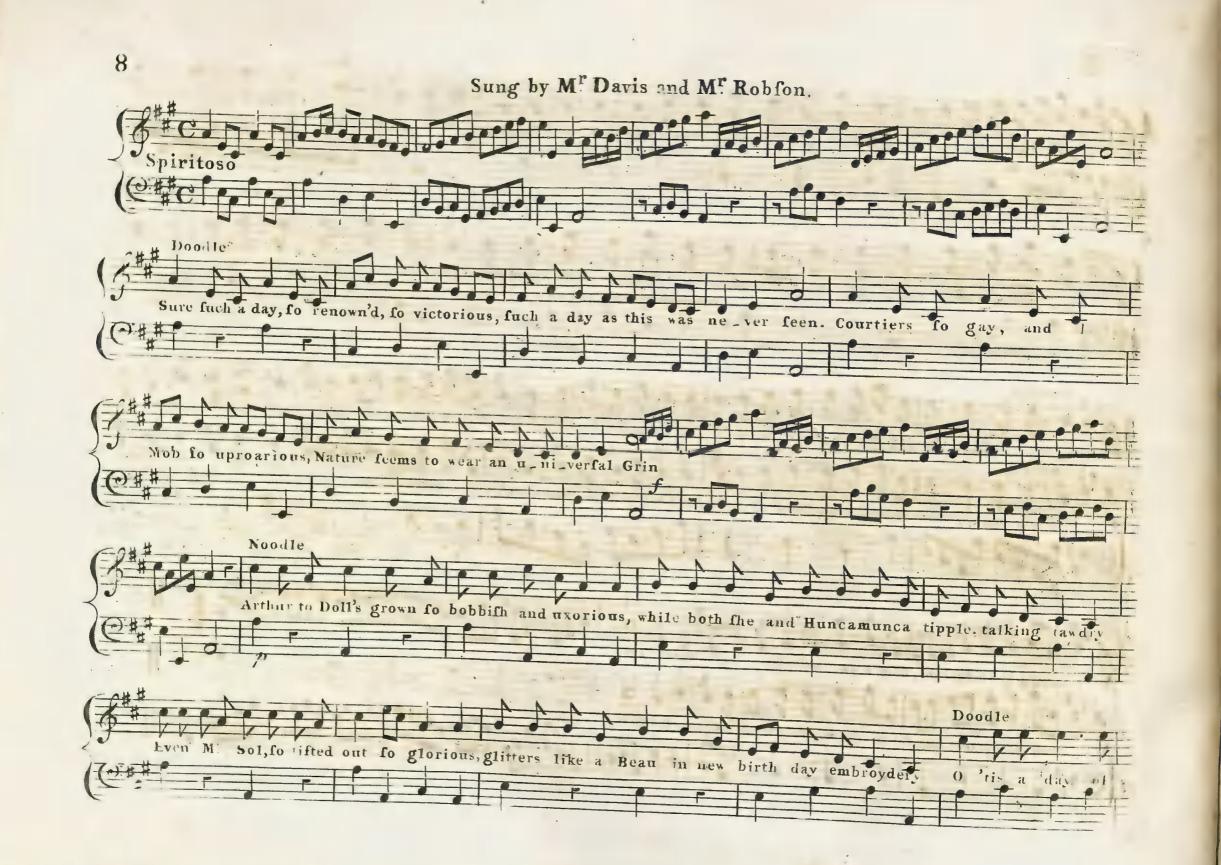


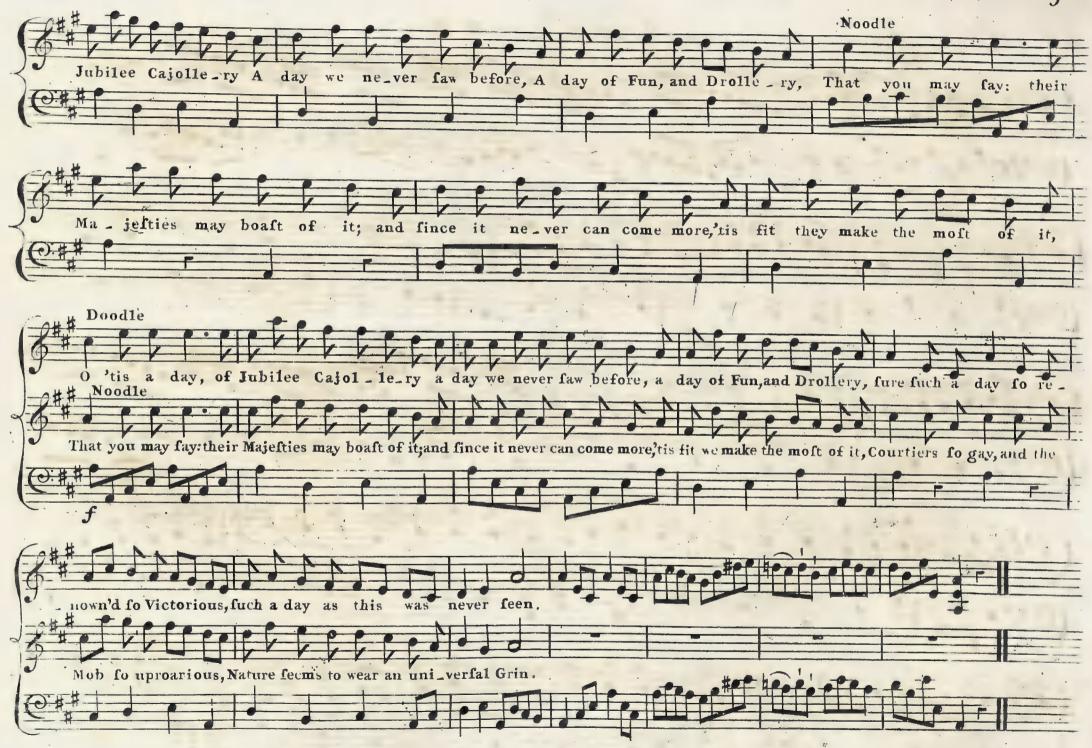


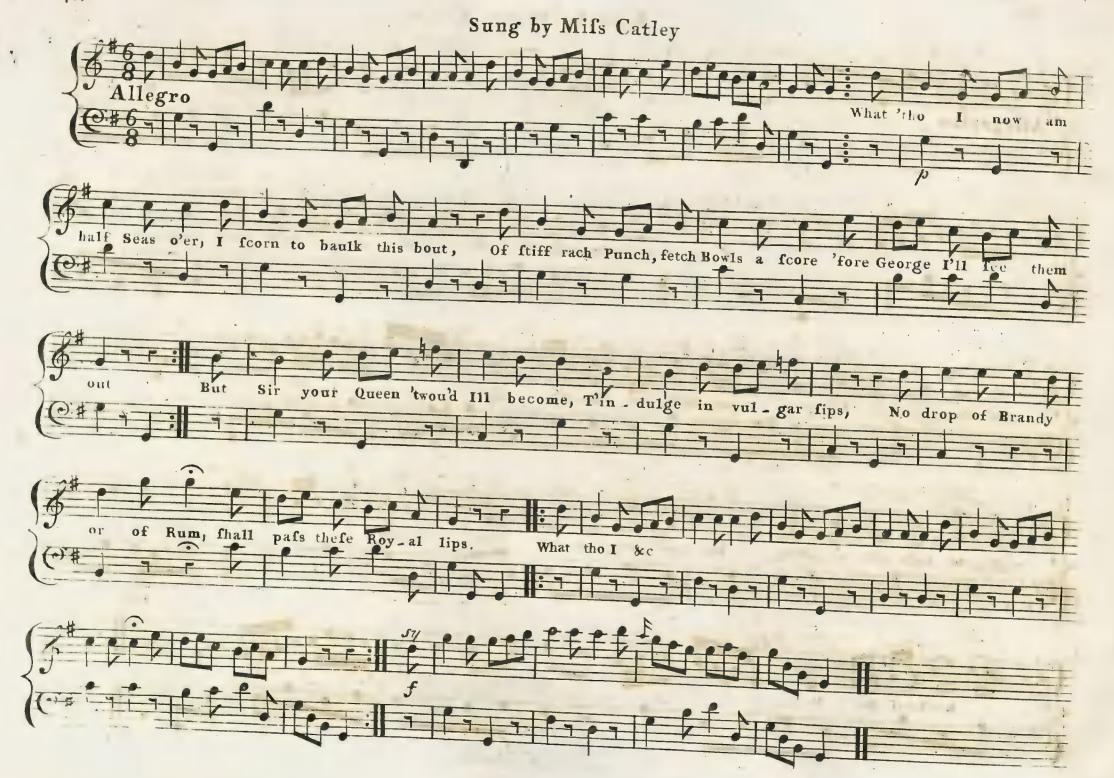


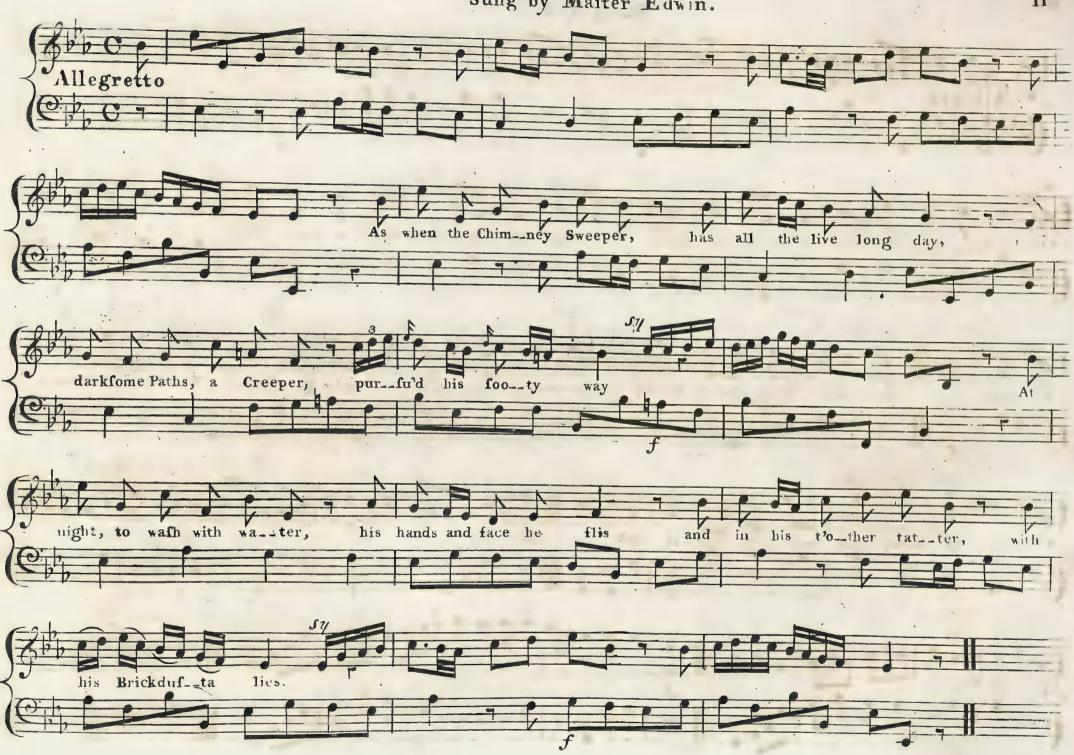


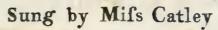


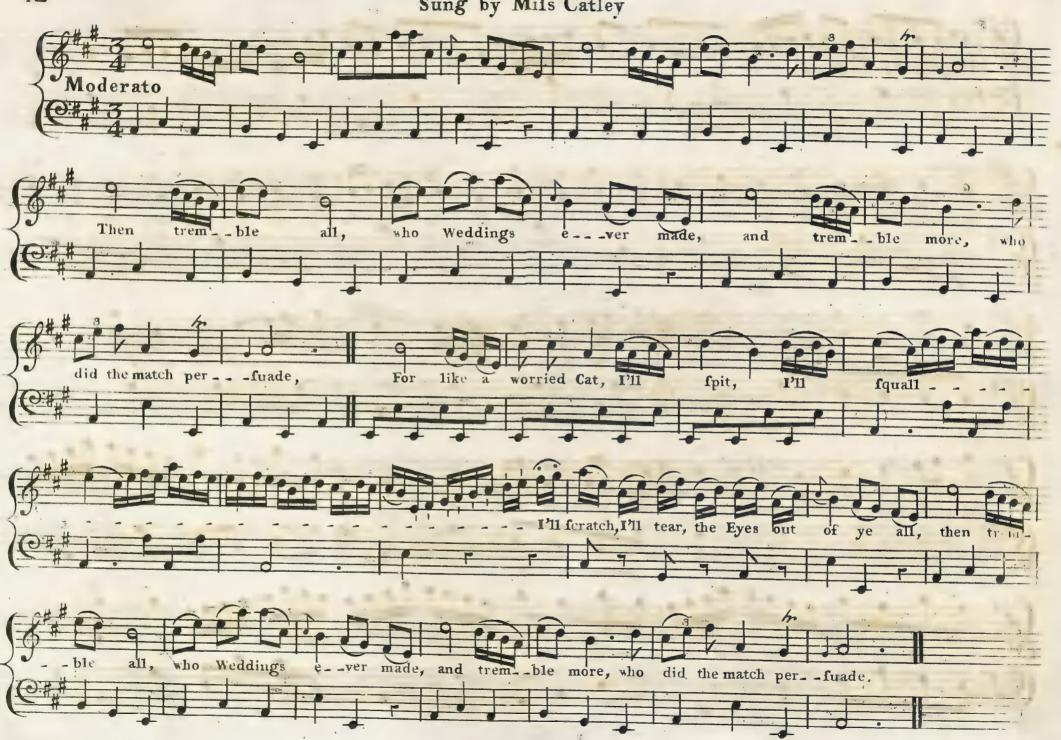




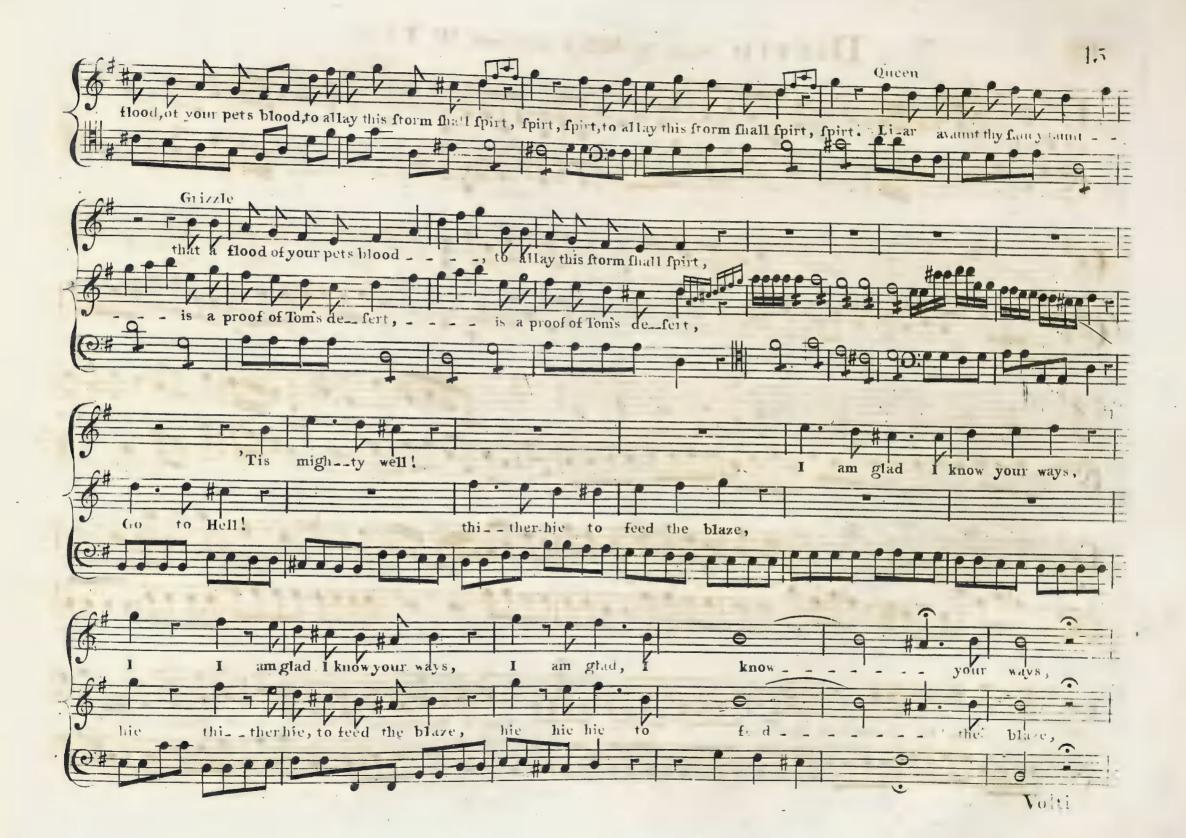


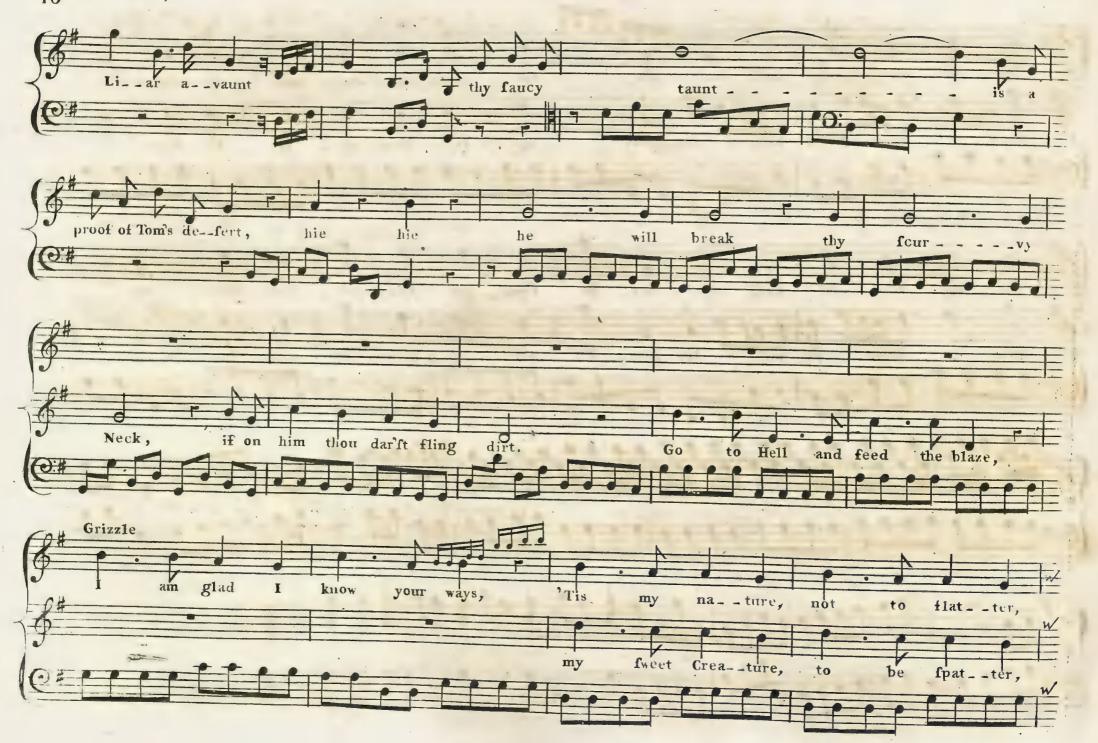


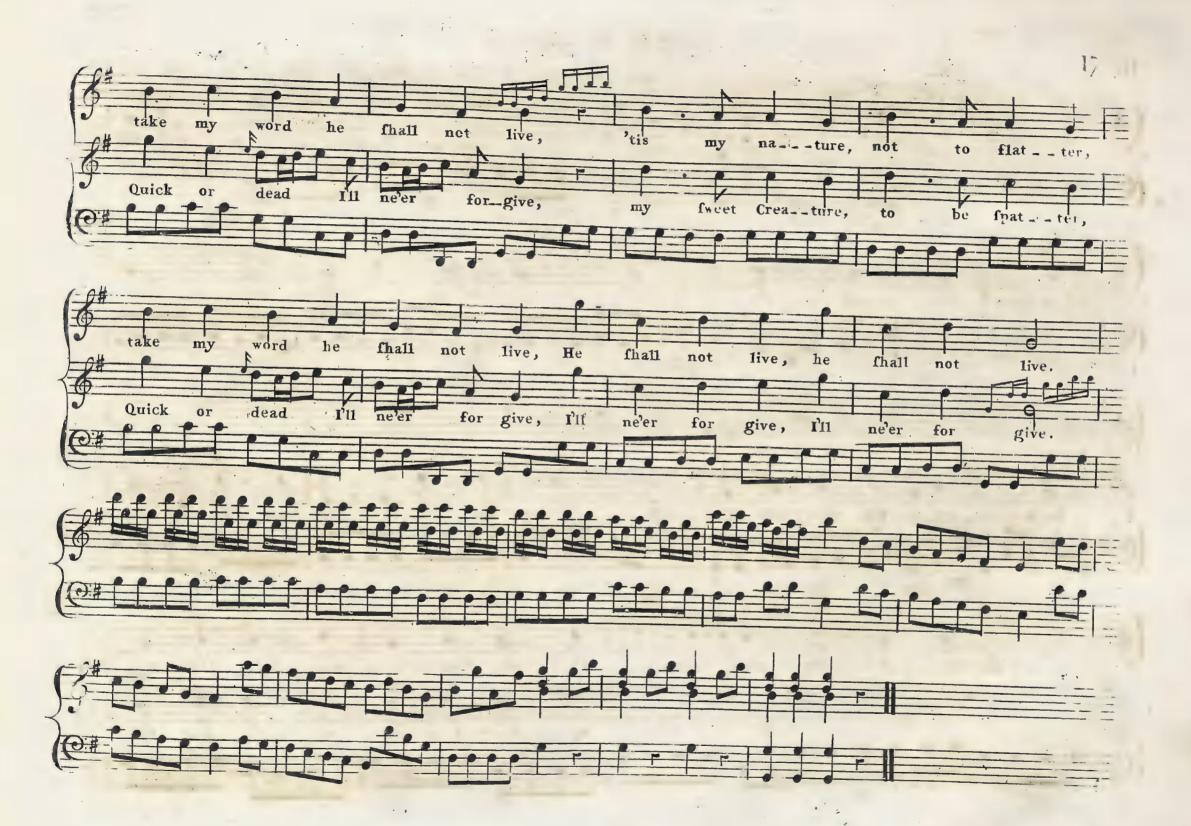




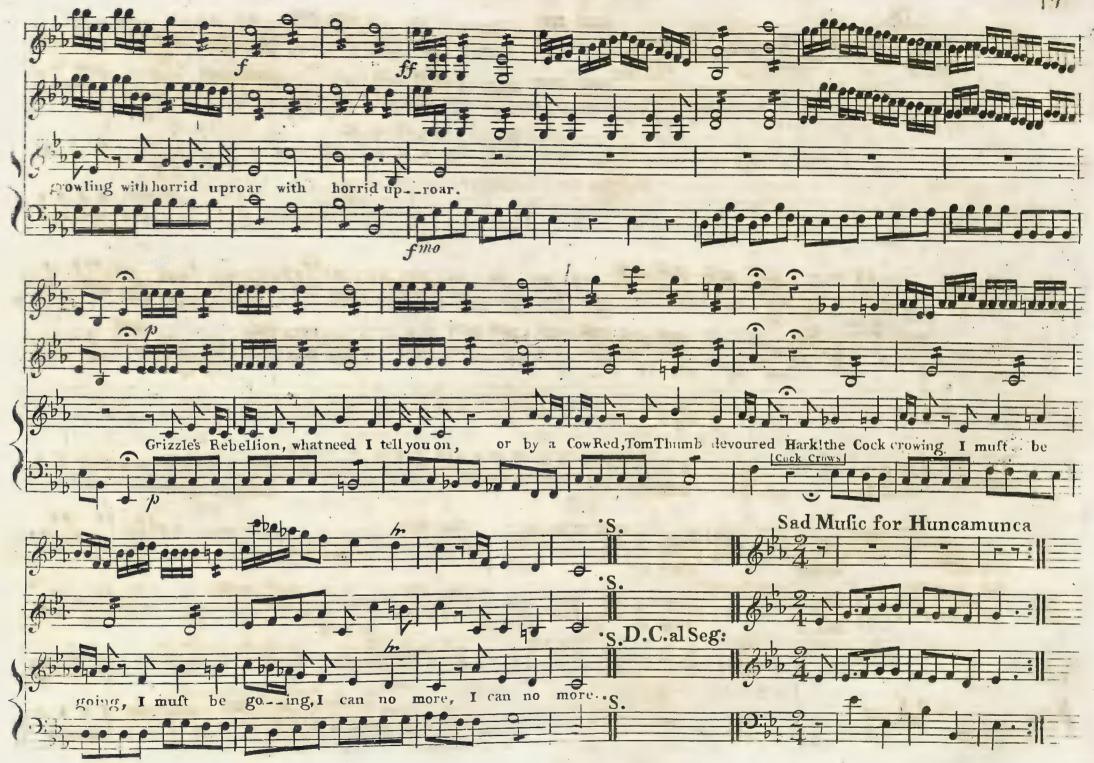


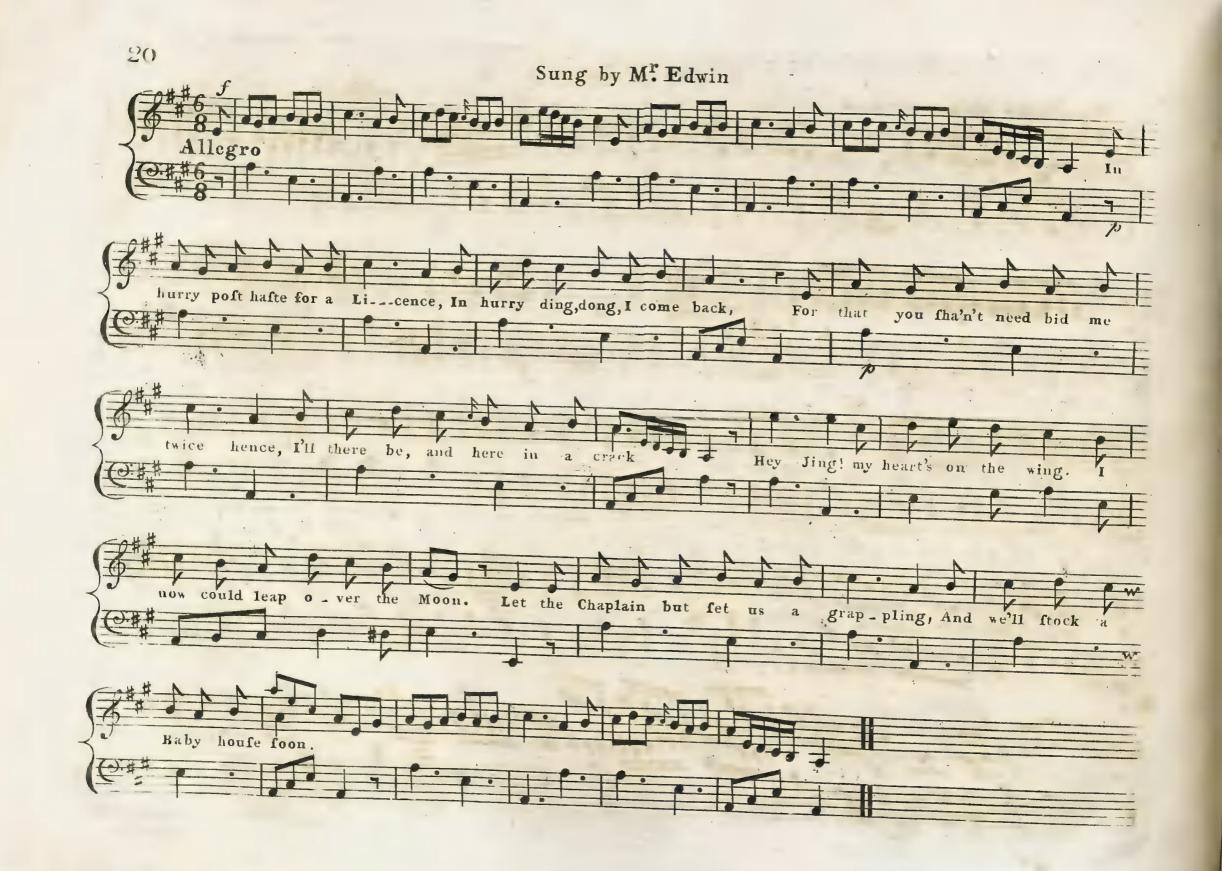


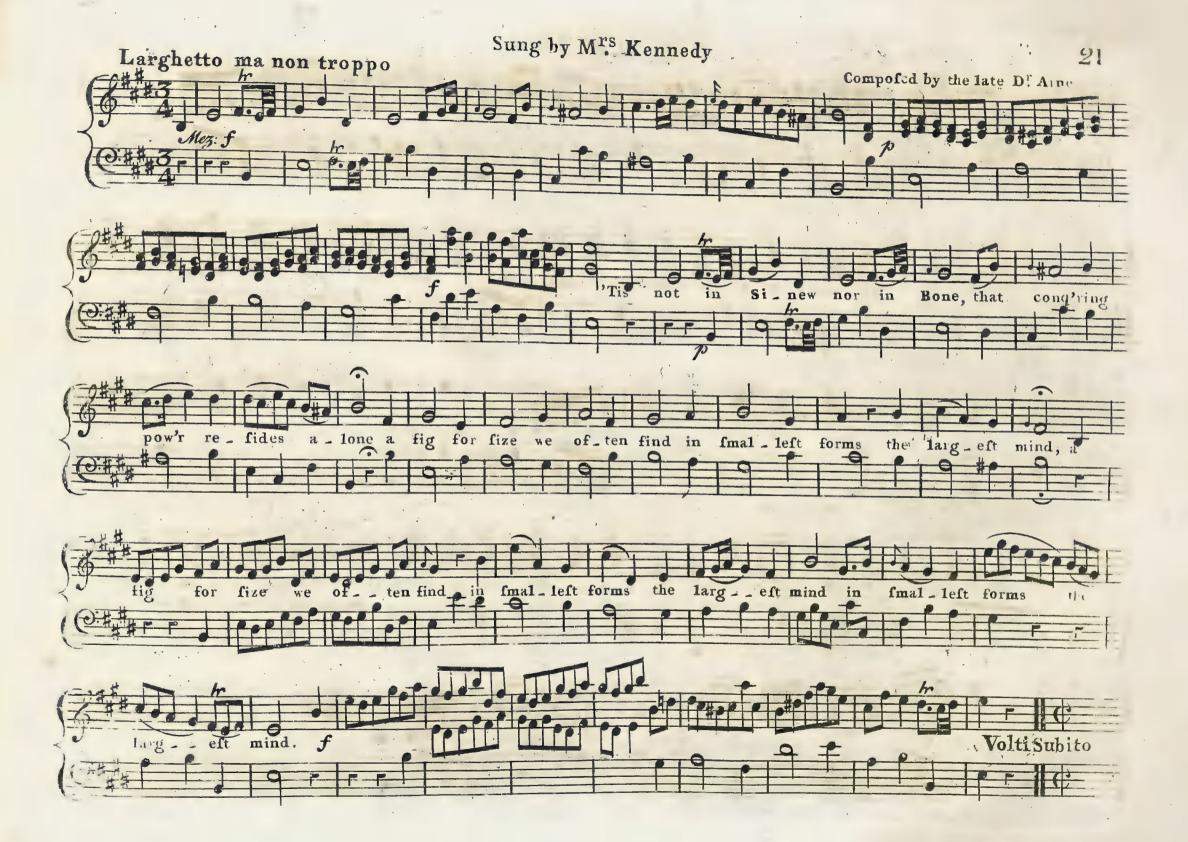


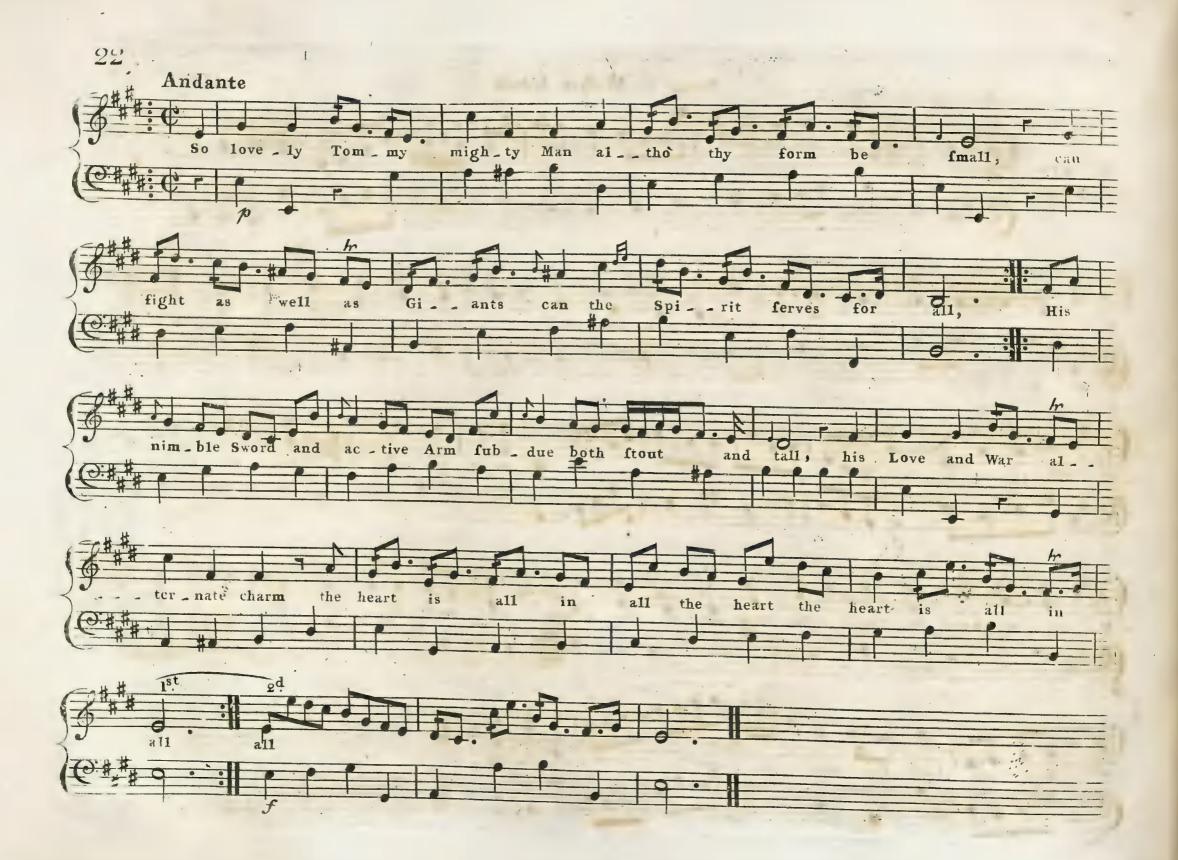




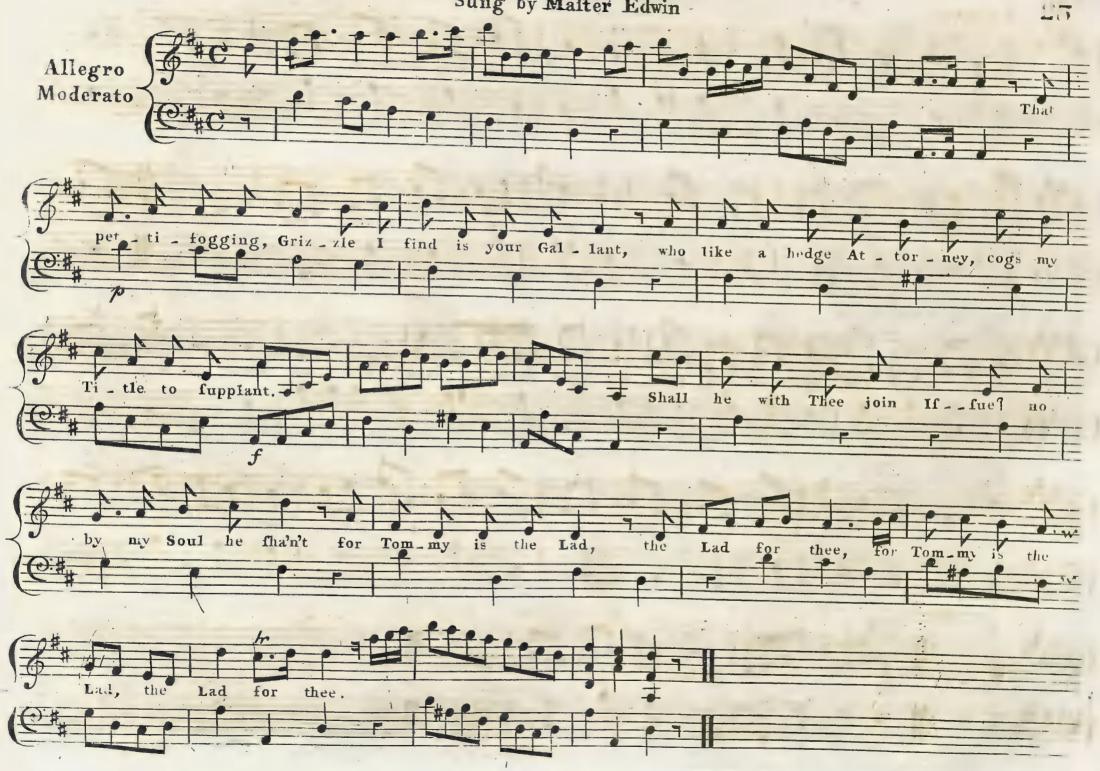




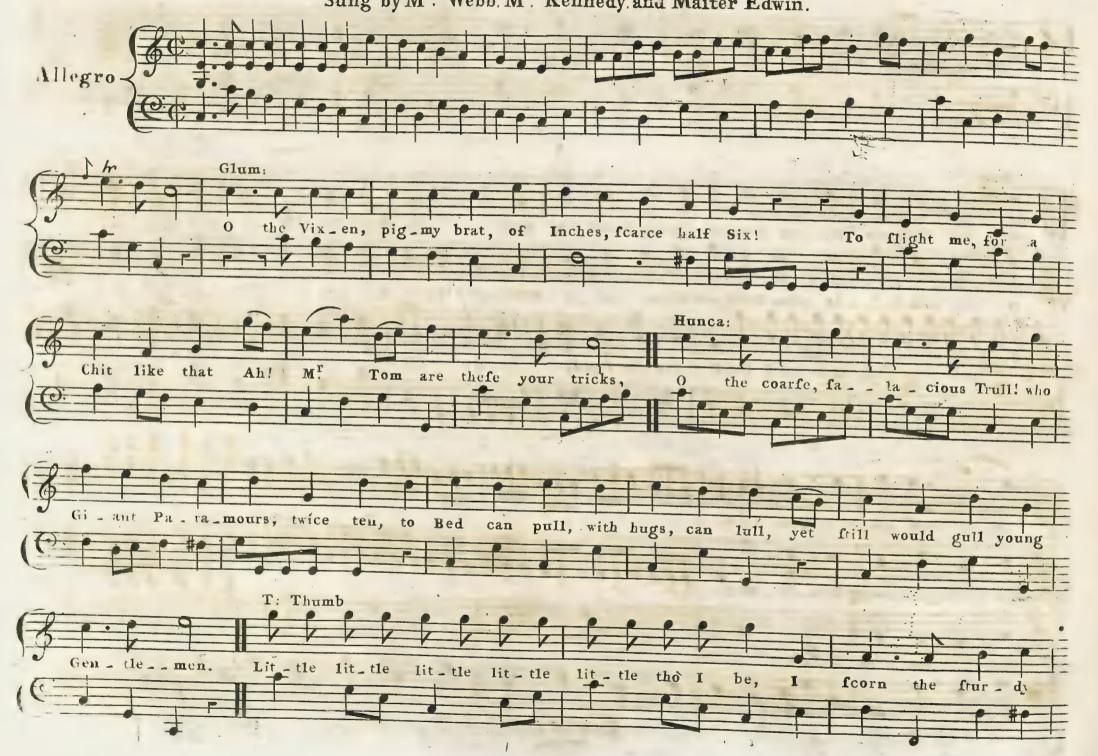




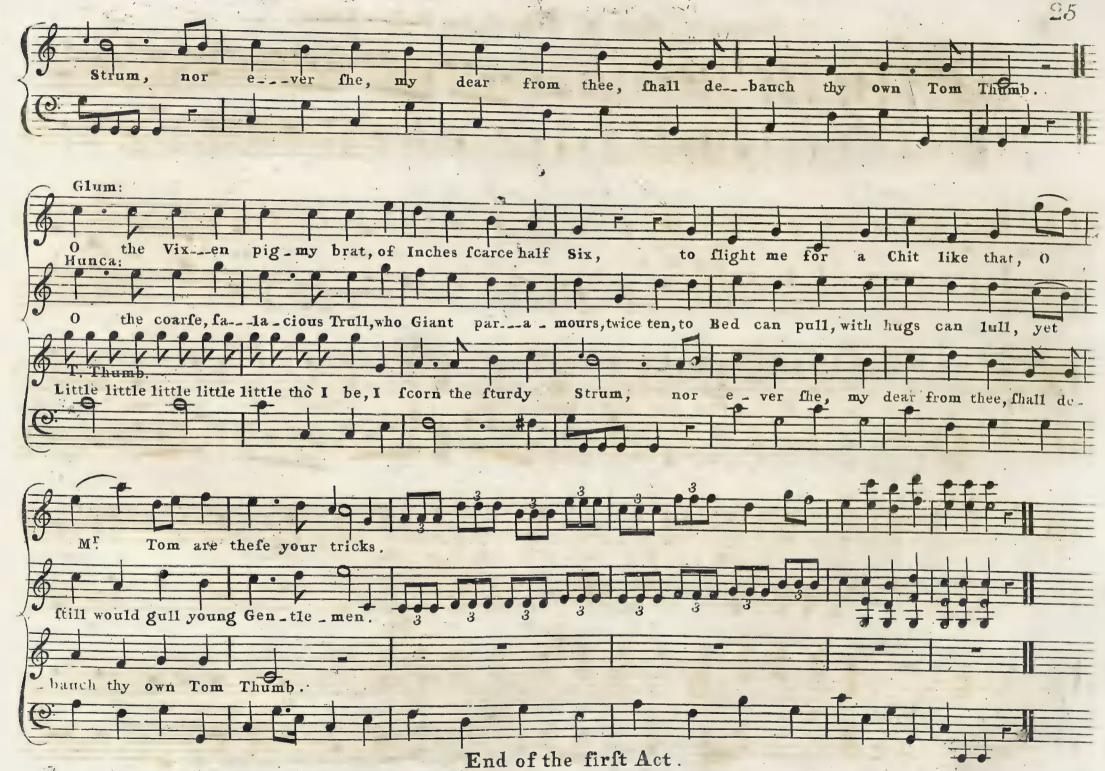
Sung by Master Edwin



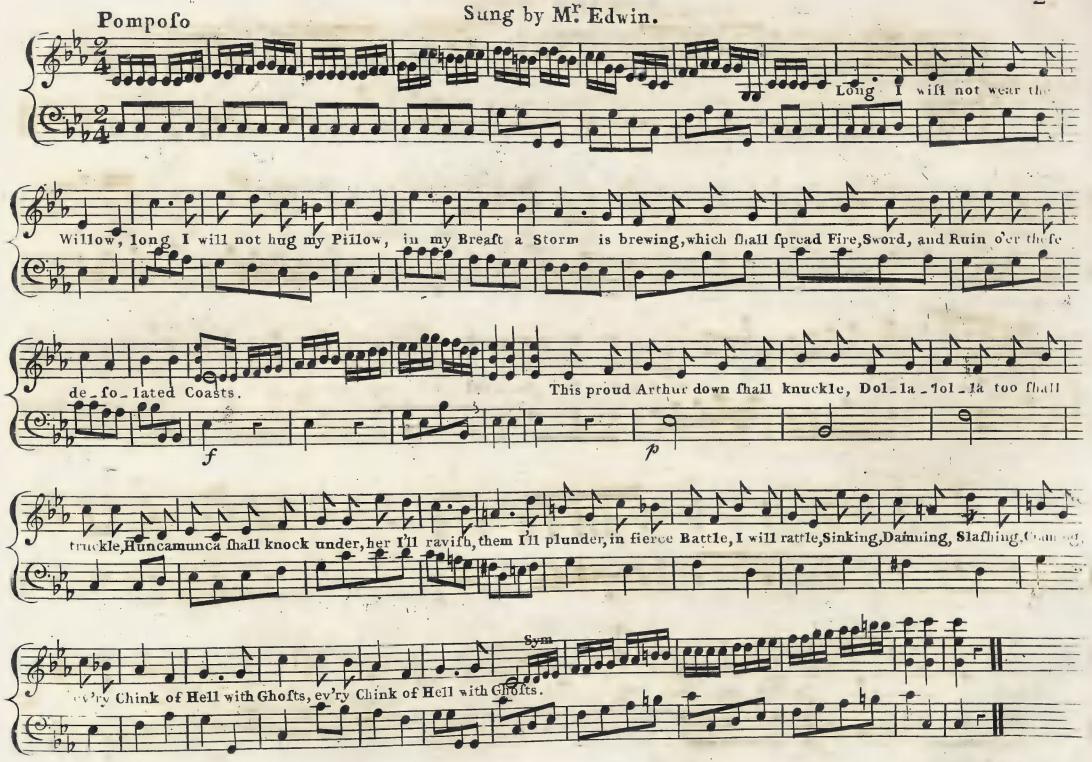
Sung by Mrs Webb, Mrs Kennedy and Mafter Edwin.



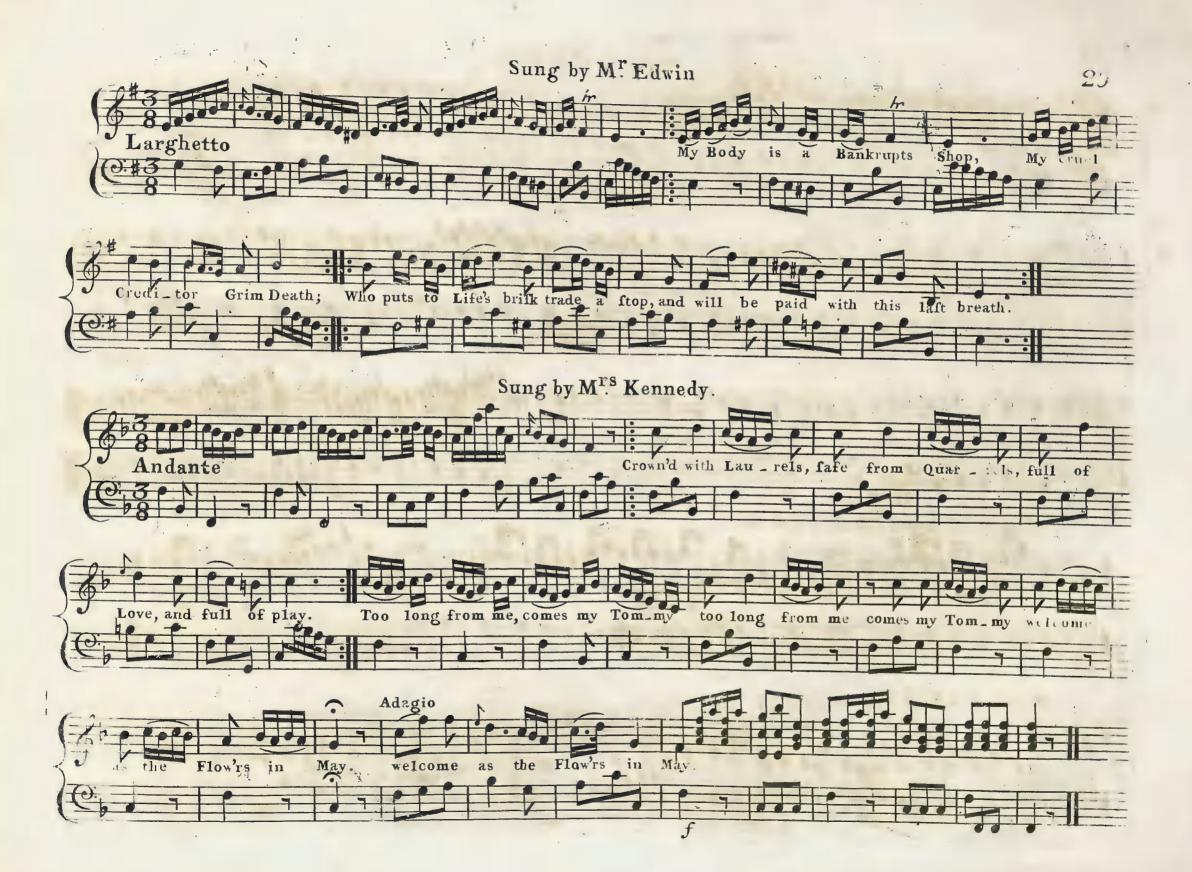




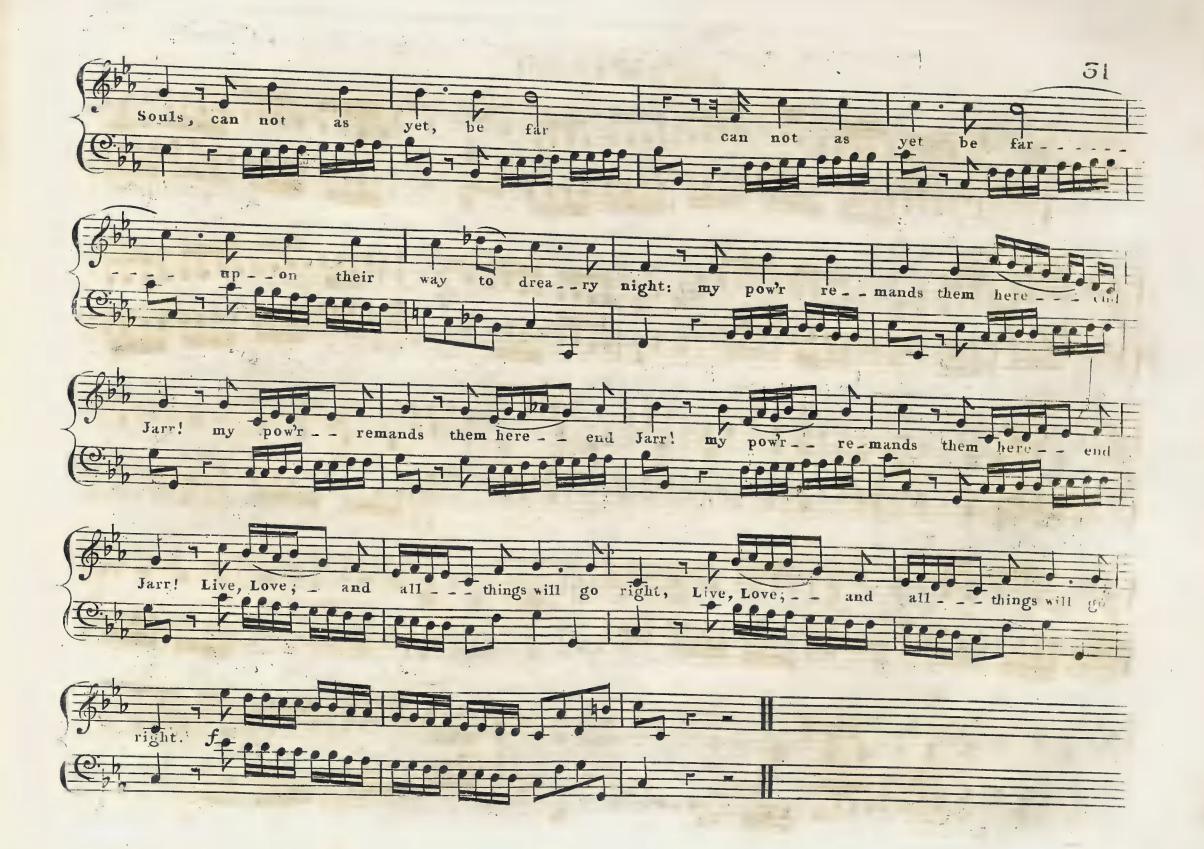








.) Sung by Mr Reinhold. 1llegro a Tempo out Deaths, who dealt out Deaths, ye knew lay, by





T. THUMB:

Come my Hunkey, Come my Pet, Love's in hafte;—don't fray him, Deep we've run in Hymen's debt, And'tis high time we pay him.

HUNCA:

Have dear Tommy
Pity o' me,
I am by Shame reftricted;
Yet I obey,
So,-take your way,
I must not contradict it.

GRIZZLE:

Grandest Glum! in my behoof,
To Love's Law be pliant,
Me you'll find a Man of proof
Altho' not quite a Giant.
GLUM:
'Troth Lord Geiz,
(Tho' for that Phiz,
Few am'rous Queens, would chuse you,)
Yet thus berest

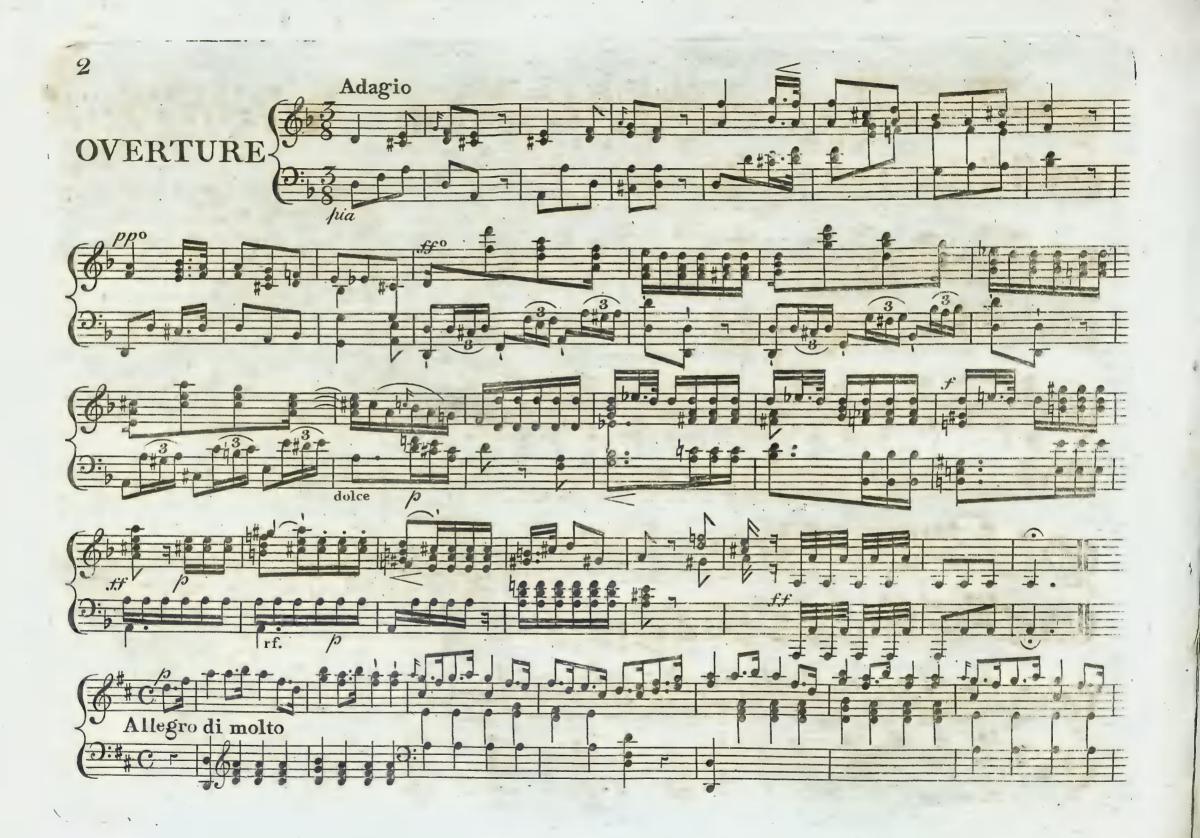
Not one Chum left
I think, I can't refuse you.

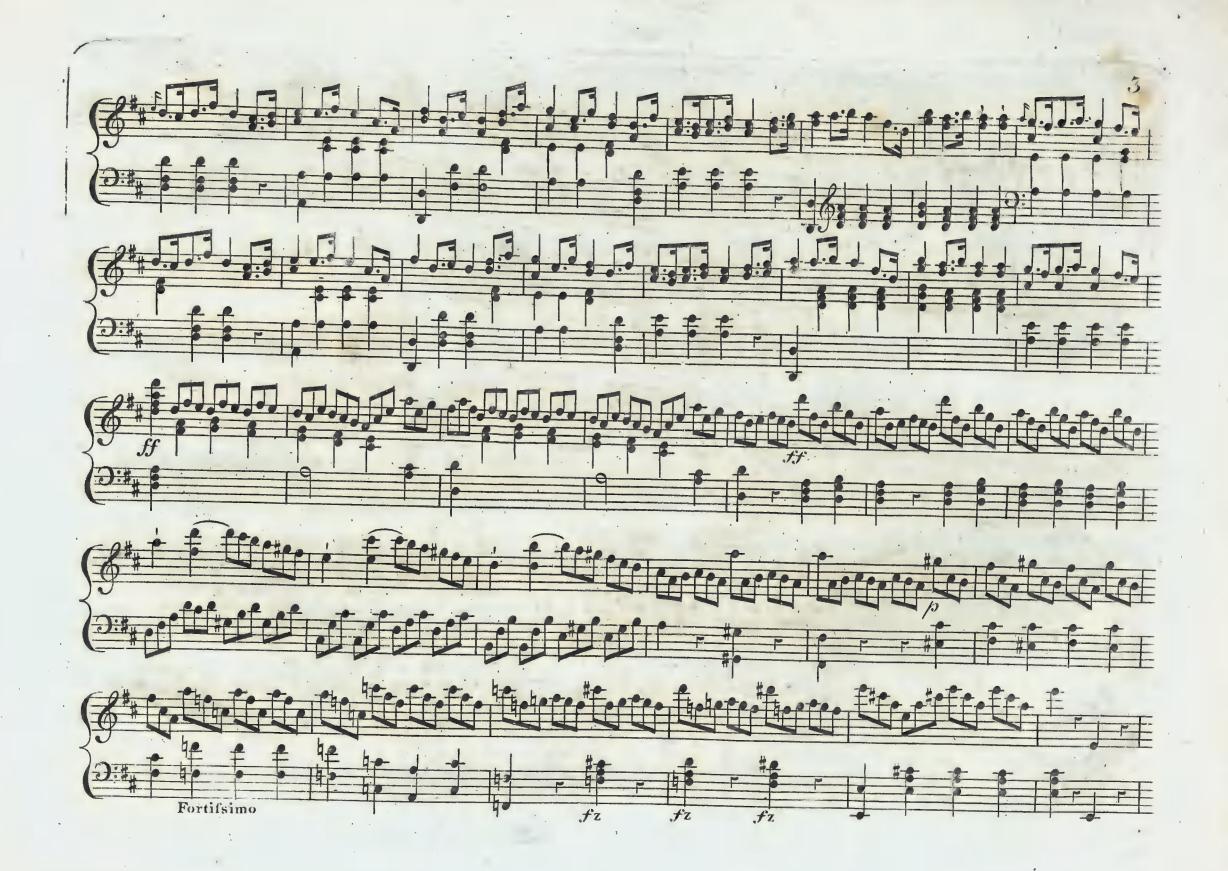




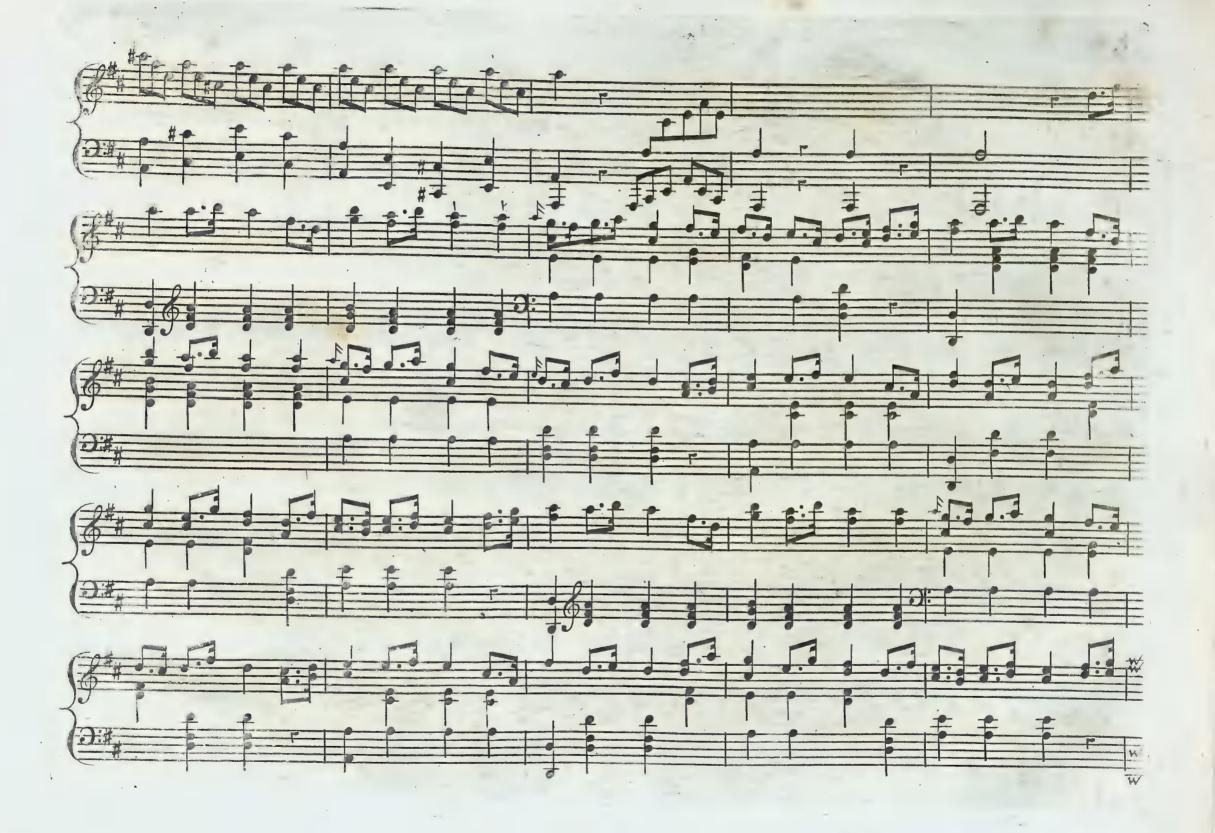
Printed for M.Kelly, to be had of, Corri, Dussek, & C. N.º 28, Haymarket, 67, Dean &t! Soho, London: and at Edinburgh.

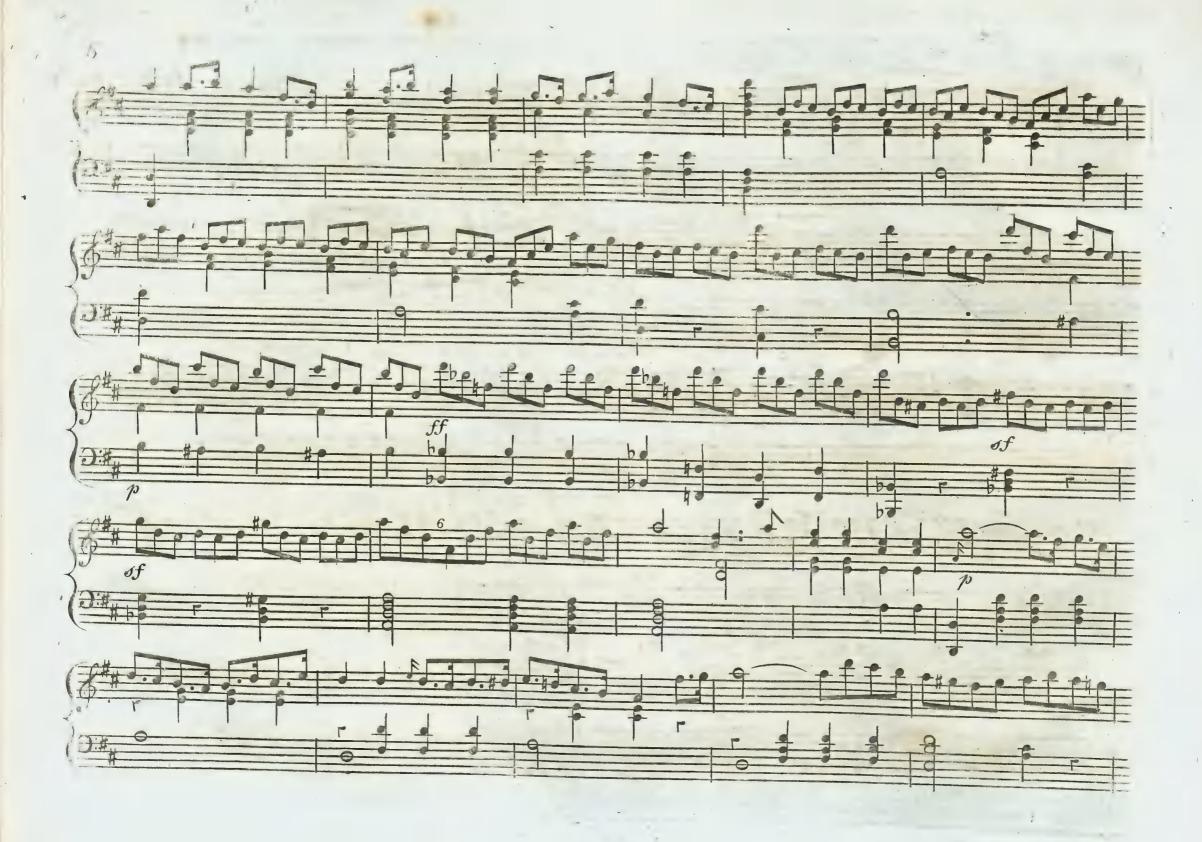


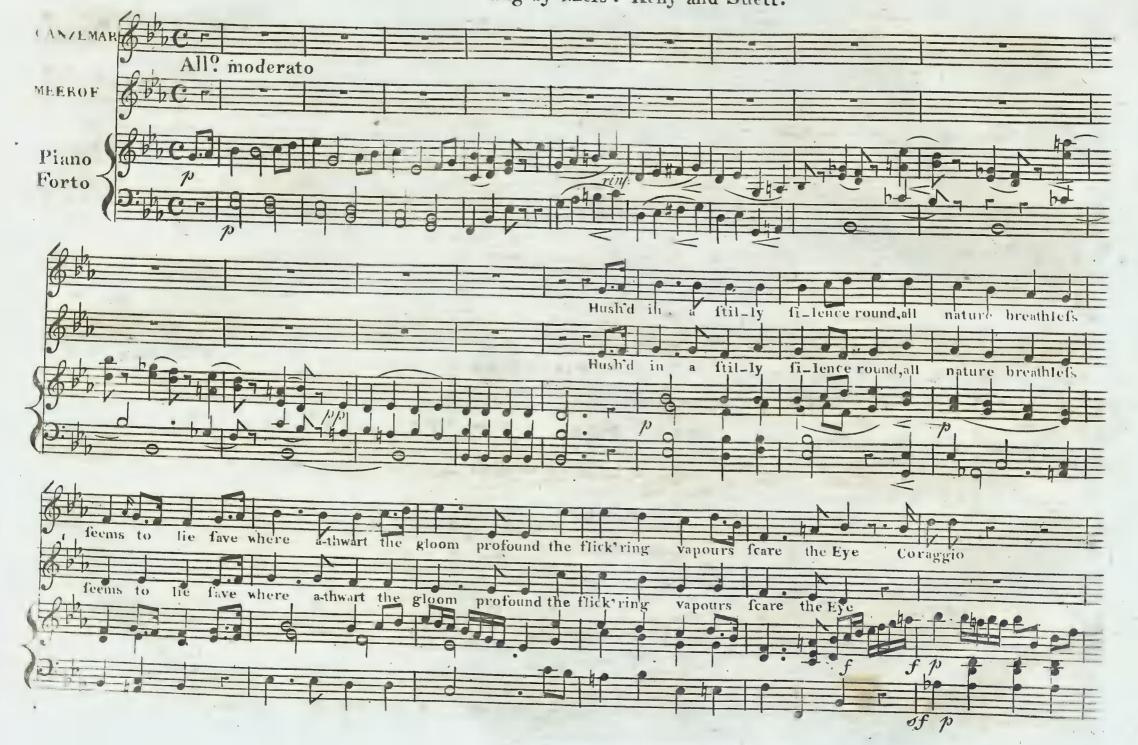


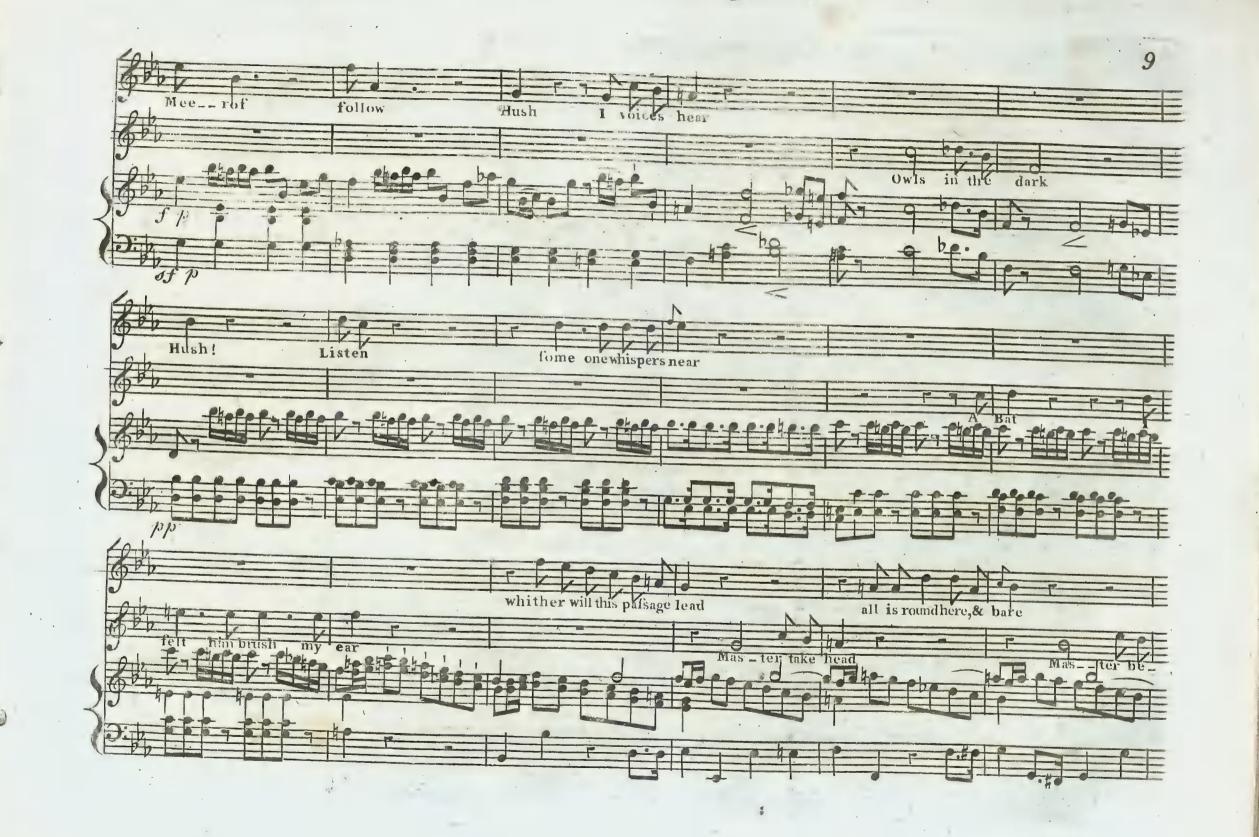


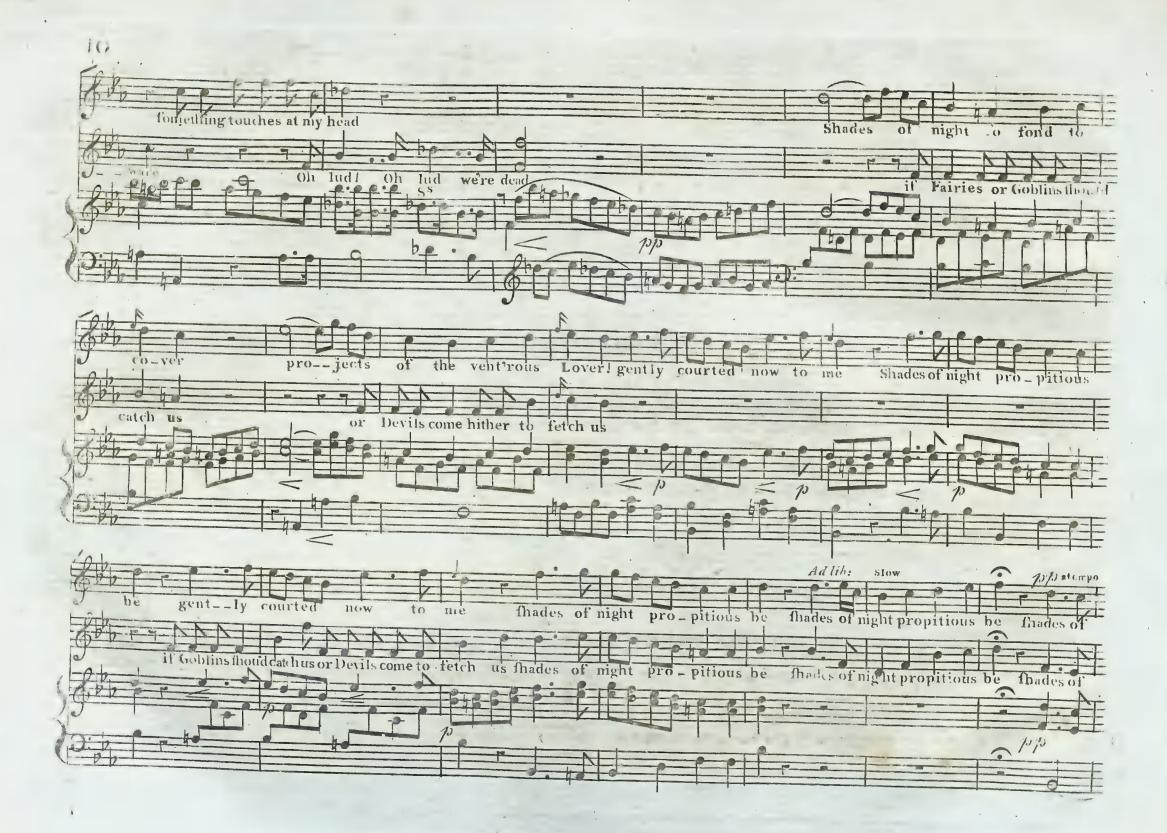
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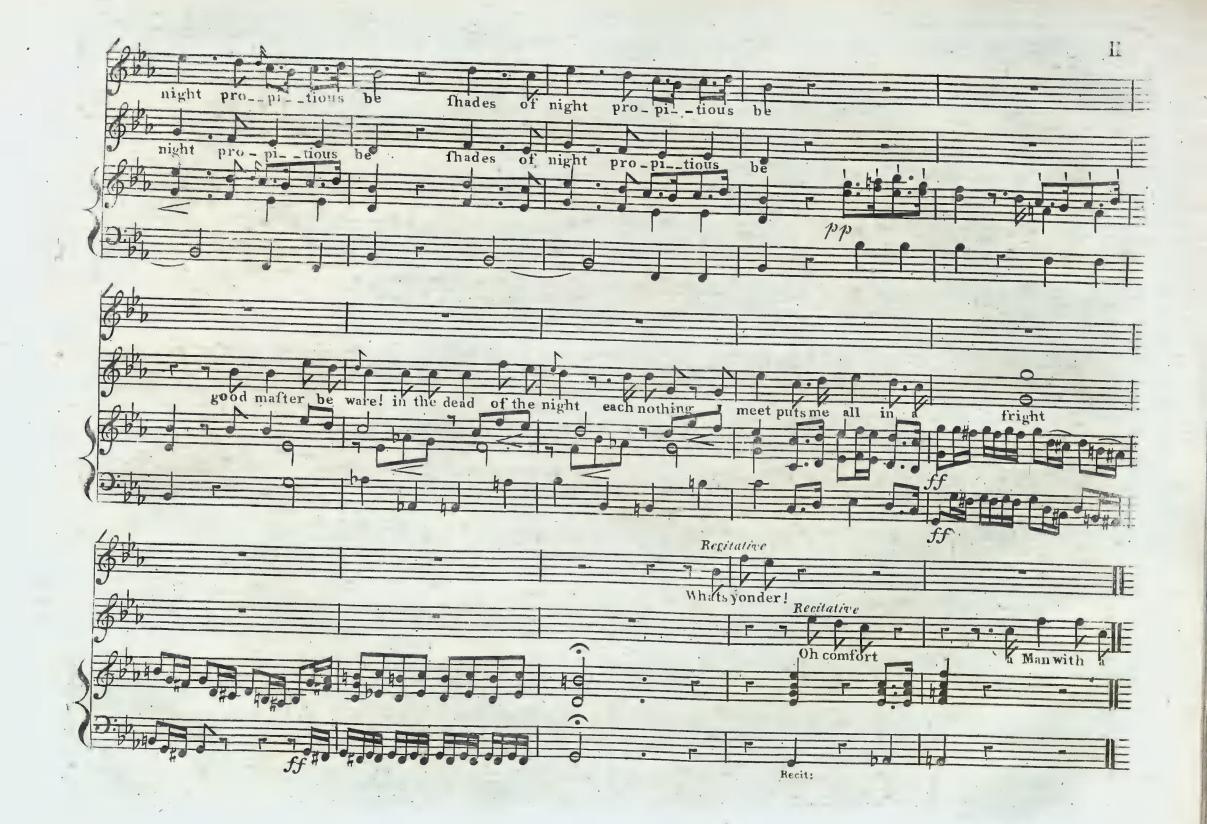


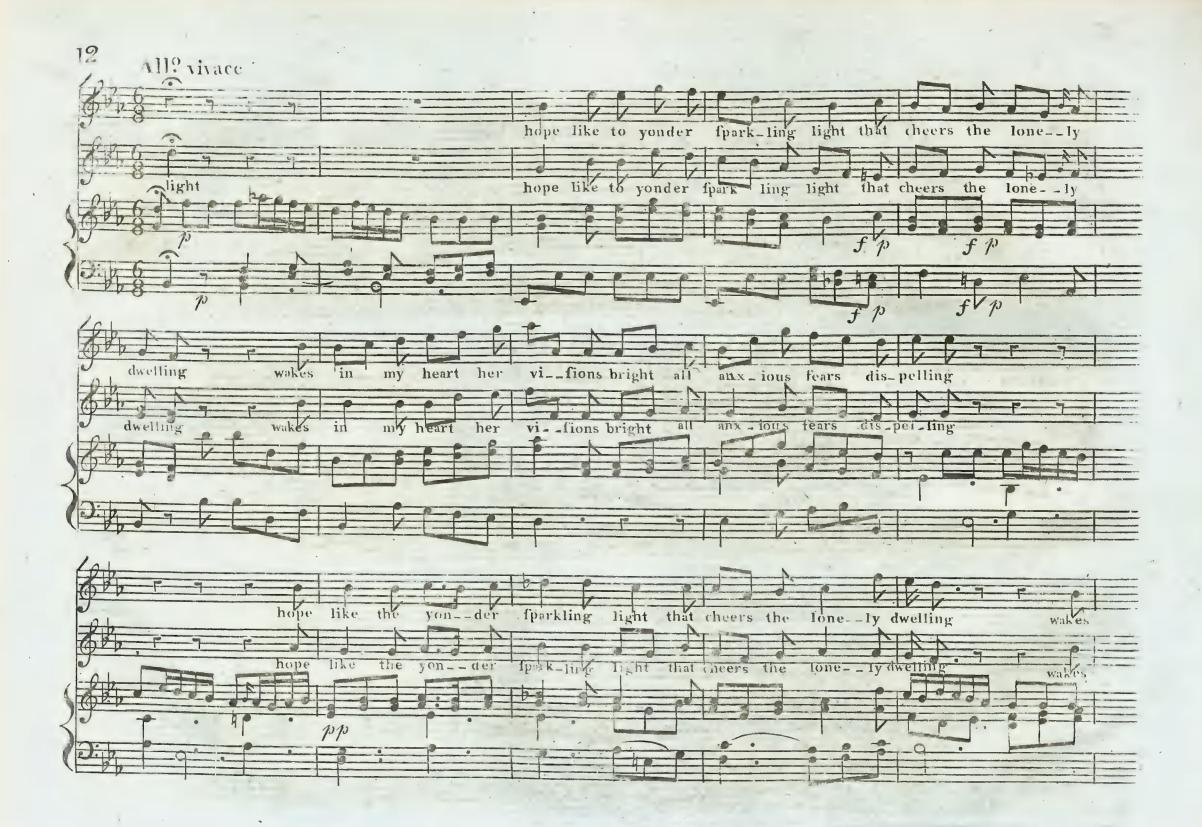


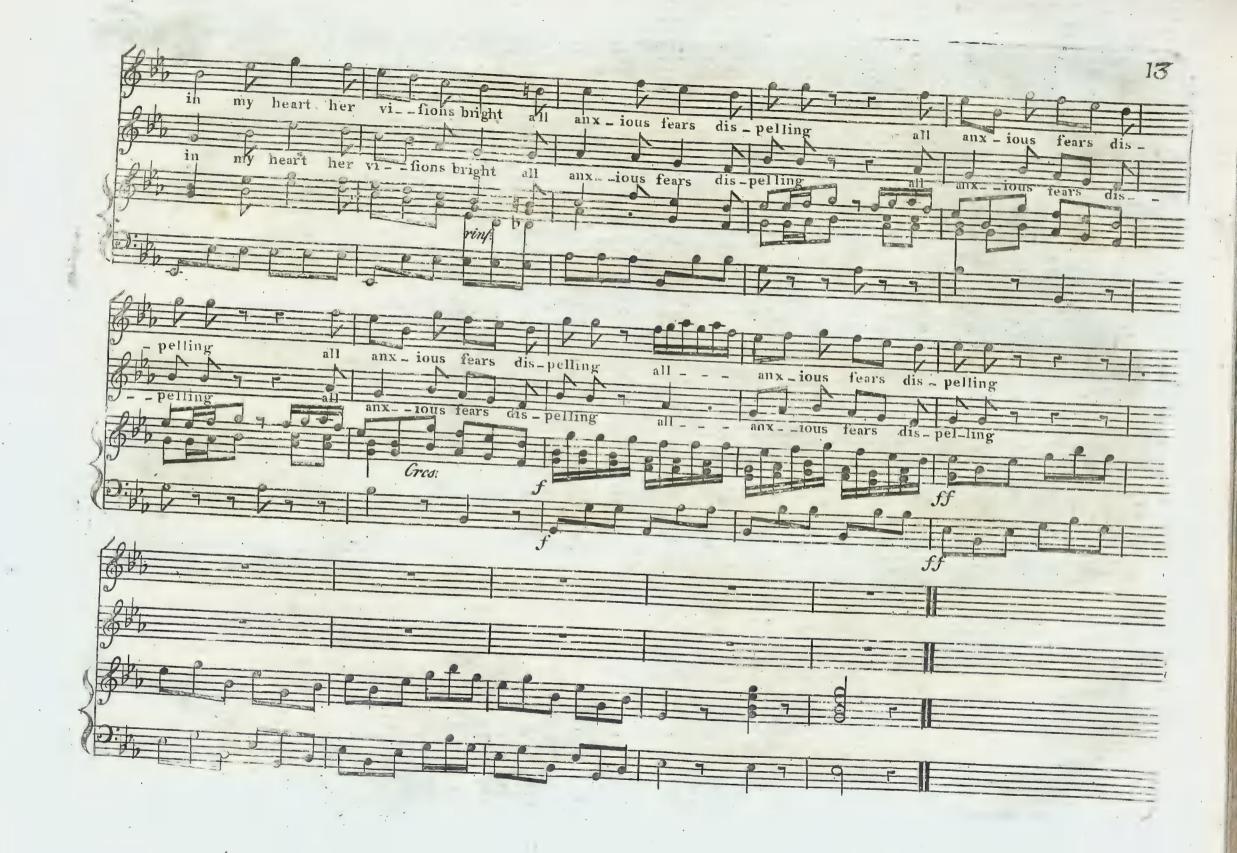




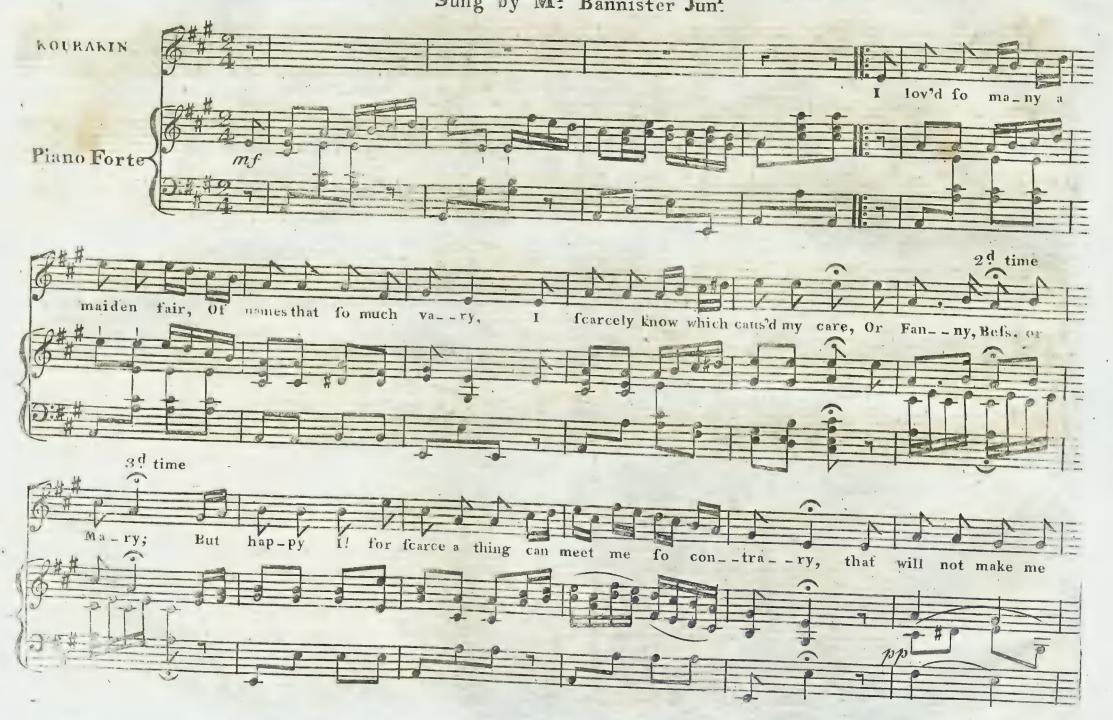








Sung by Mr. Bannister Jun.



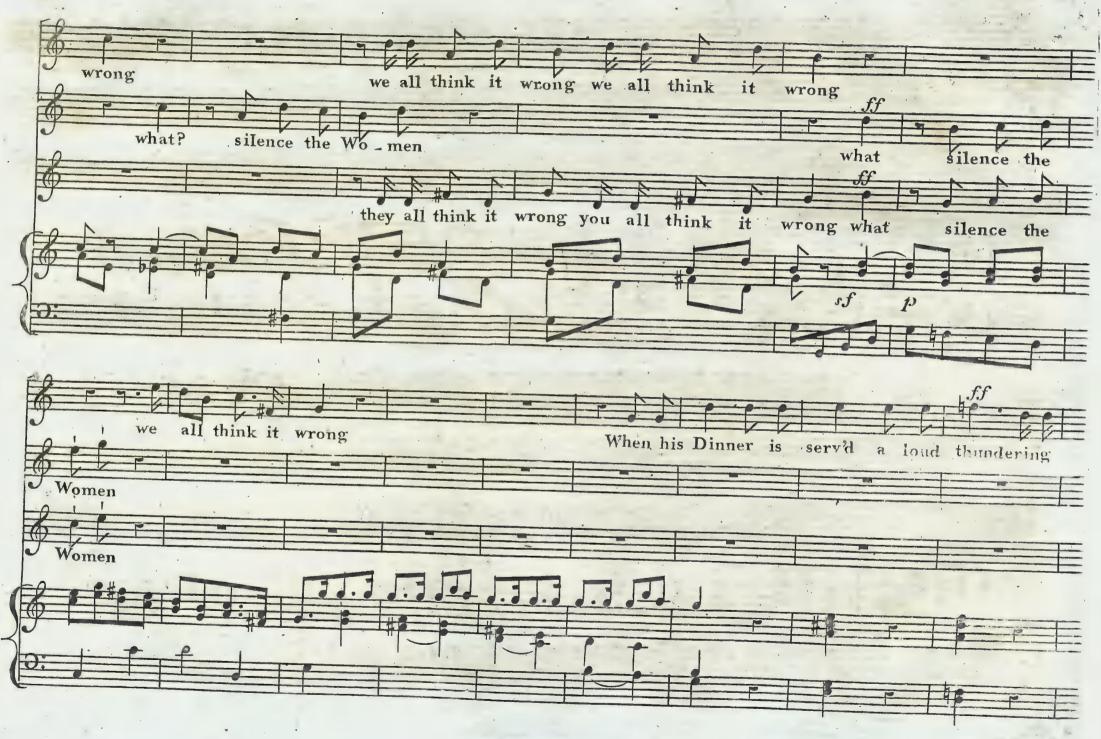


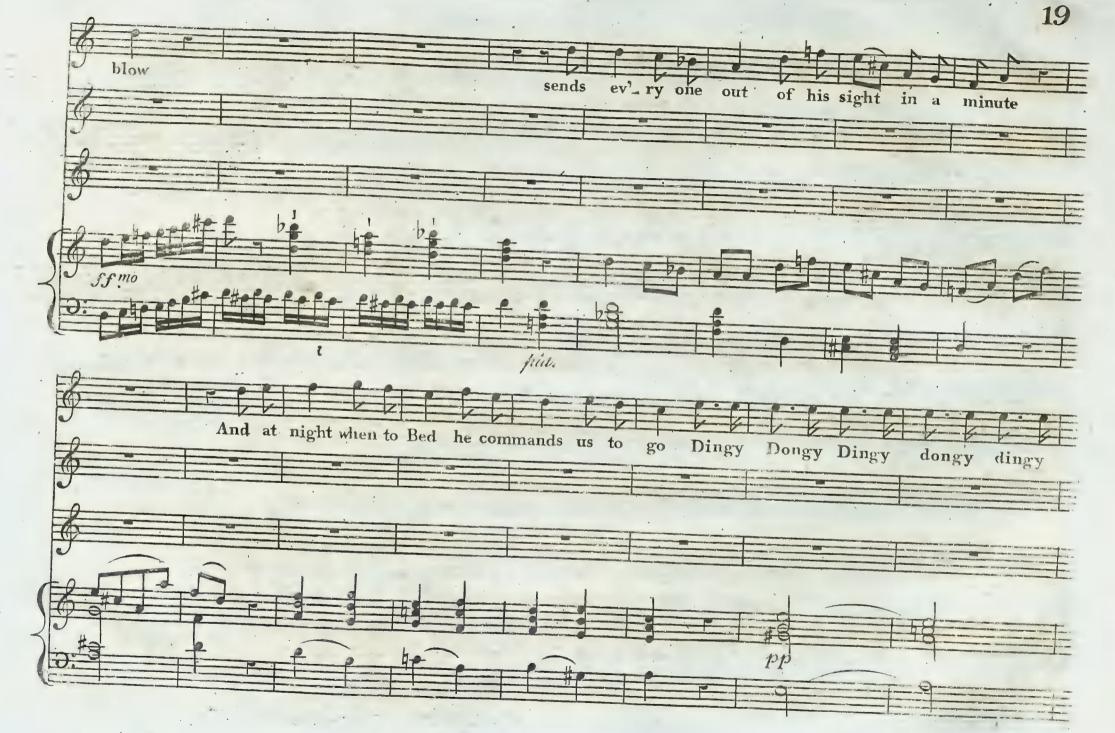
I always was, from Boy to Man,
Well pleas'd to toy with any
Now if a Lady flap her fan,
Why ftraight I think on Fanny
Dear Fanny I remember yet,
No Iass so smart and pretty
But if you offer me a bet,
Why then I think on Betty.
With a heigho!

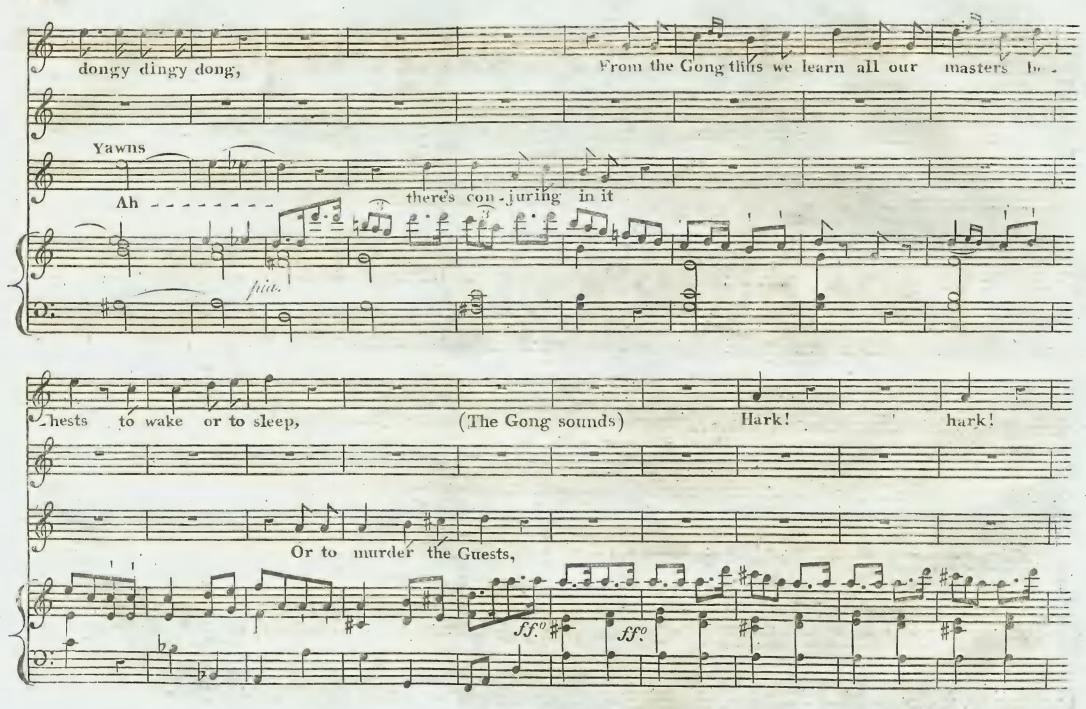
Then Retty fhe is all my theme,
So round, fo plump, and jolly,
But if I hear a Parrot foream——
It makes me think on Polly.
Thus happy I, while foarce a thing
Can meet me fo contrary,
That will not make me think and fing
Of Fanny, Befs, or Mary.
With a heigho! heigho!

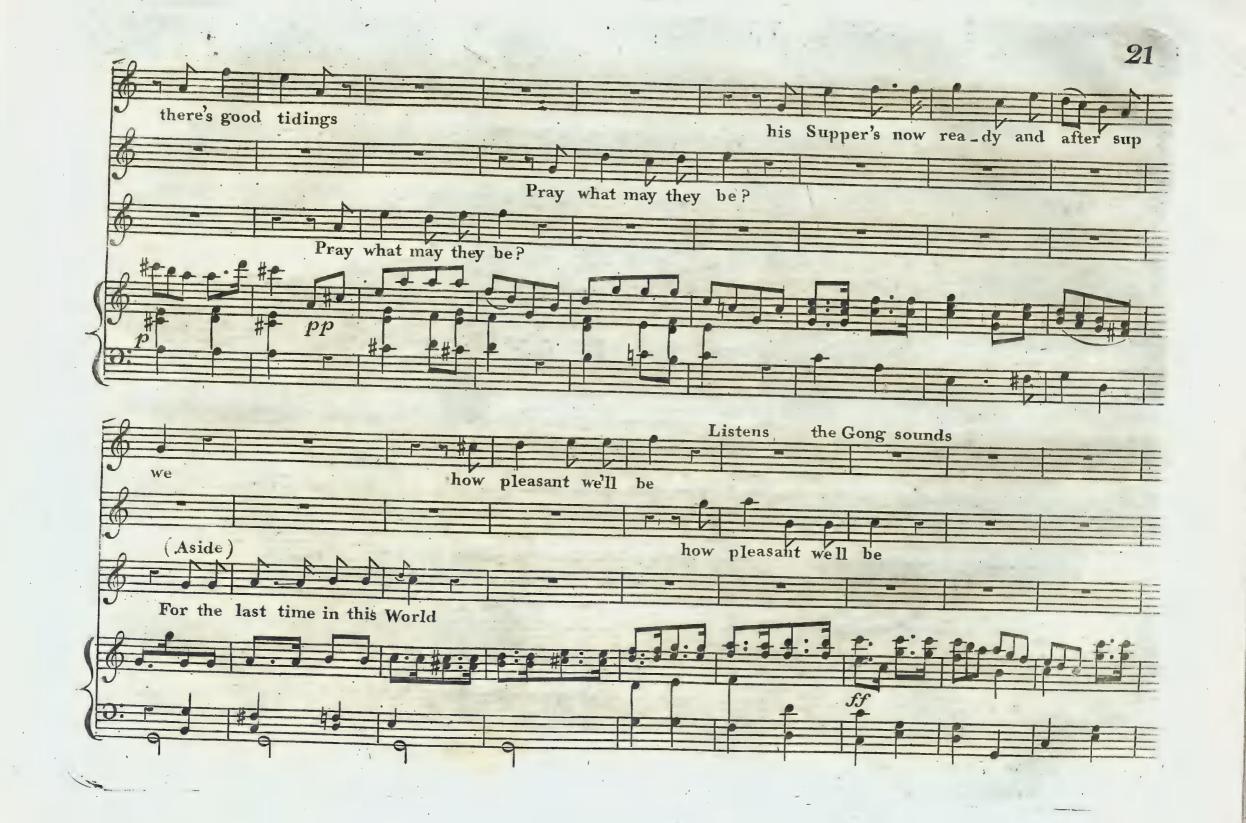


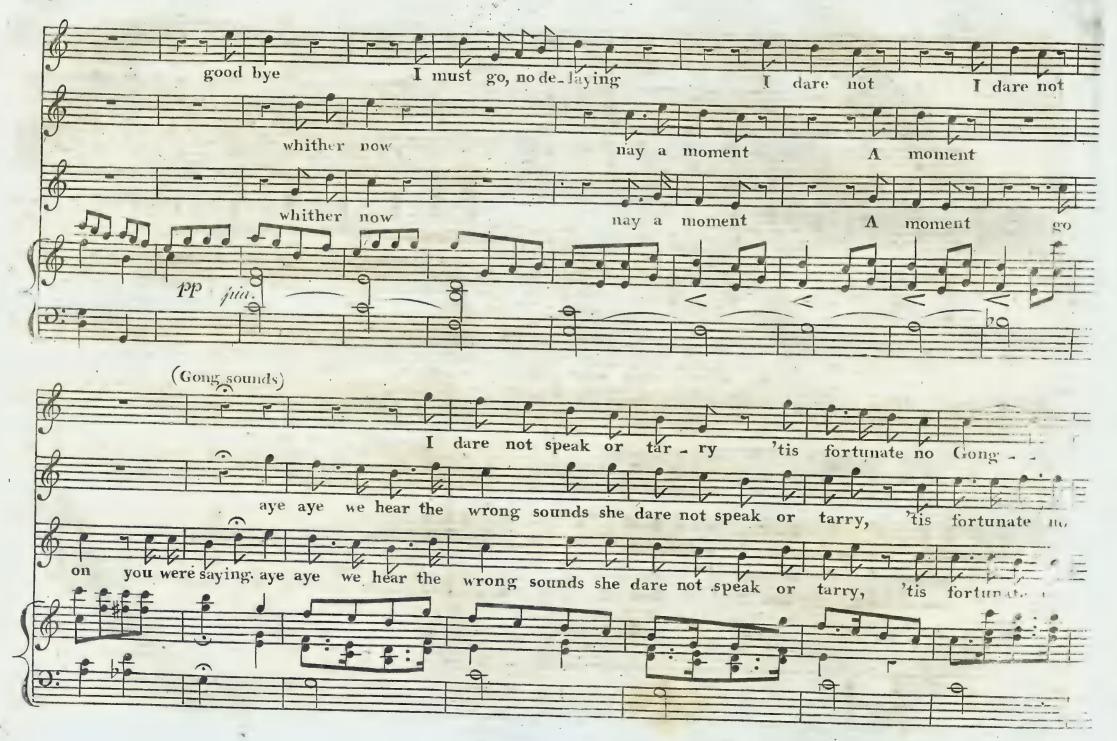




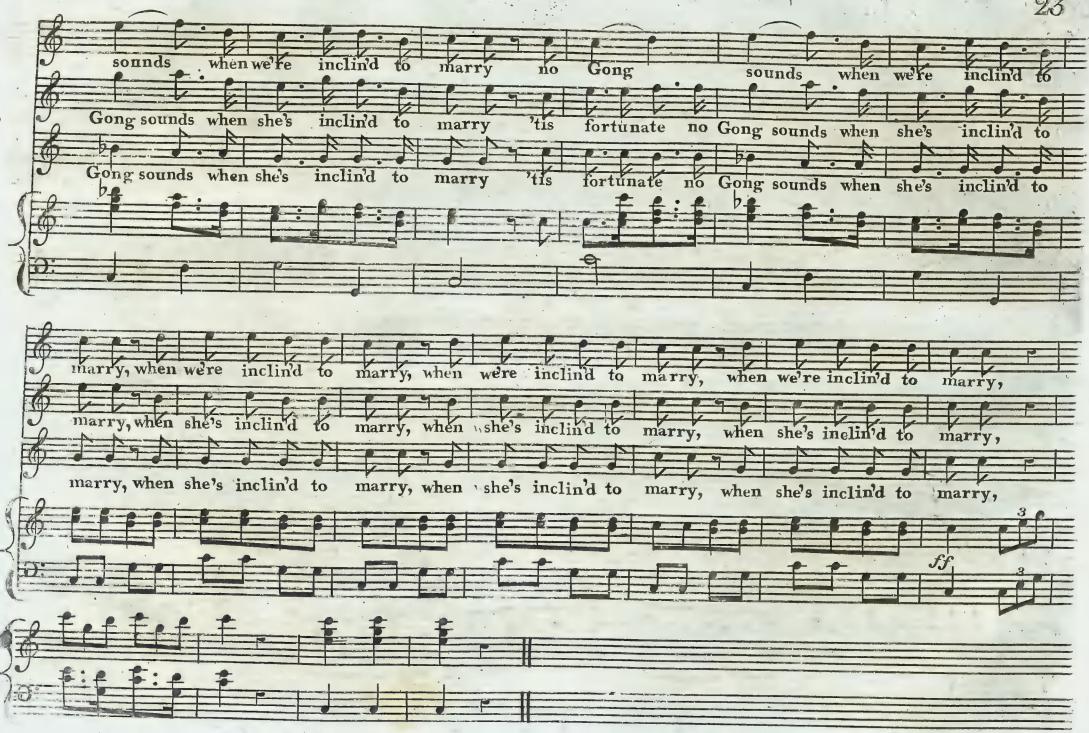


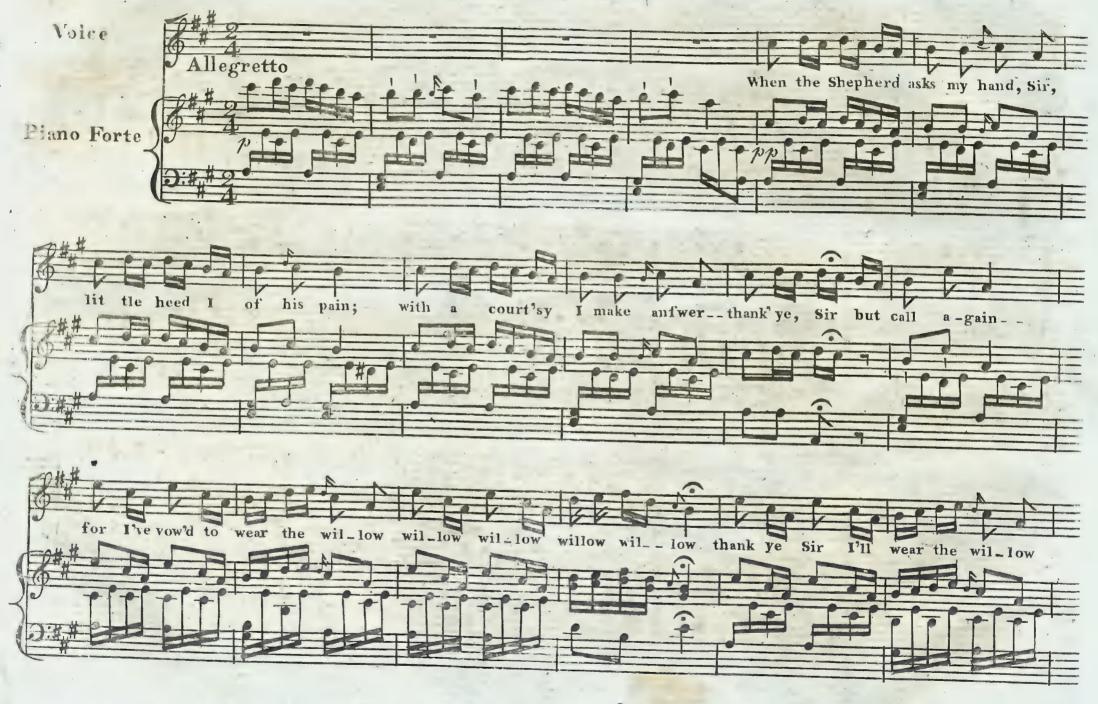


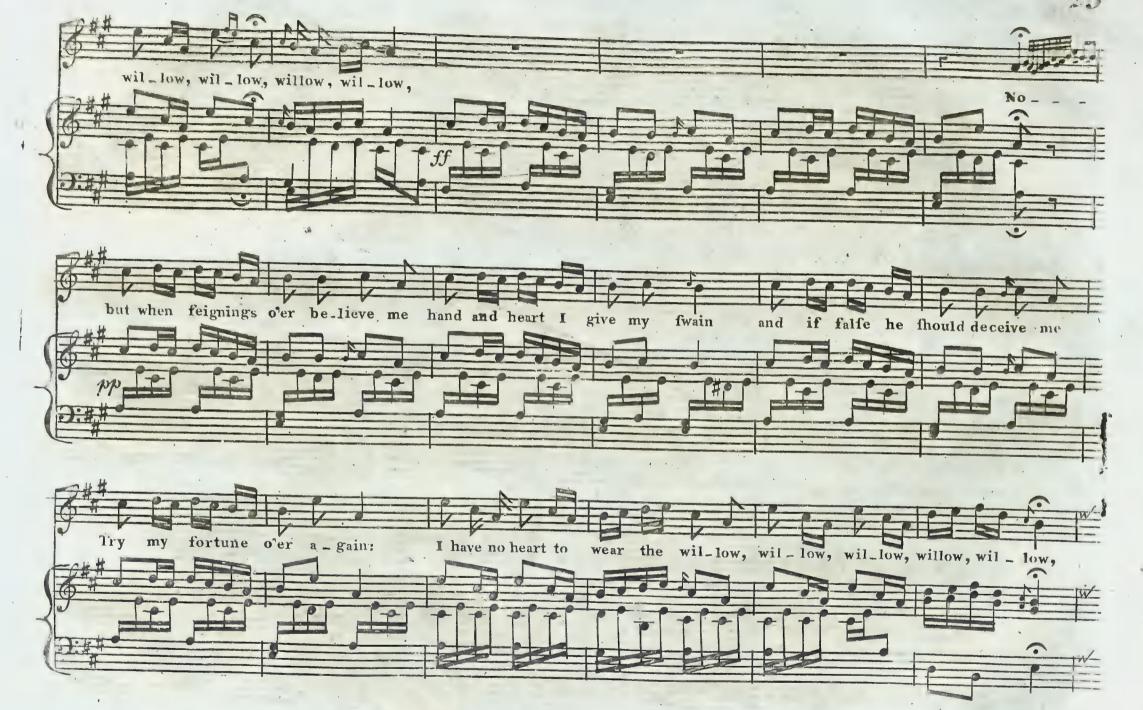


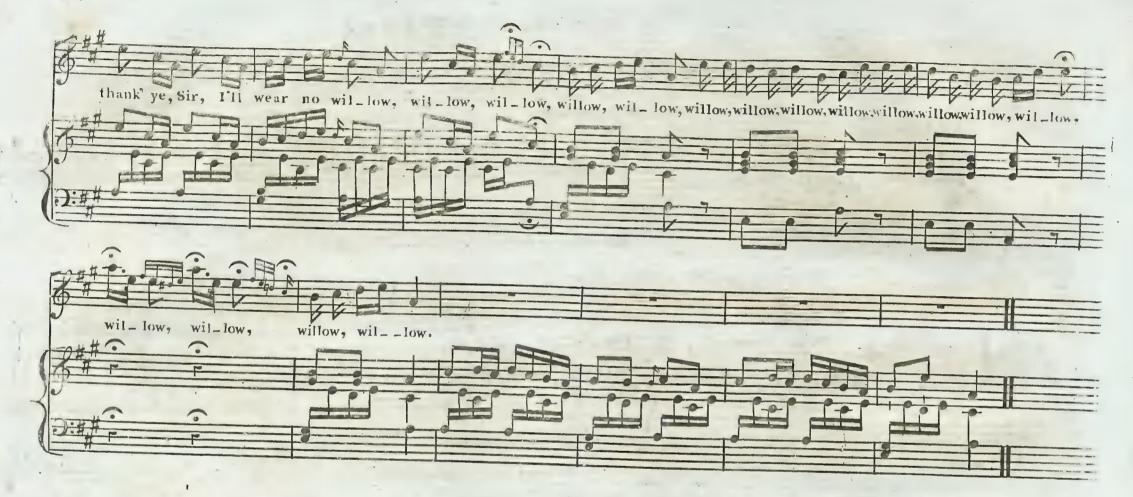




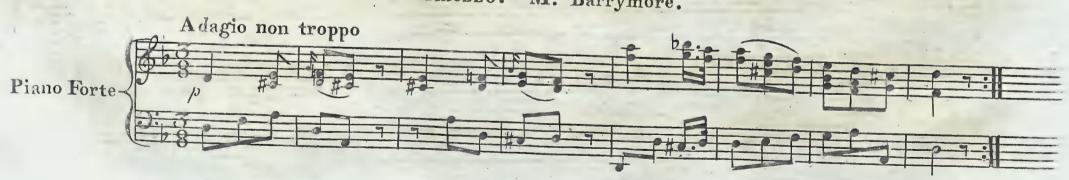




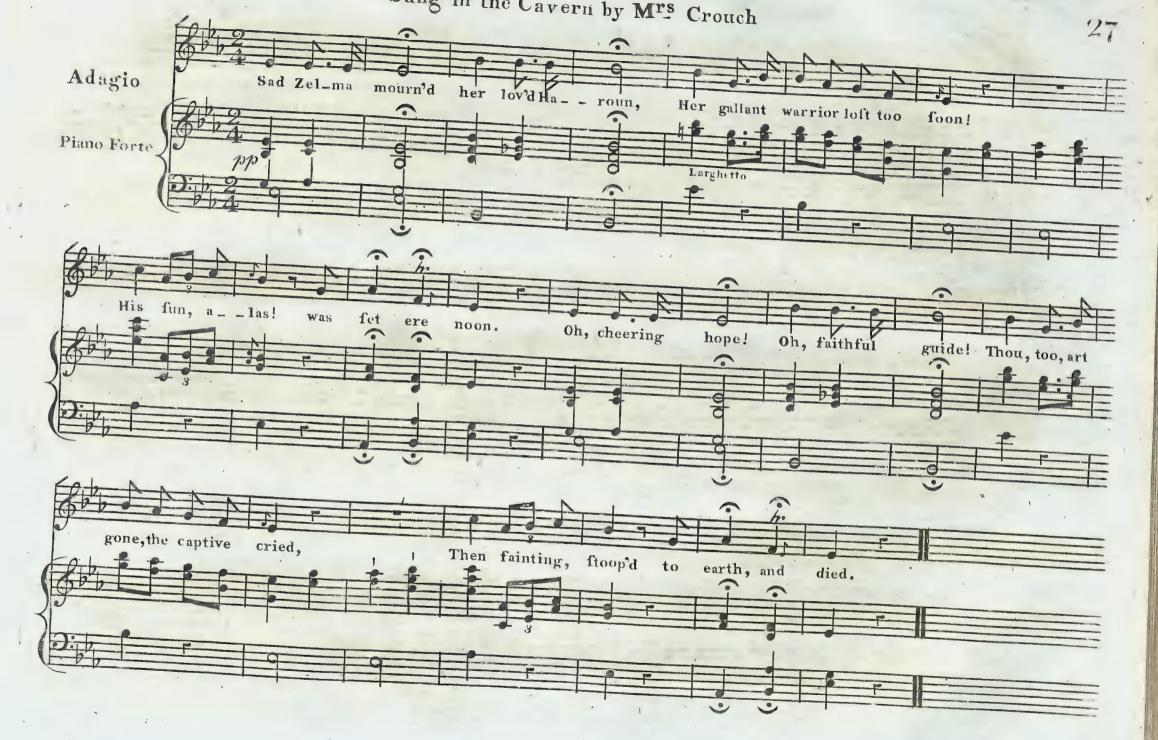




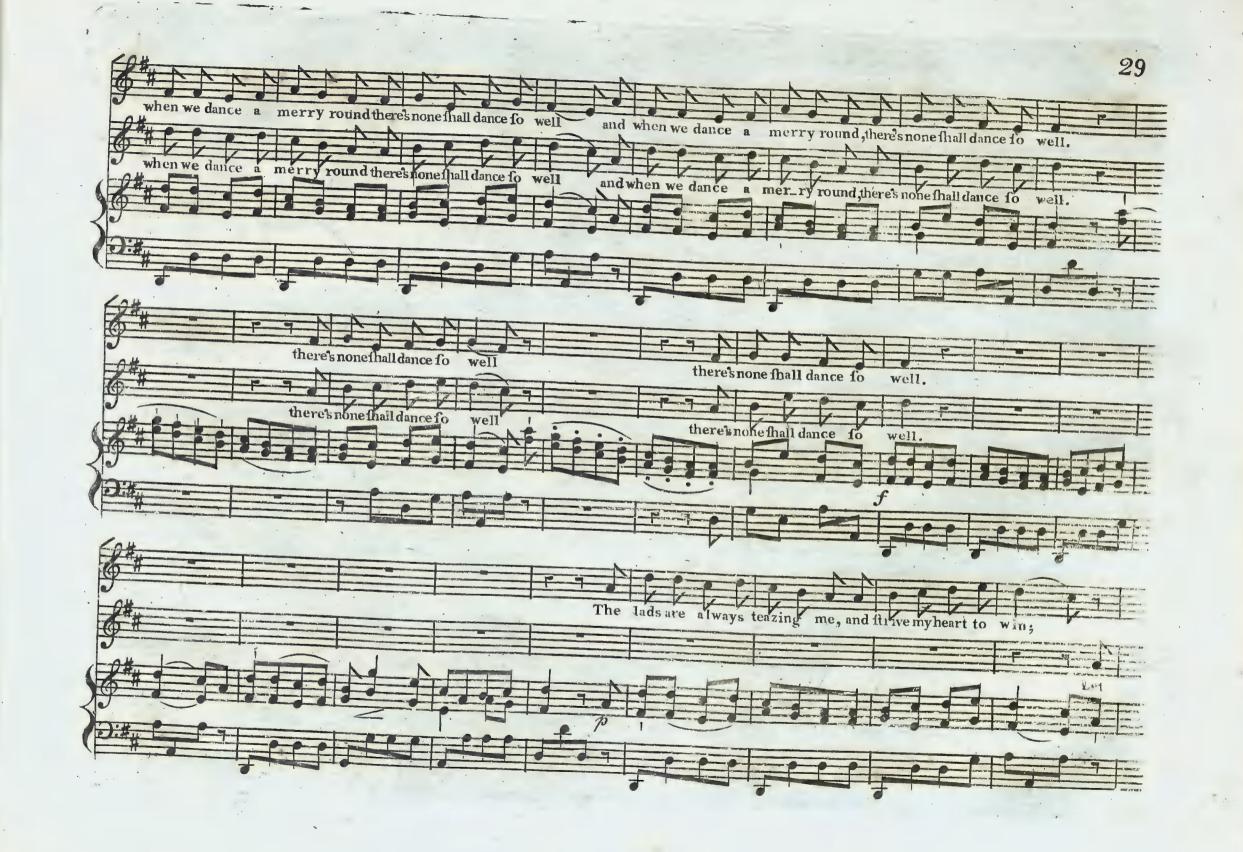
Intermezzo. Mr Barrymore.

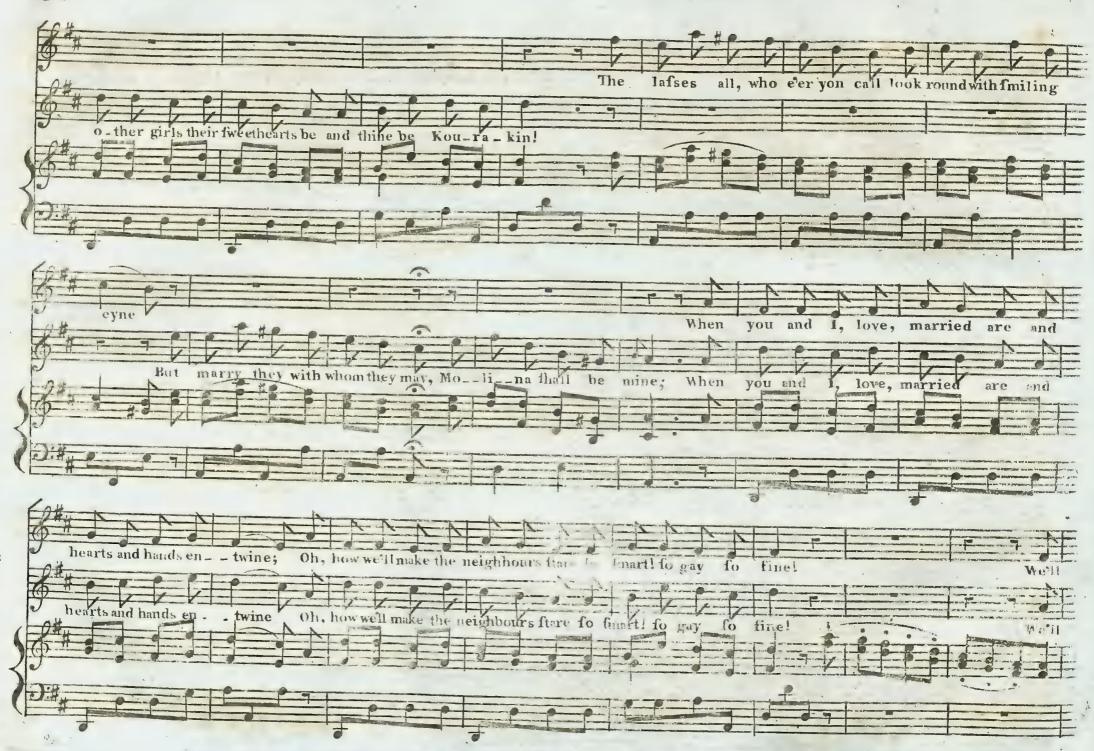


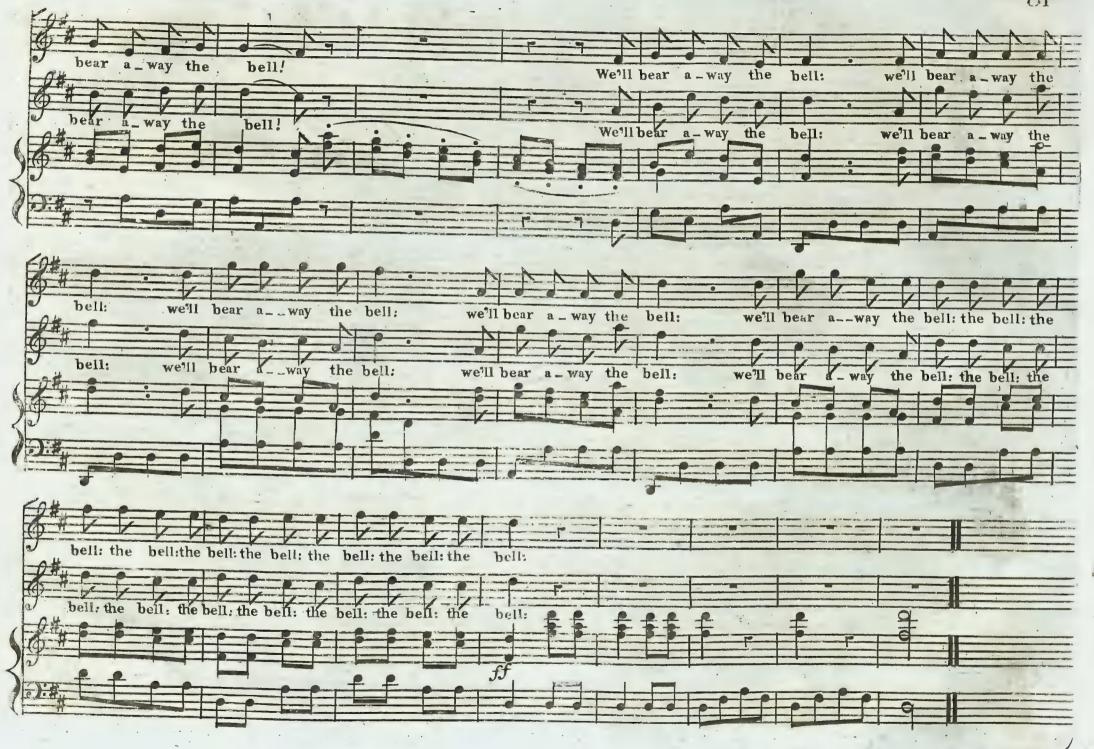
Sung in the Cavern by Mrs Crouch

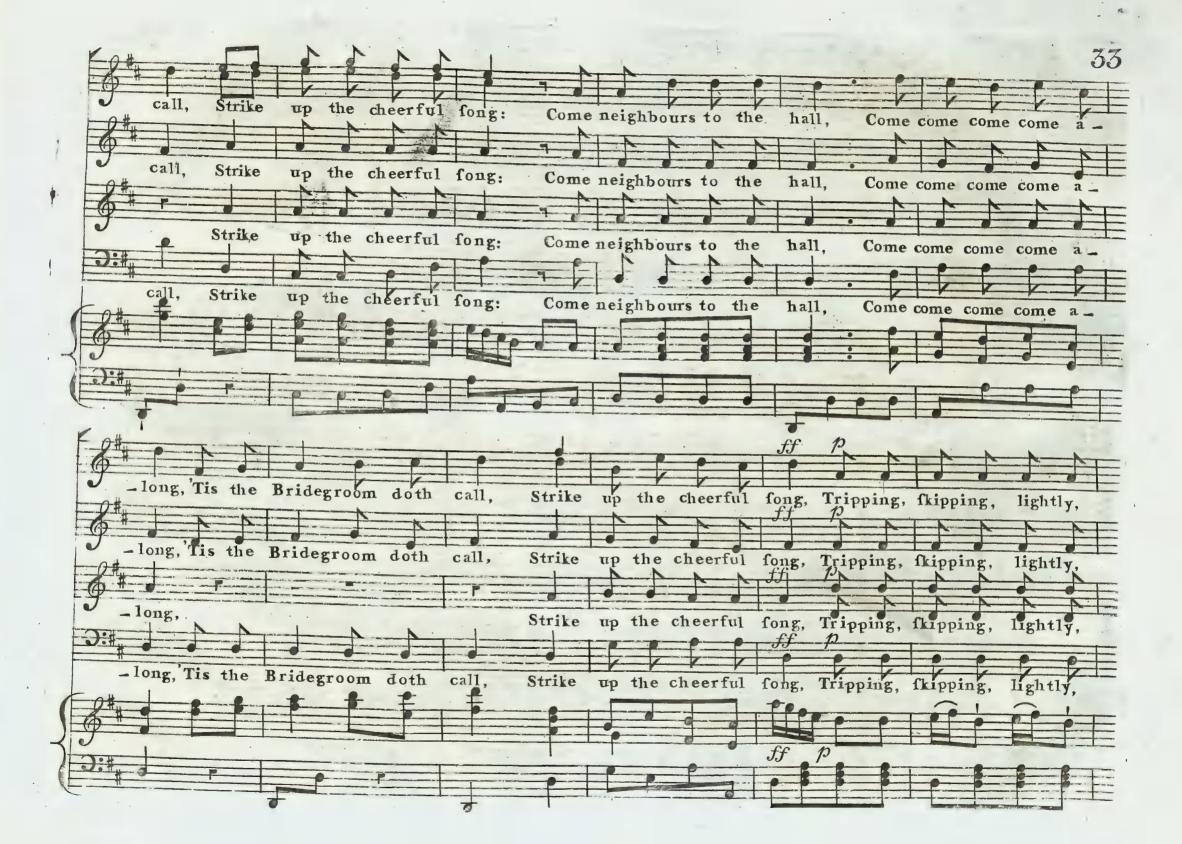


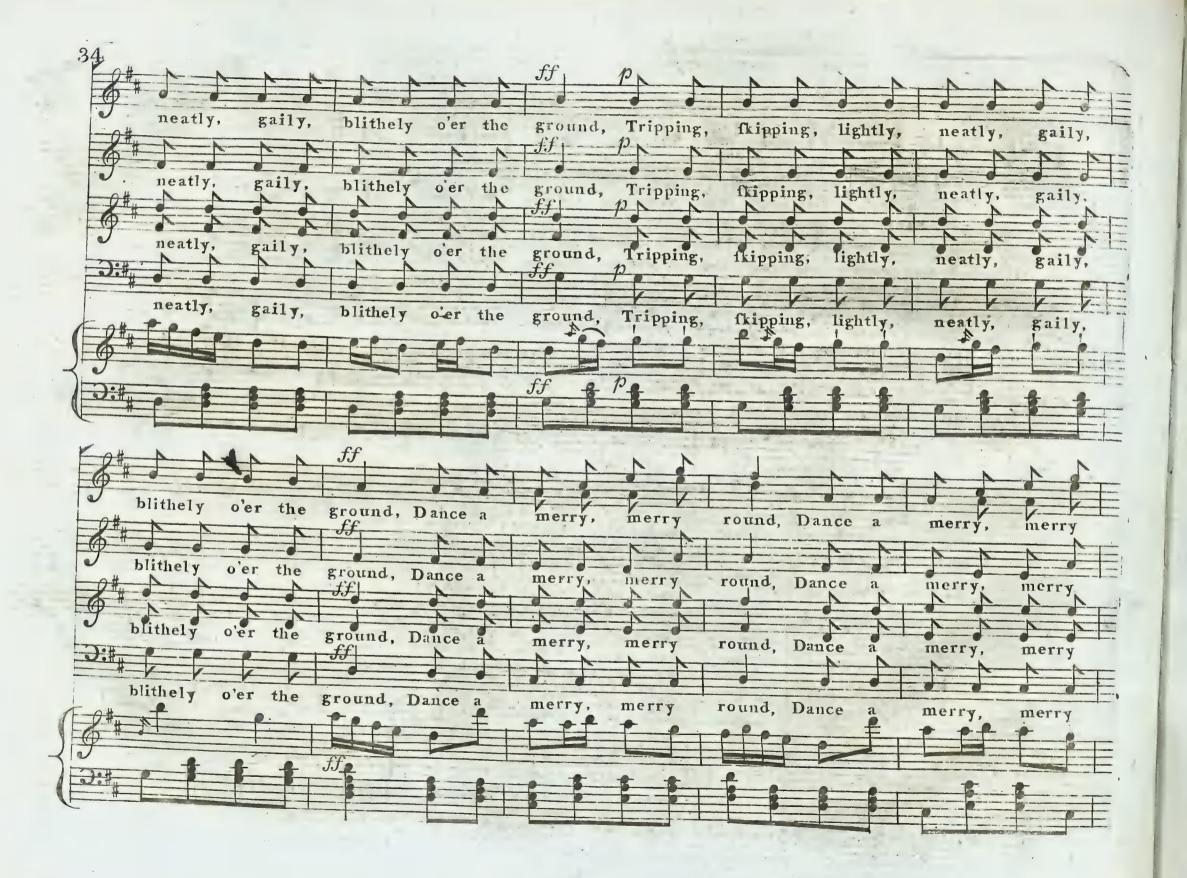


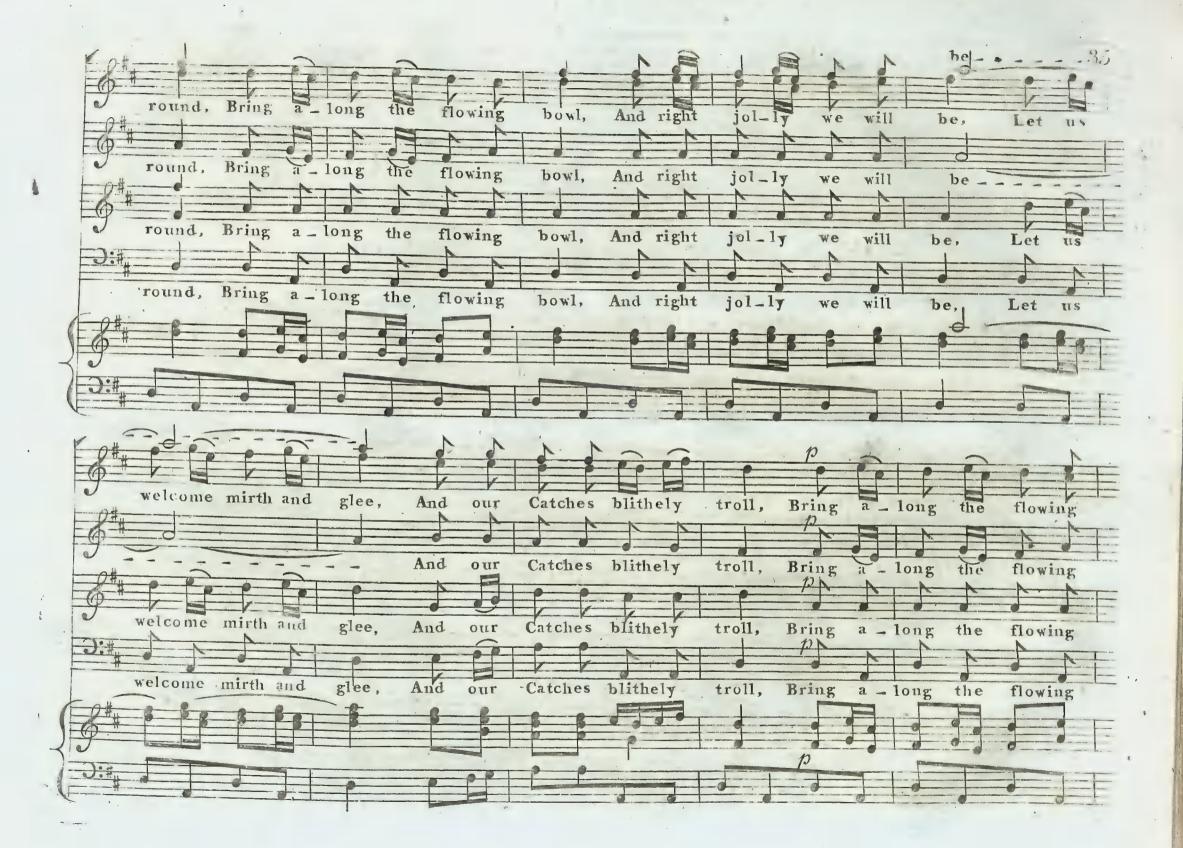




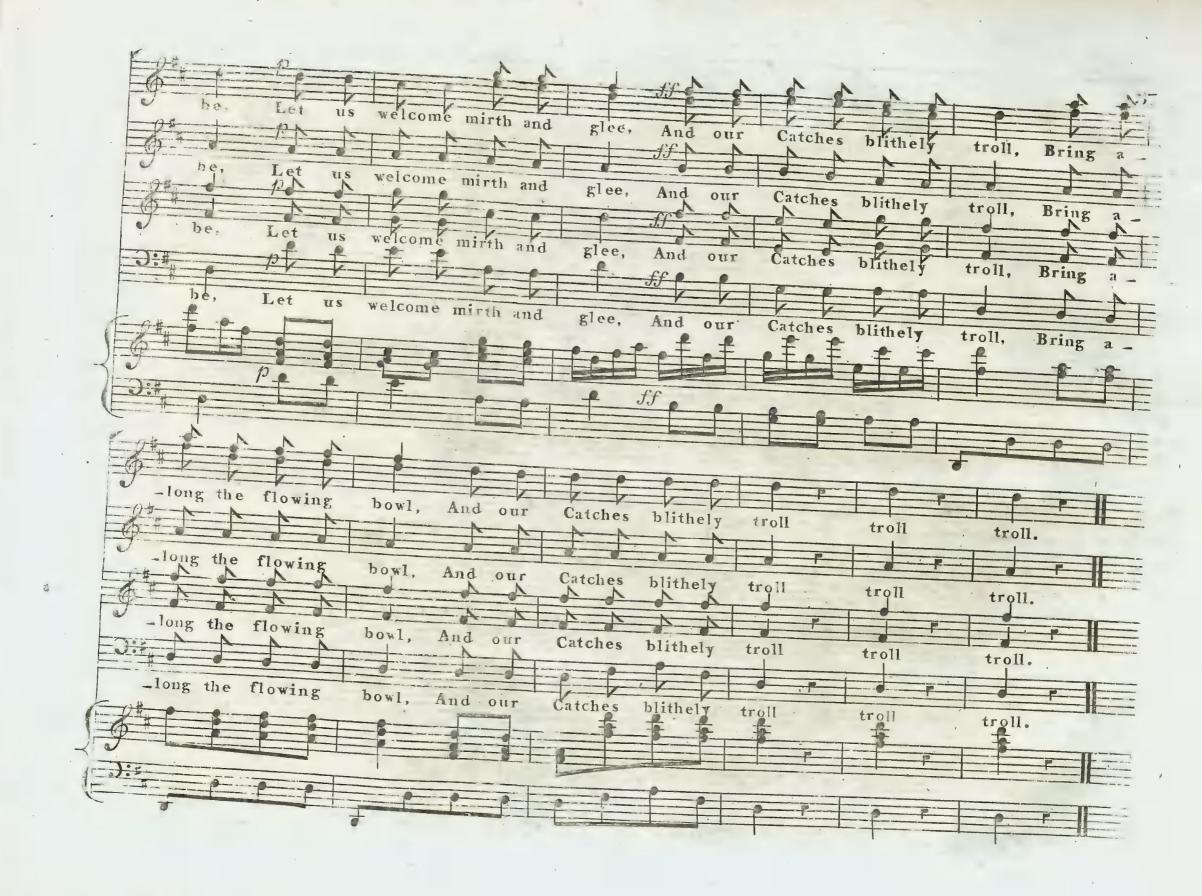


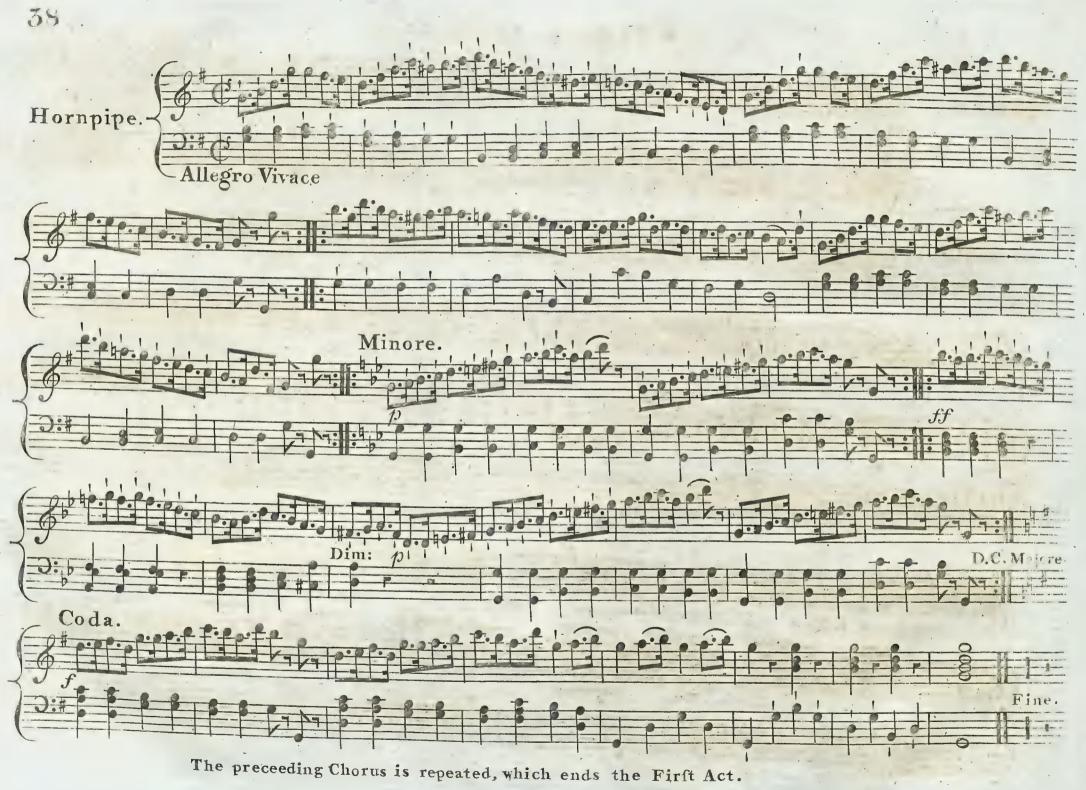


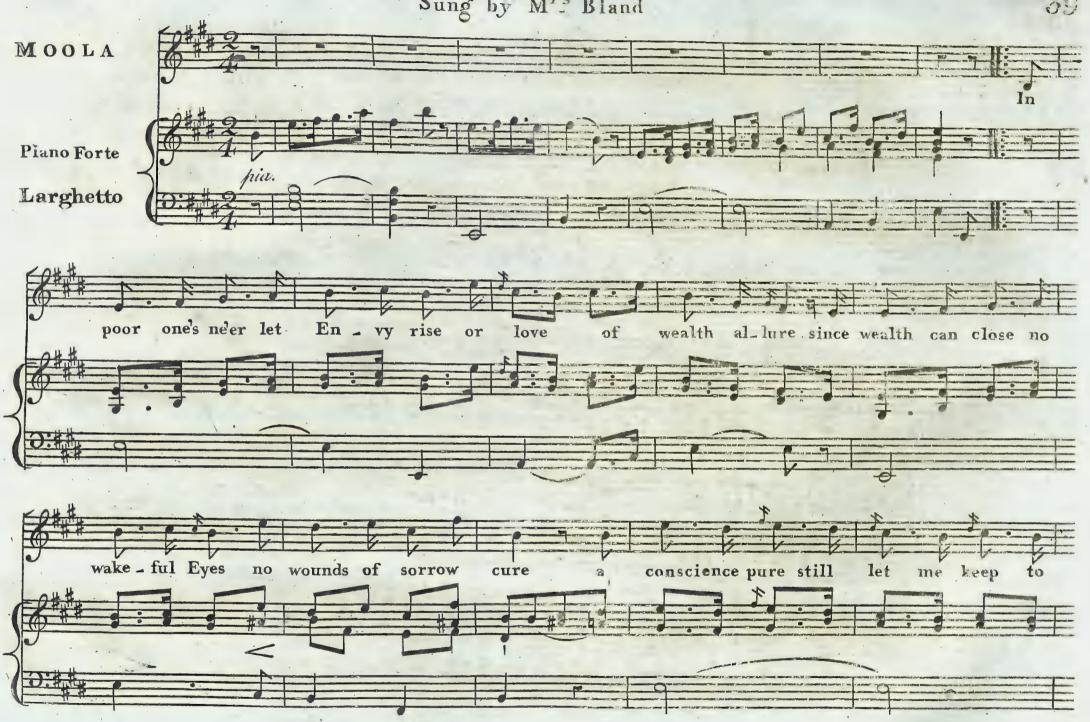


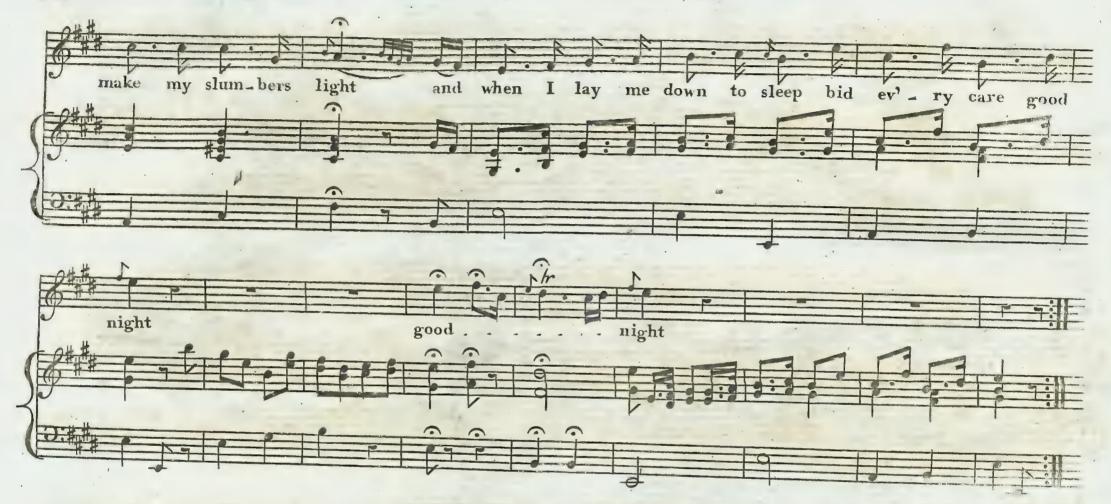












Rests on my couch at eve

Nor shall when near me sleeps my Love

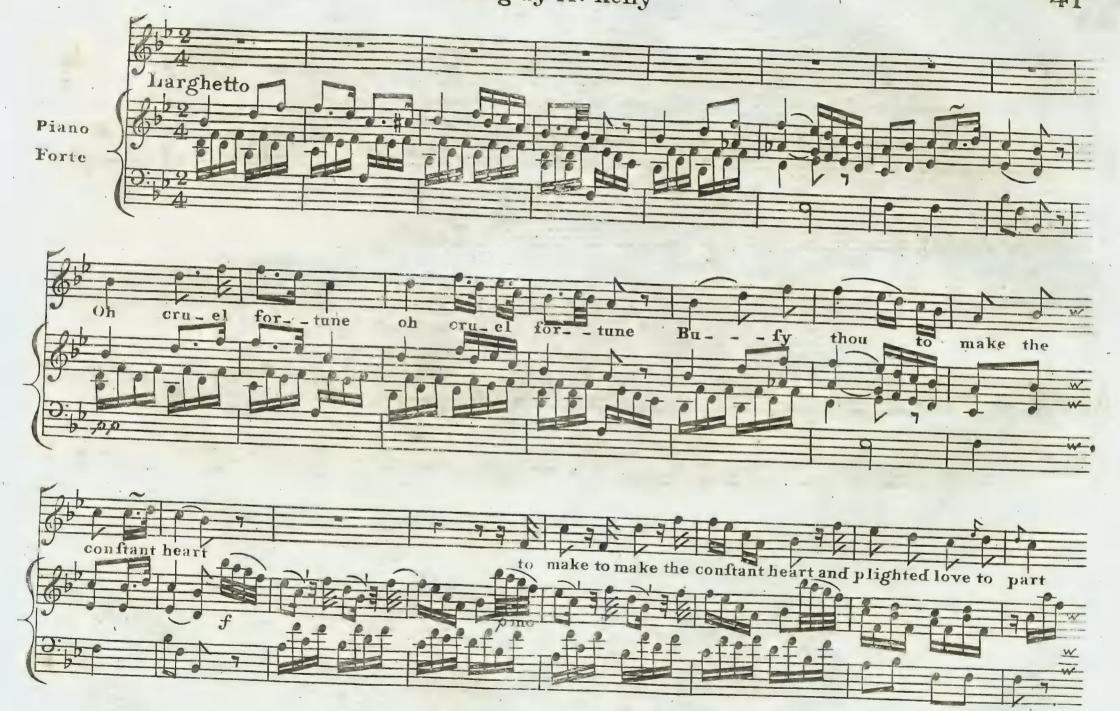
My humble pillow leave

For there we'll let no discord creep

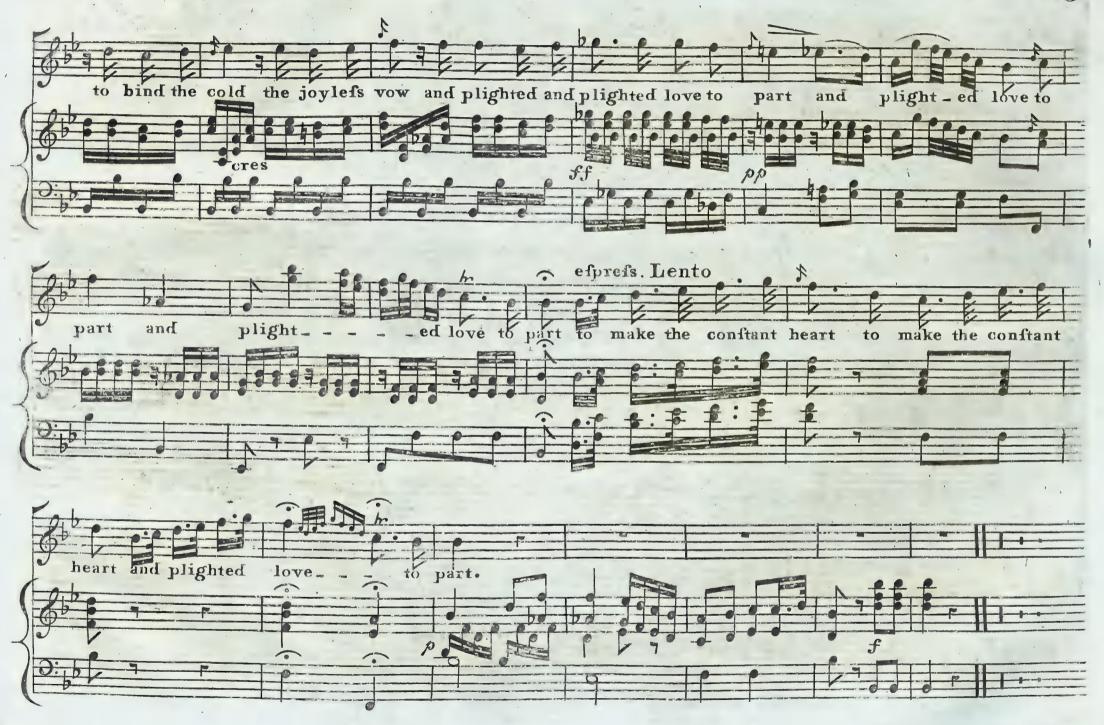
To break our slumbers light

But when we lay us down to sleep

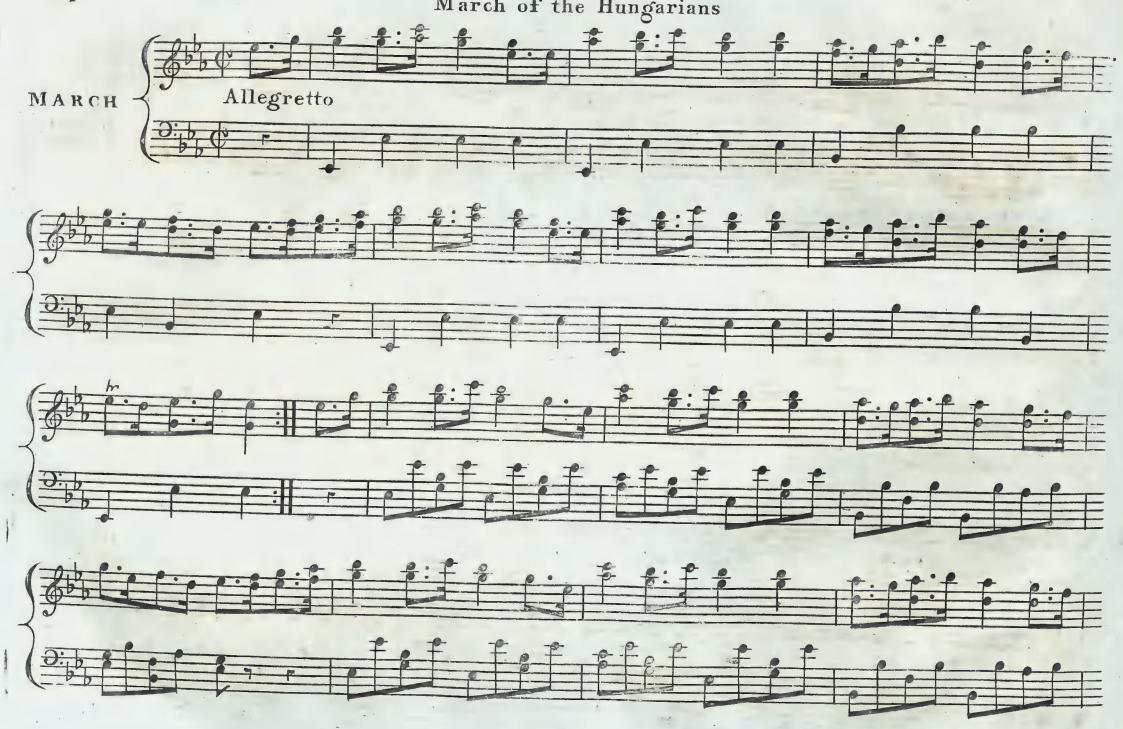
Wish from the heart good night.

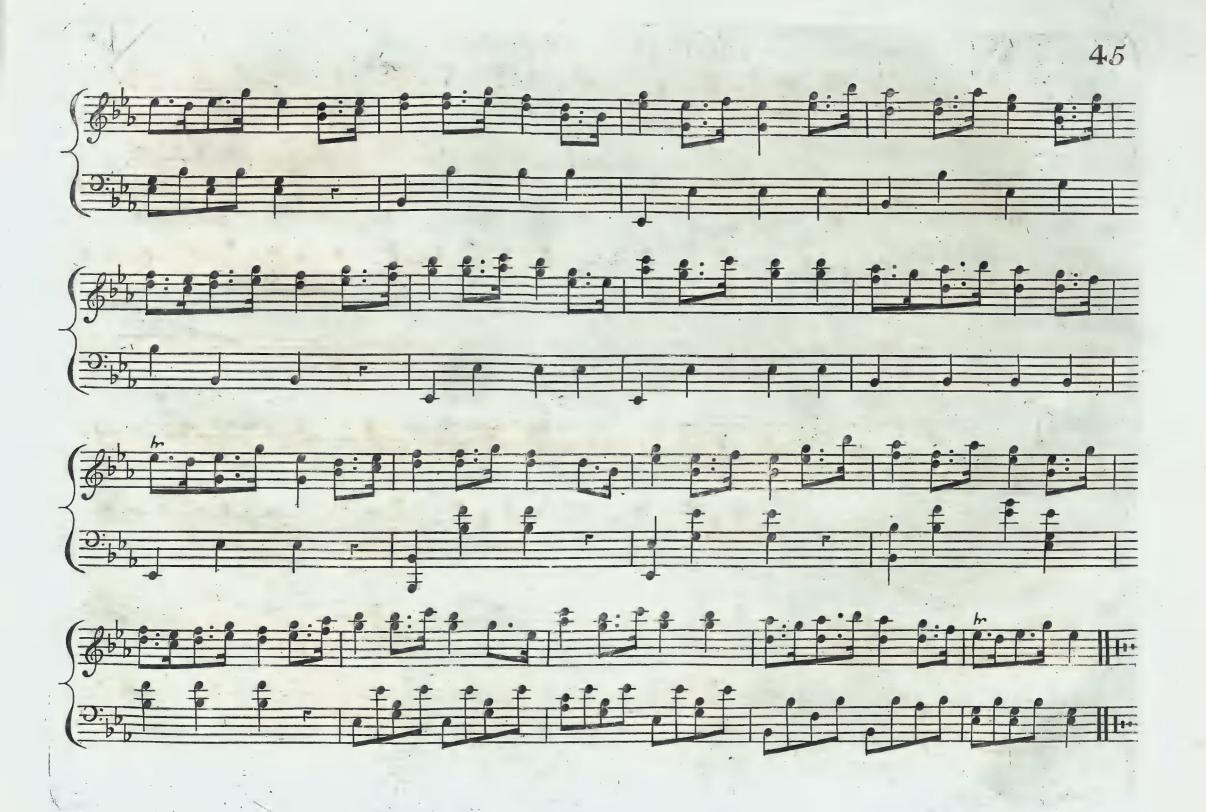


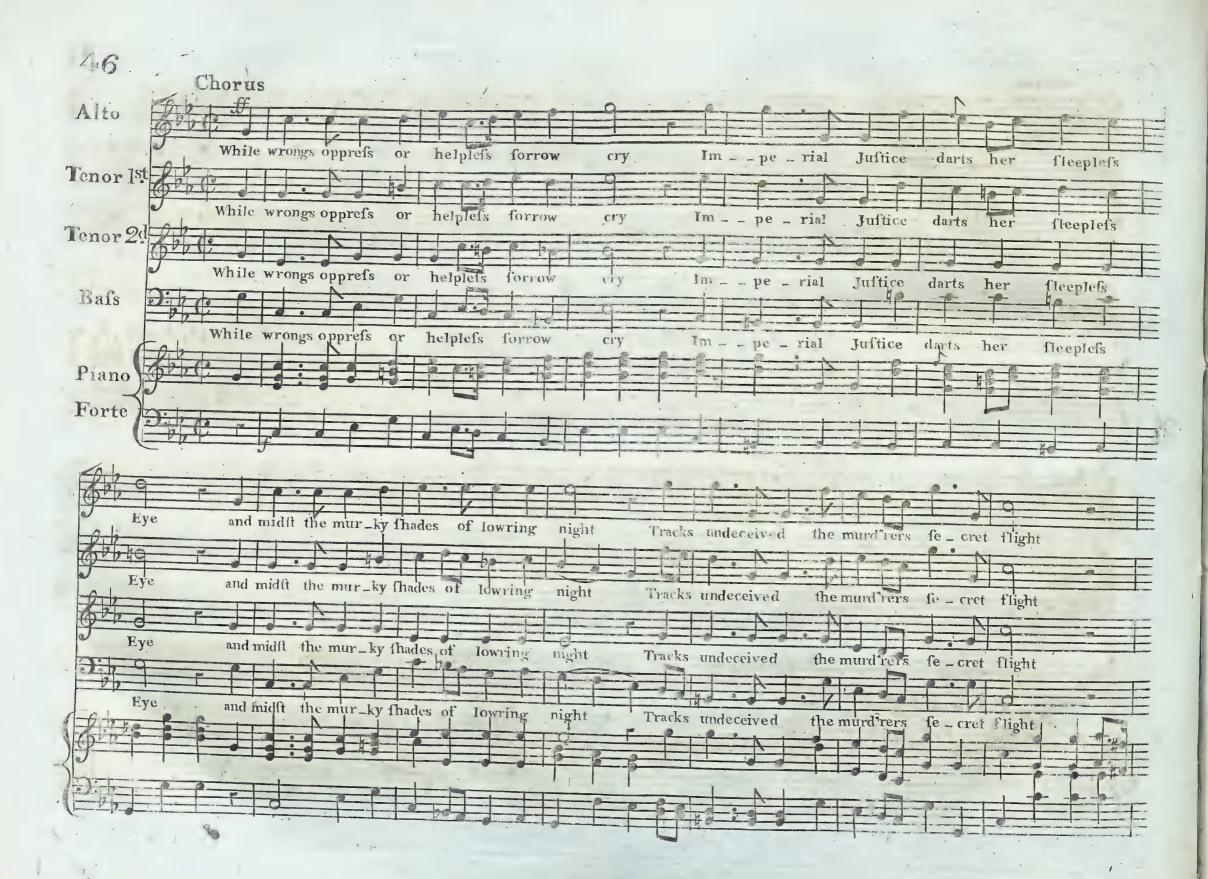


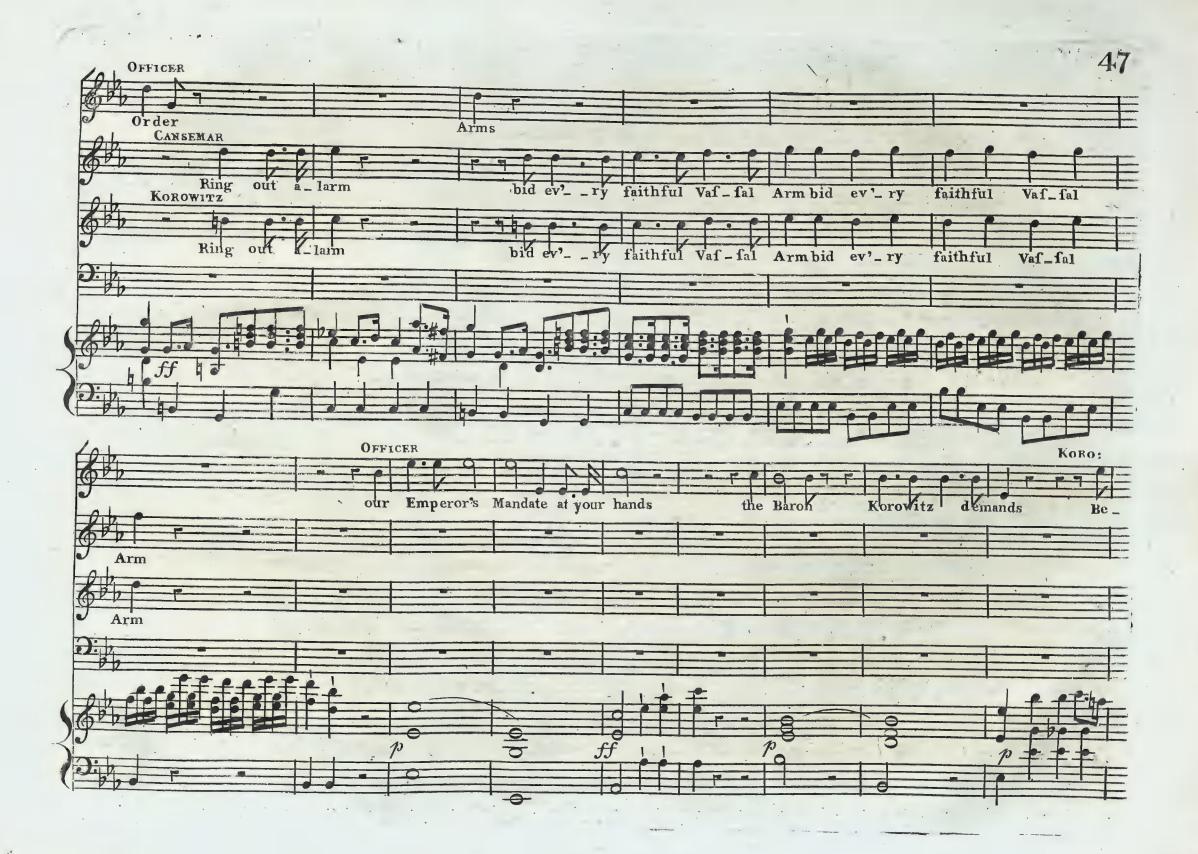


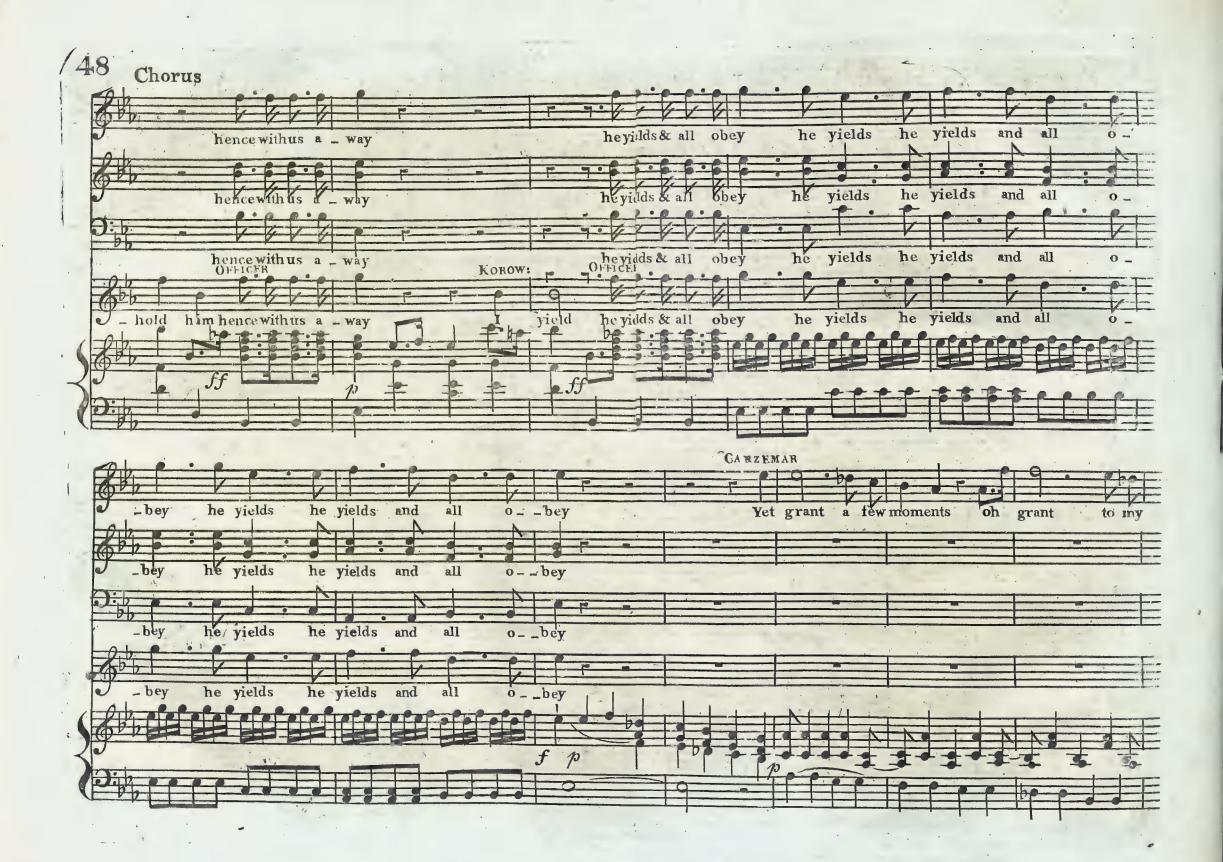
March of the Hungarians

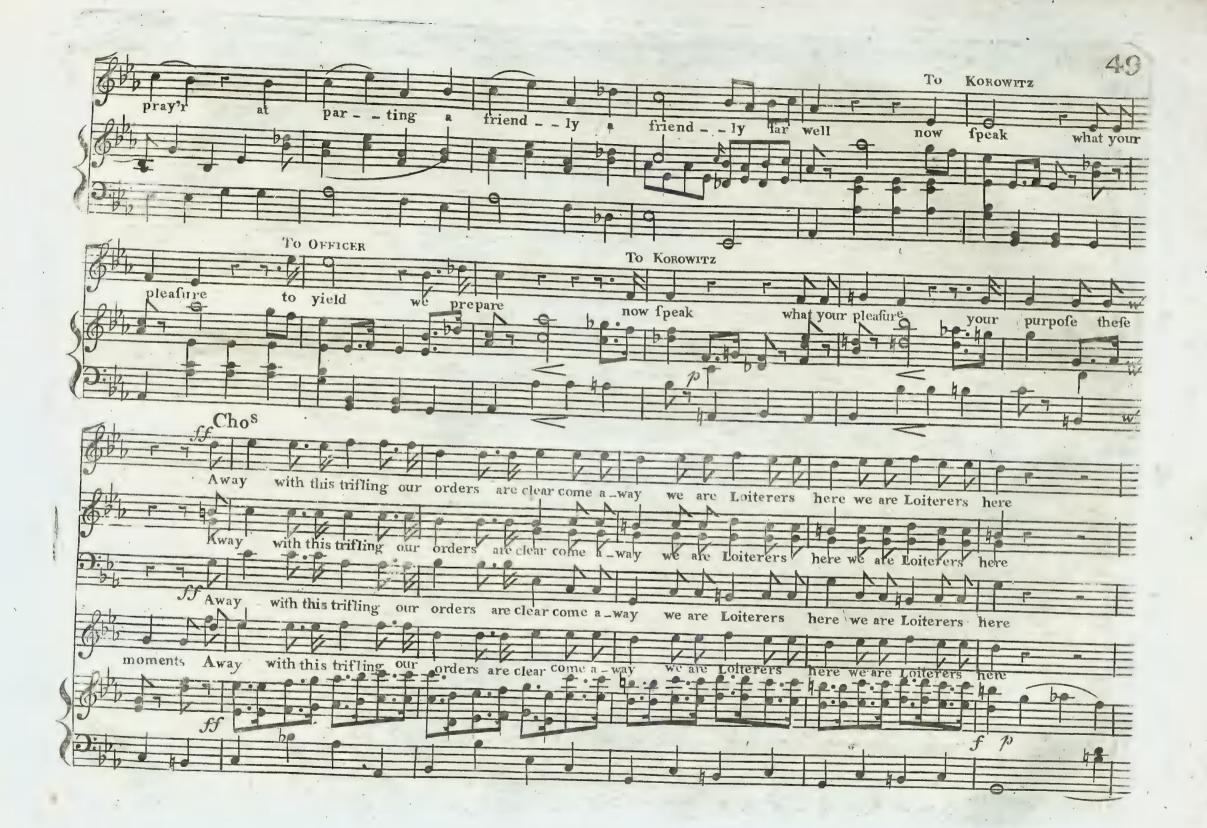


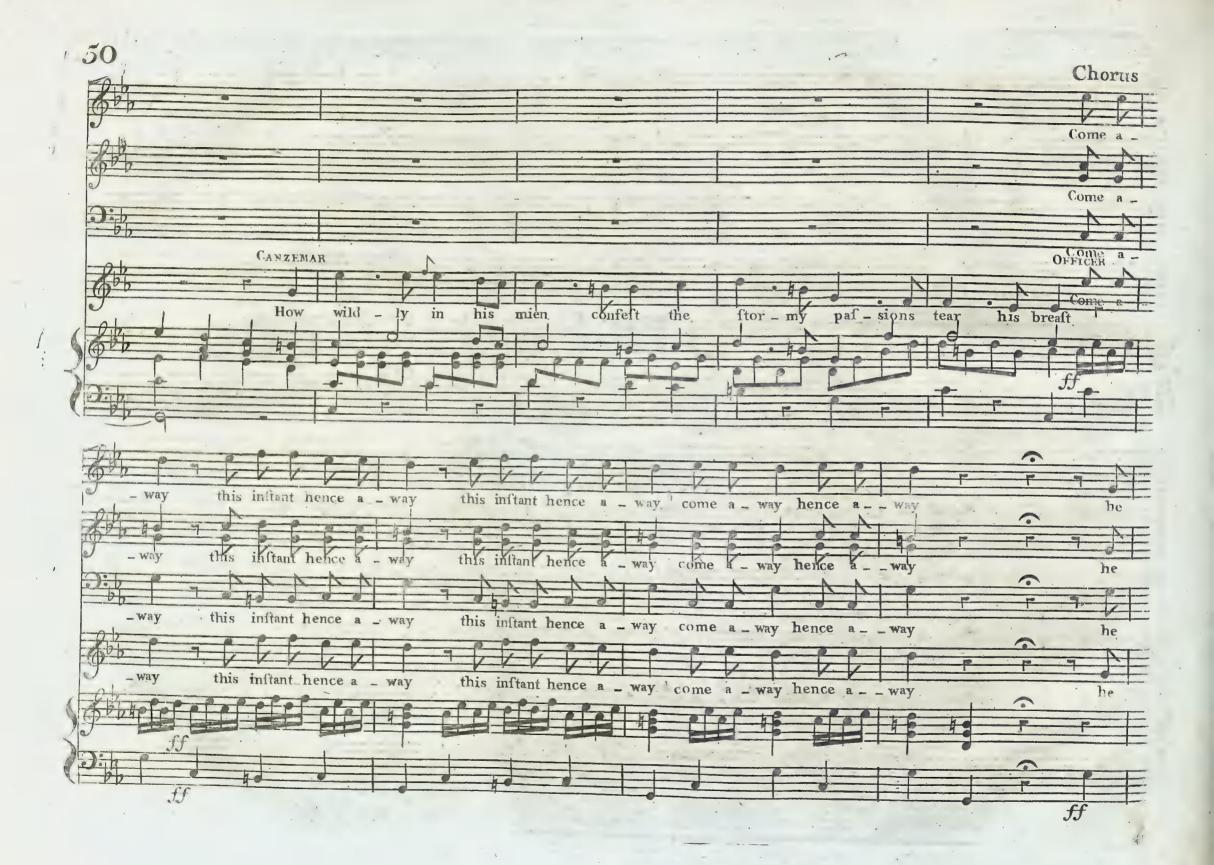




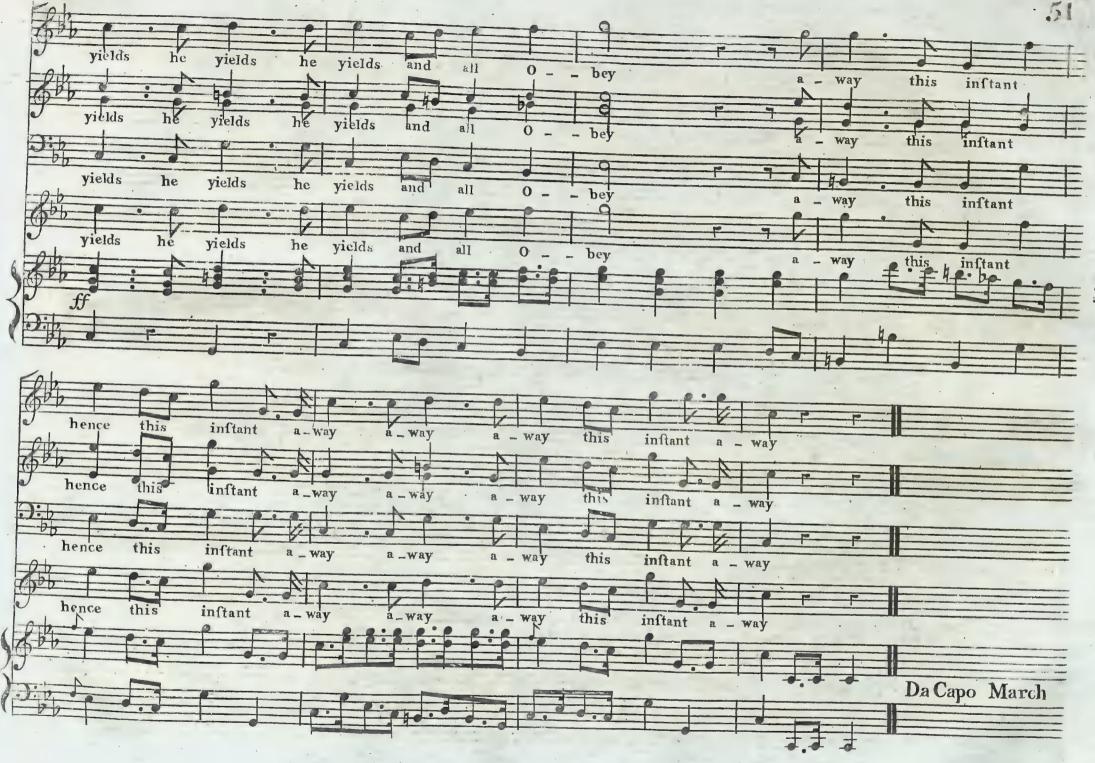


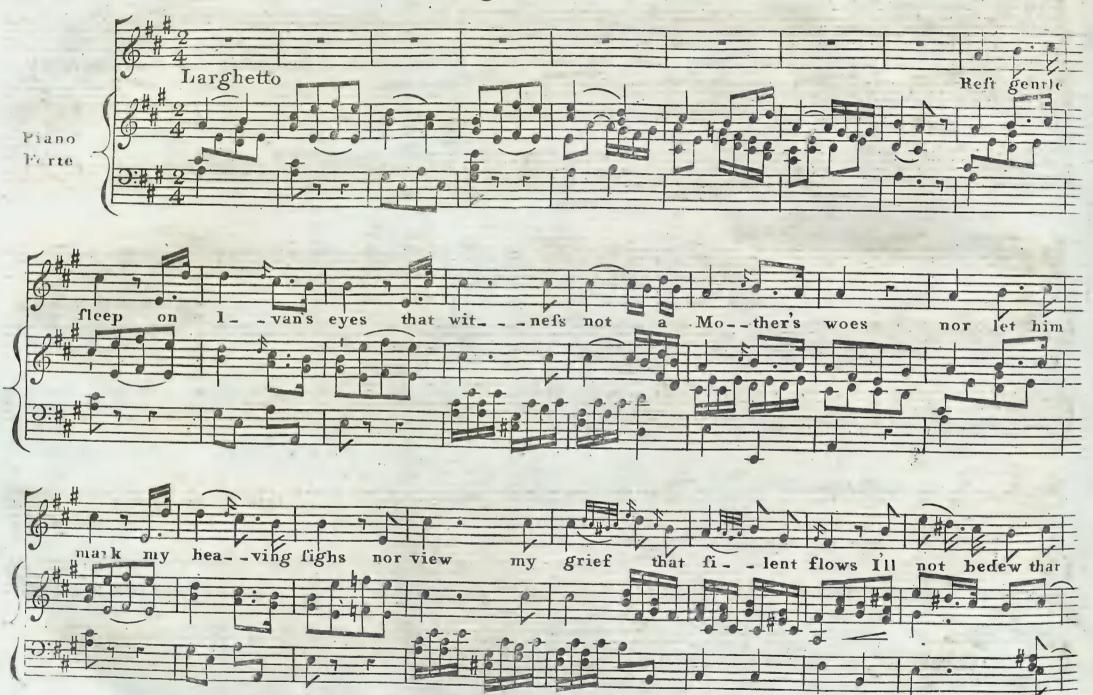


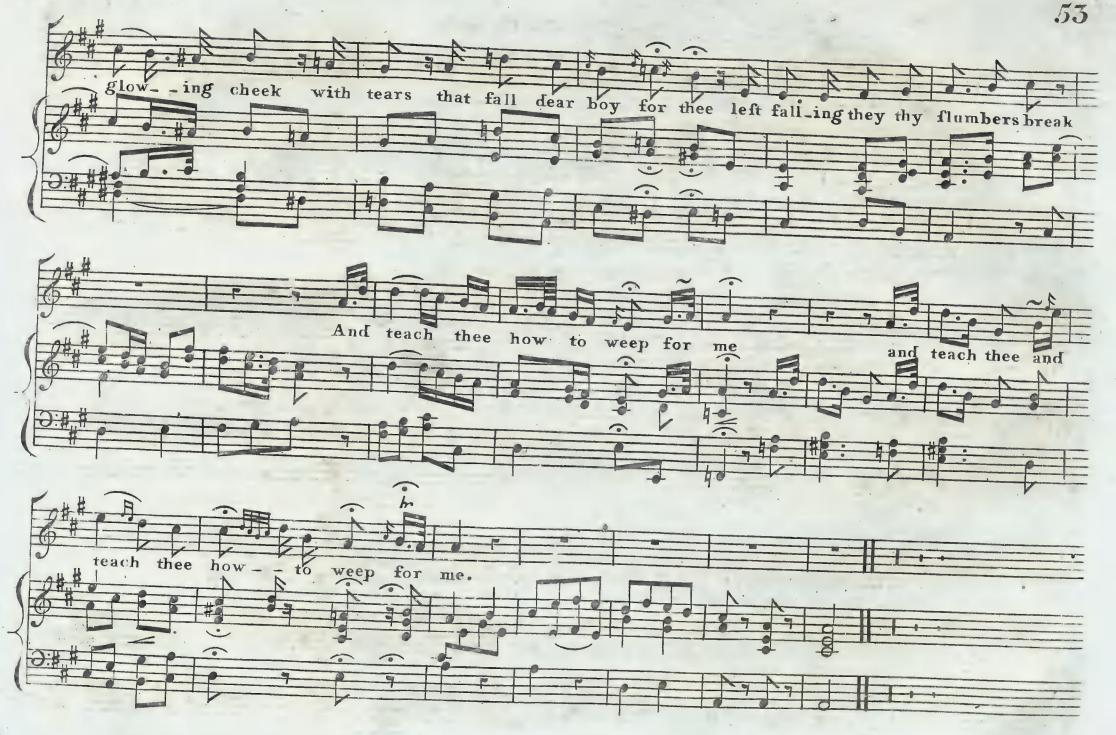




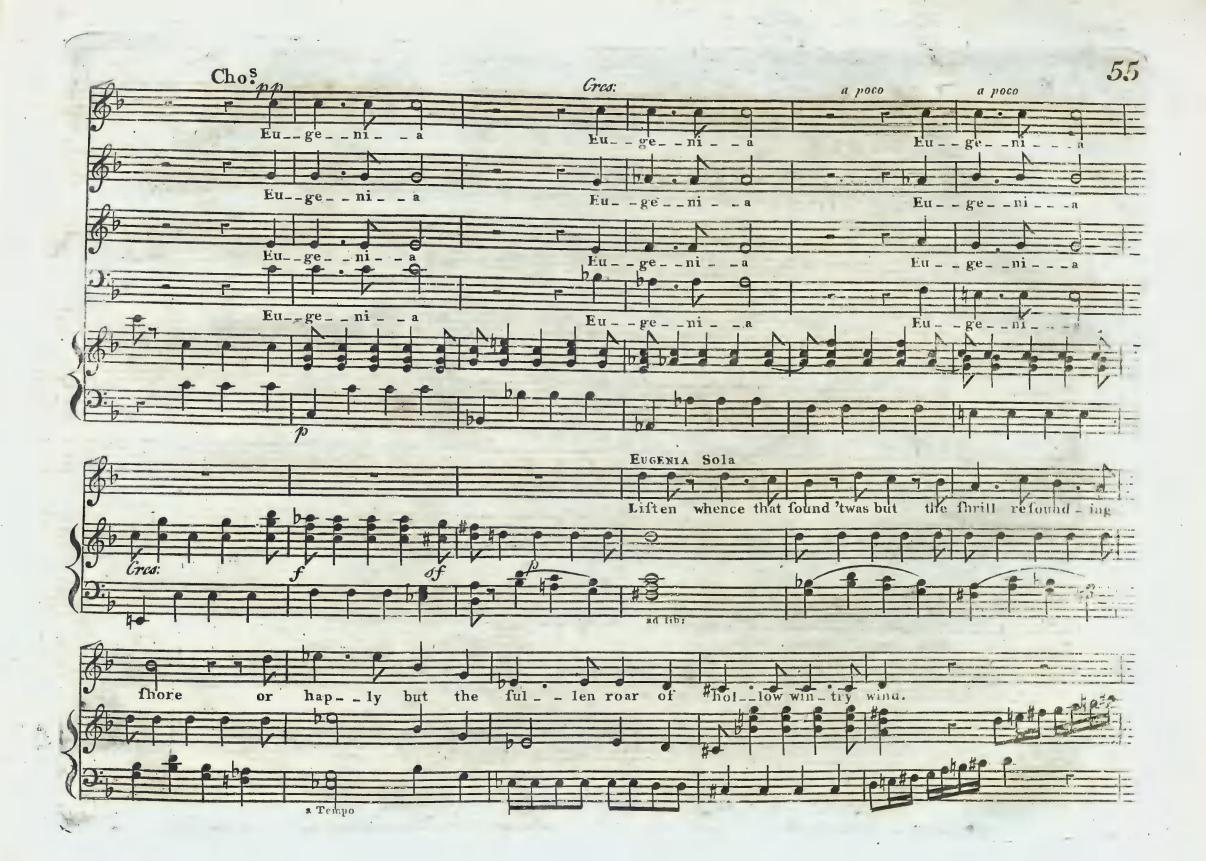


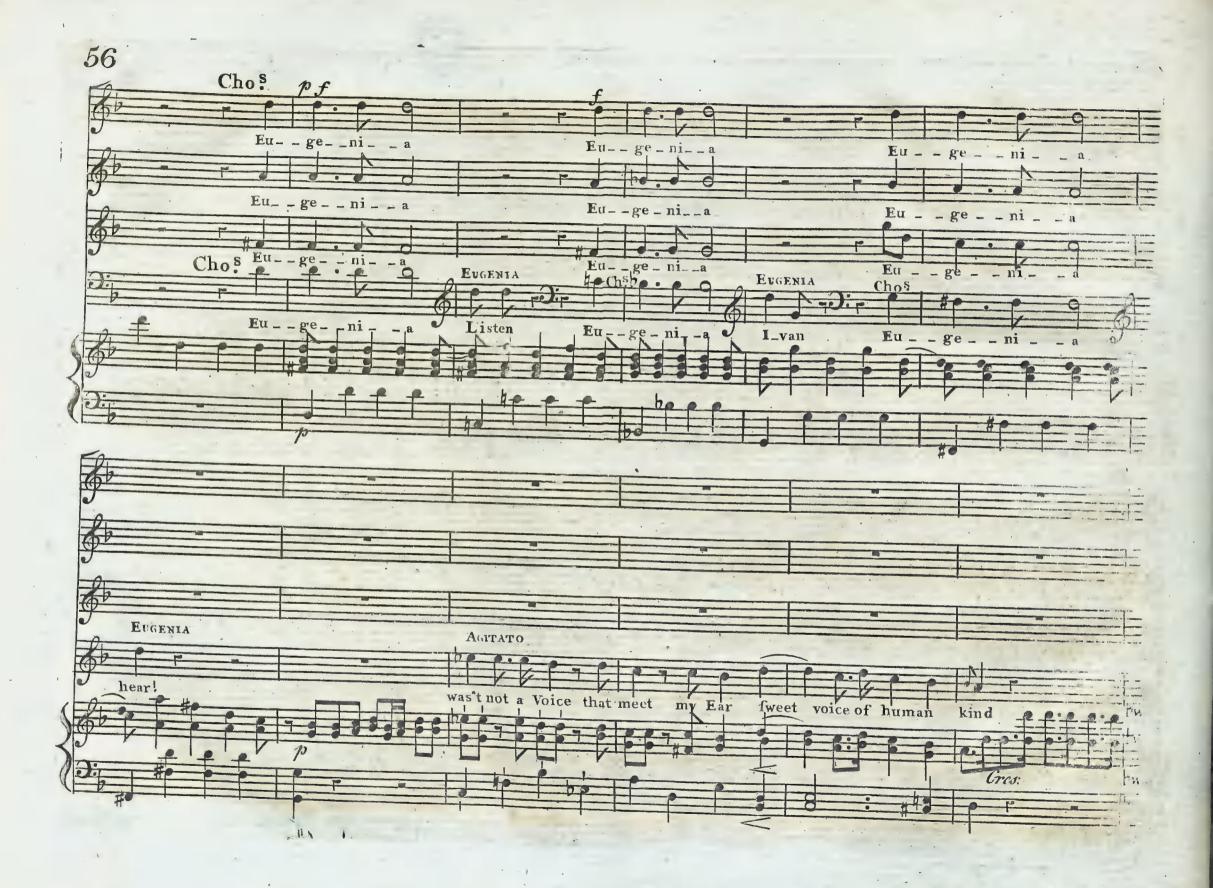


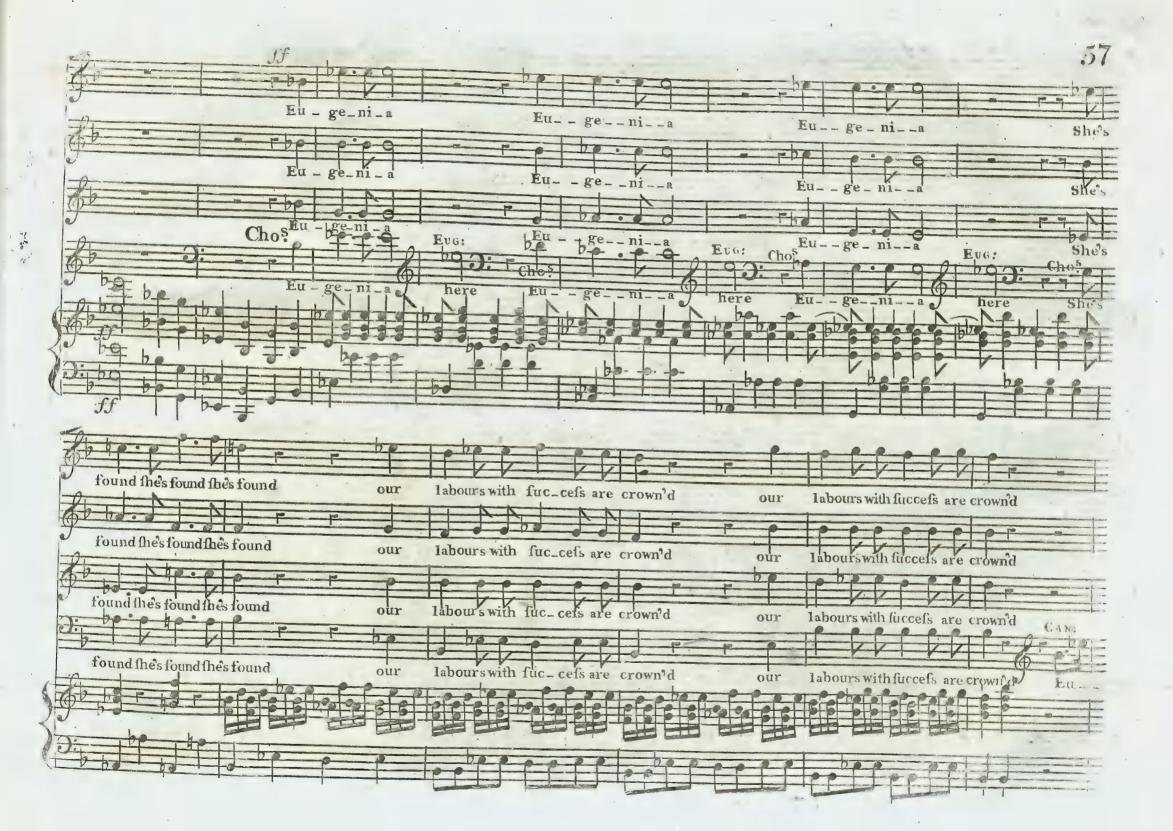




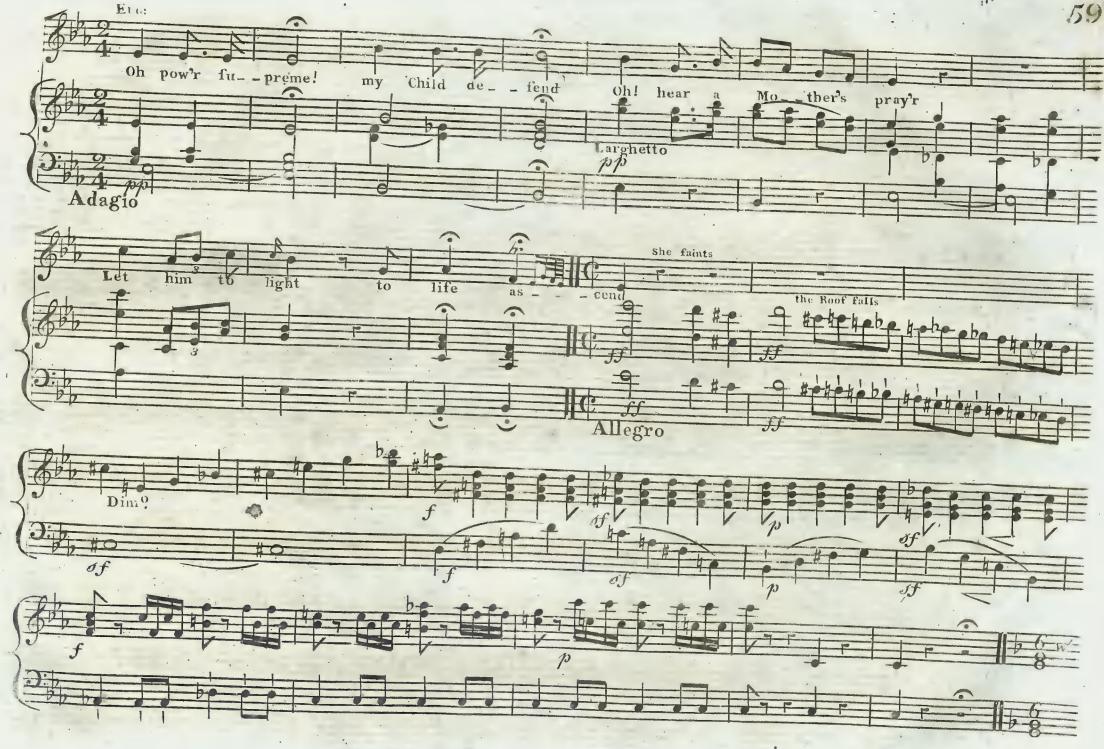
The Digging Chorus Solo ground



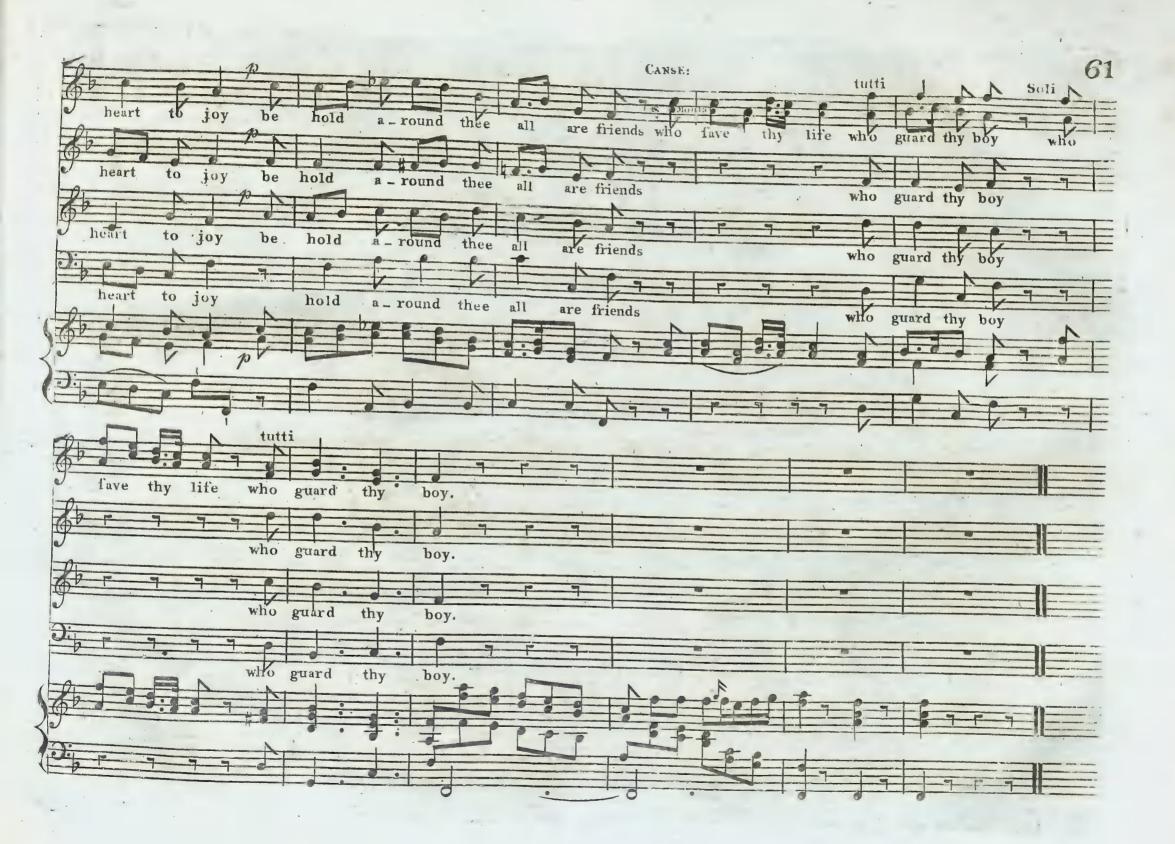


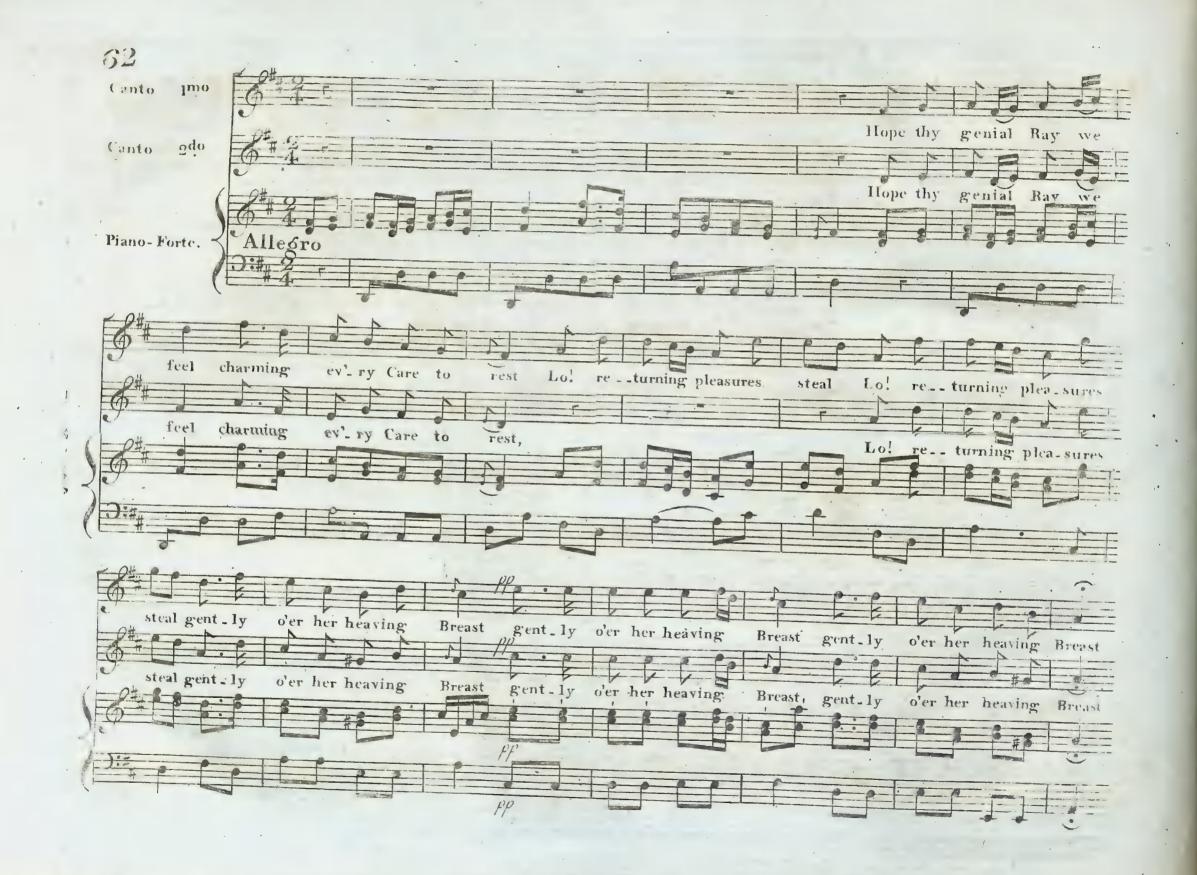


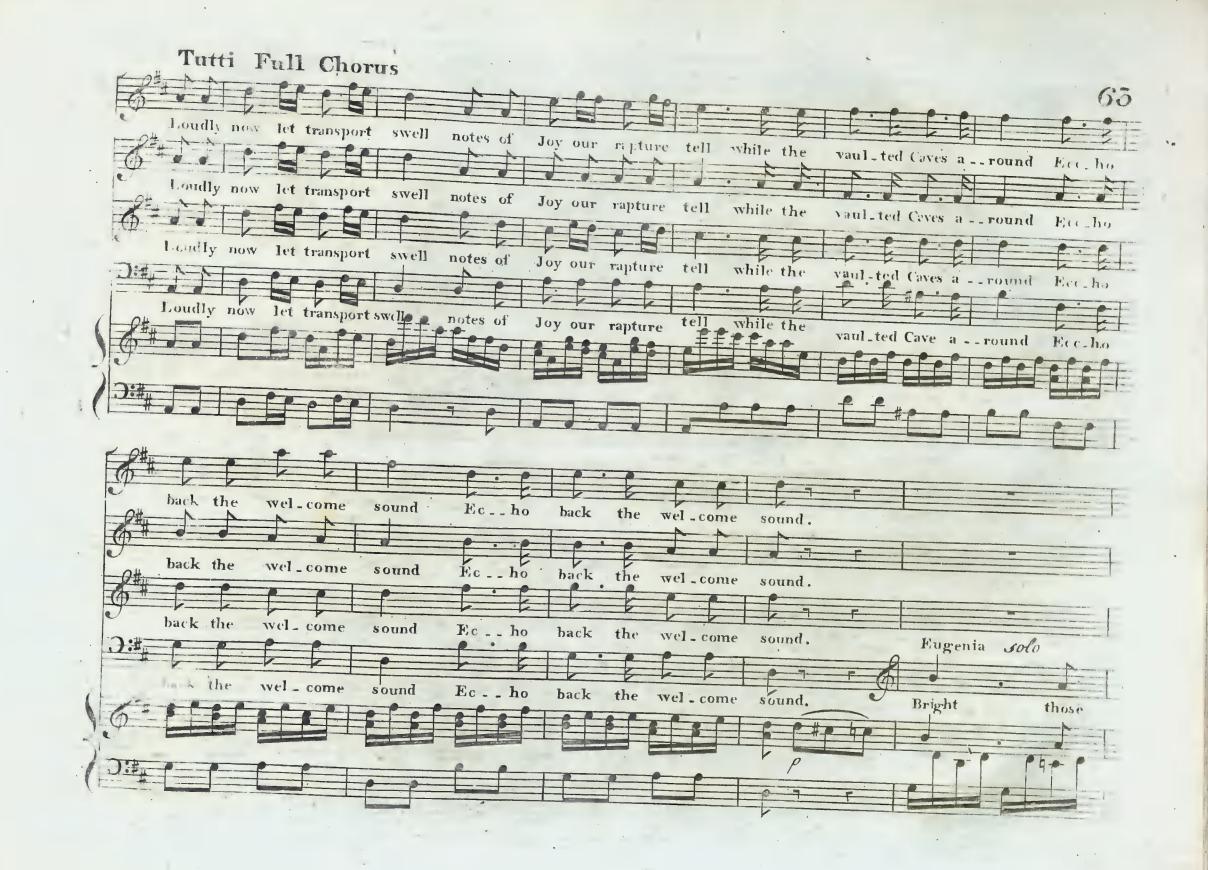
.58 fafe _ ty's at hand -ge__nia fafe_ty's at hand Eu__ge_nia Chos. lift thyheart to joy Eu _ _ge_ _ nia fafe tys at hand Eug: fave my boy.



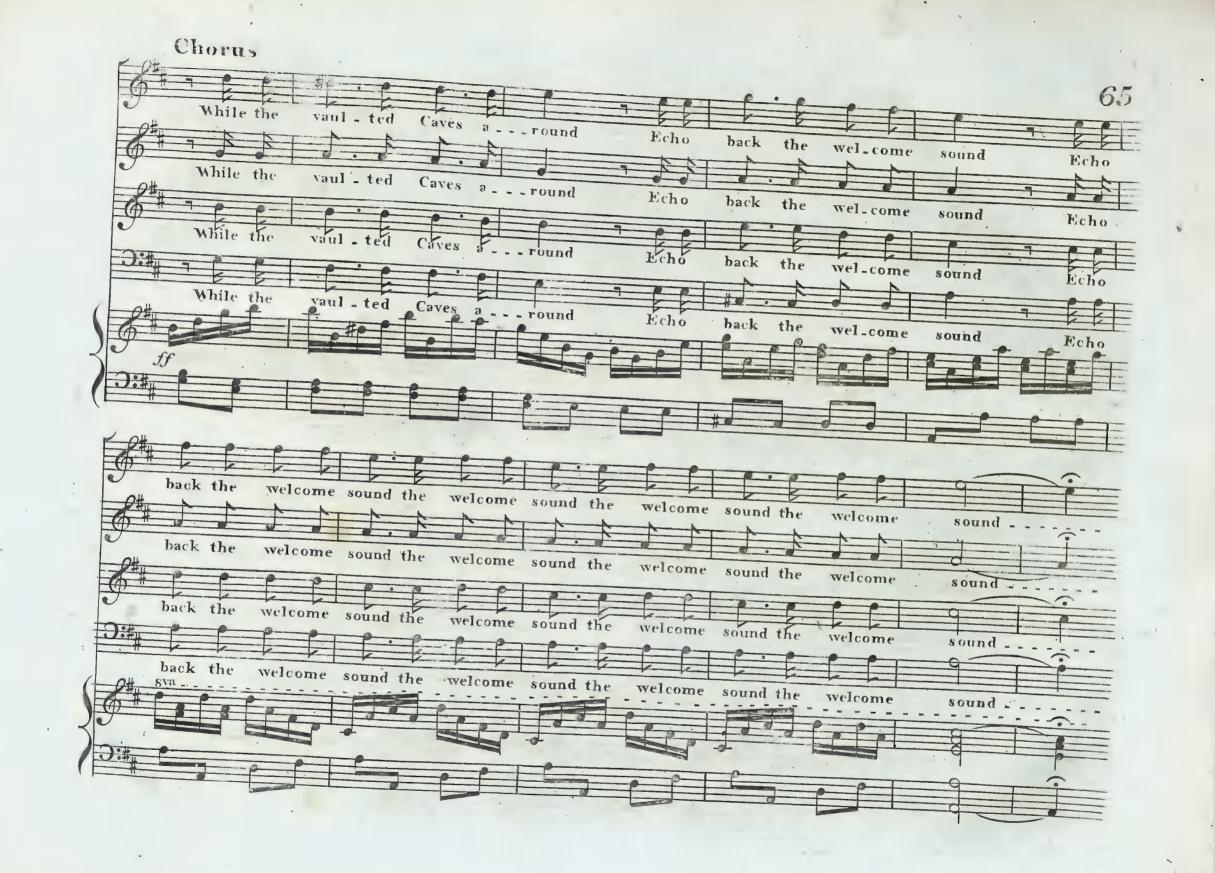
37 CHISEMAR ware friends Eua __round thee be - - hold Tift thy heart Eu - ge - nia Andante con motto holdi three a __ round. are friends Eu_ ge_ inia a _ round thee are friends Eu _ ge_ _nia lift thy all thee Lift thy heart to joy lift thy heart joy a__ round are firends Eu-_ ge__nia lift thy to joy lift thy heart thee all Lift thy heart joy a_ round to joy lift thy heart all are friends Eu_ge_nia lift Lift thy heart joy a__round thee to

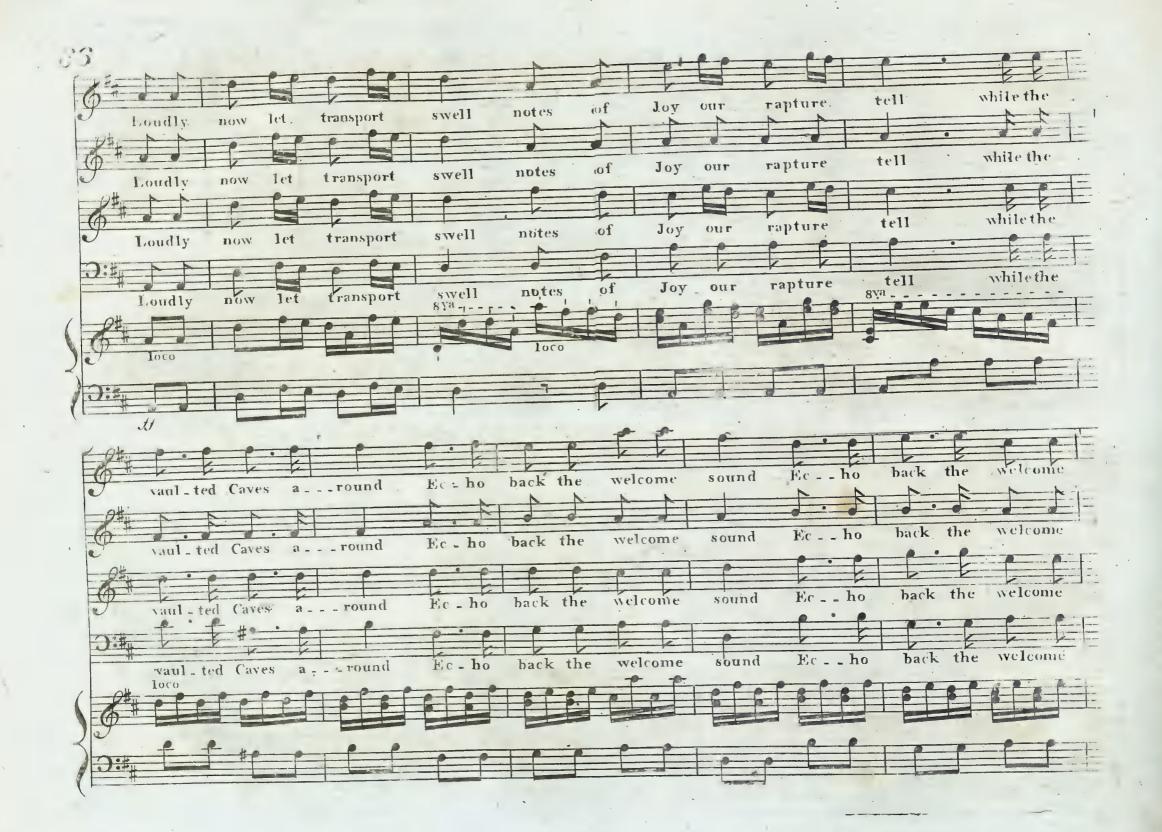


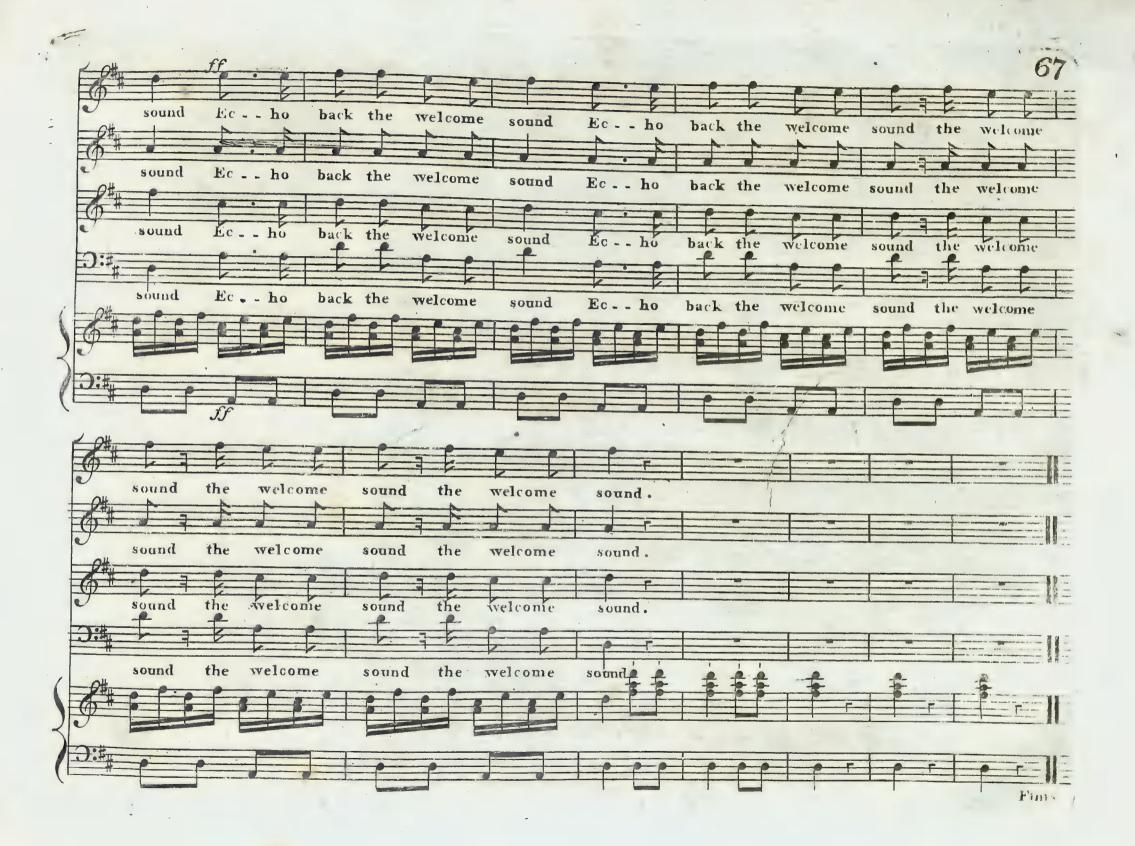












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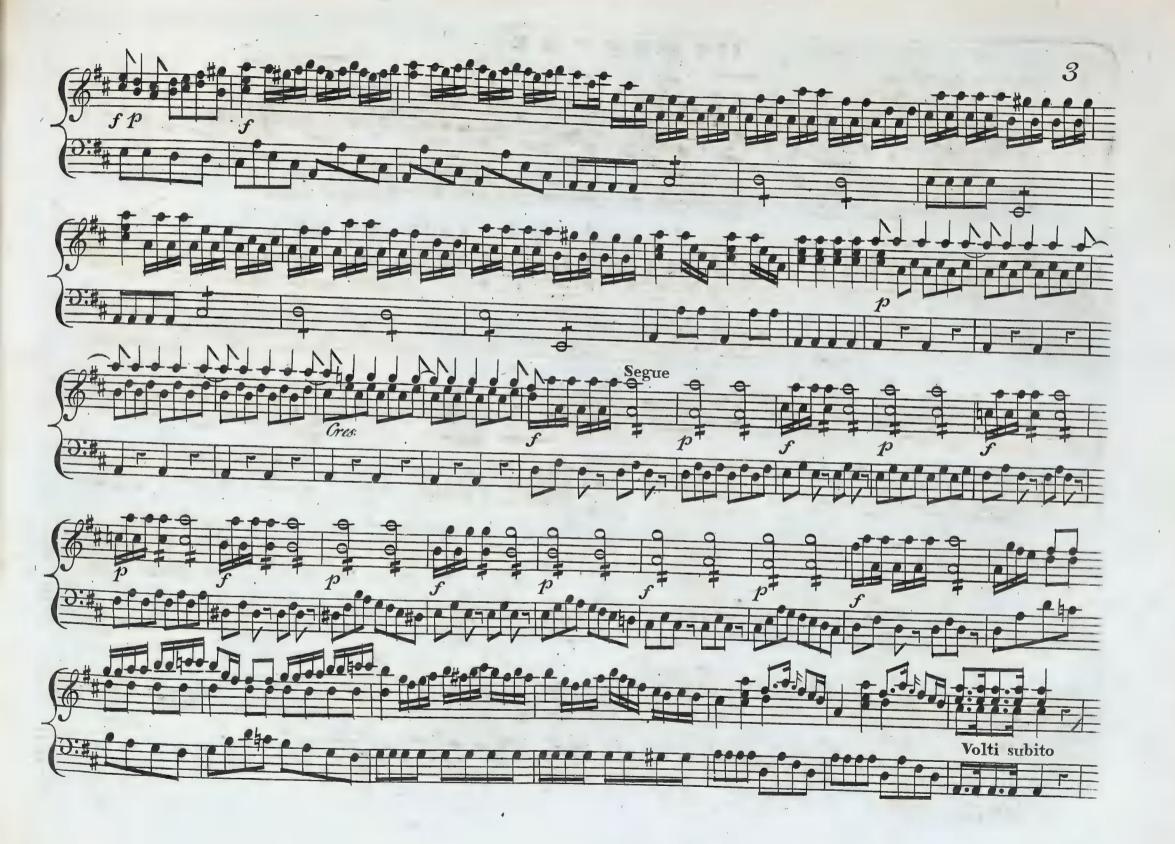
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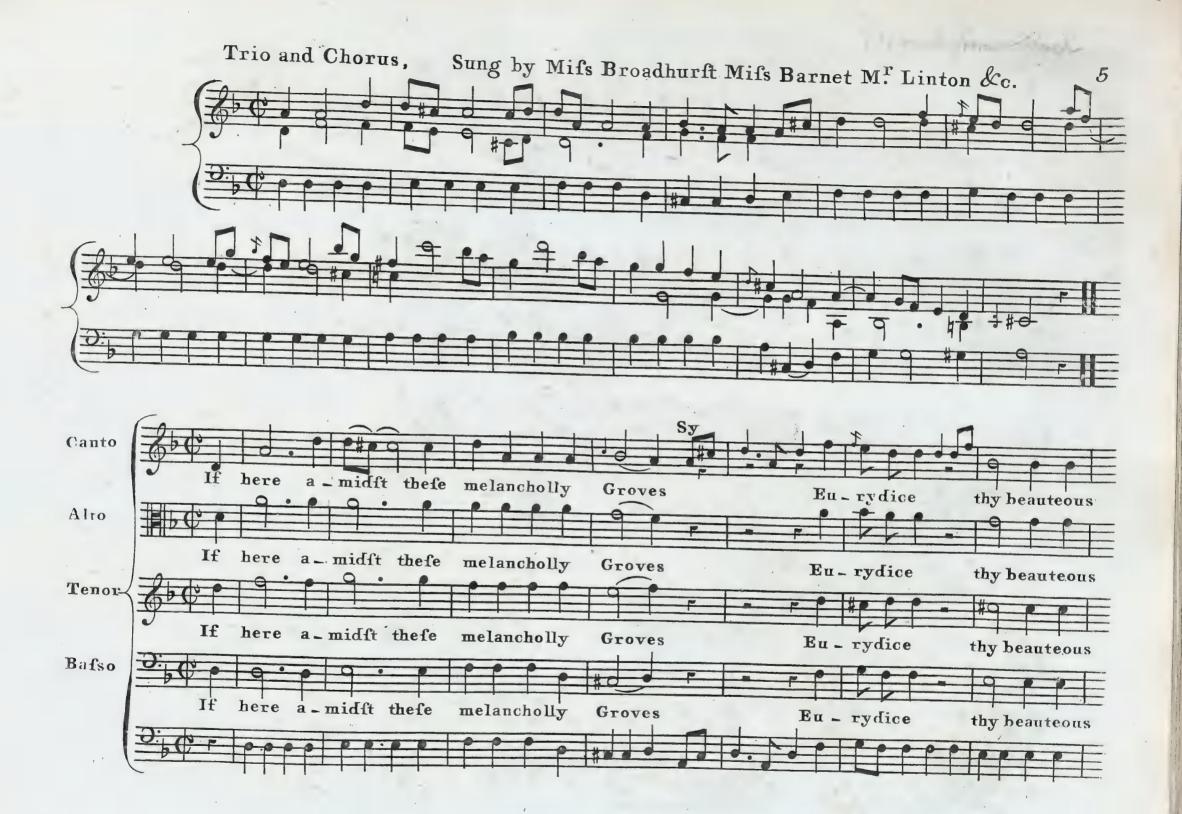
ADVERTISEMENT

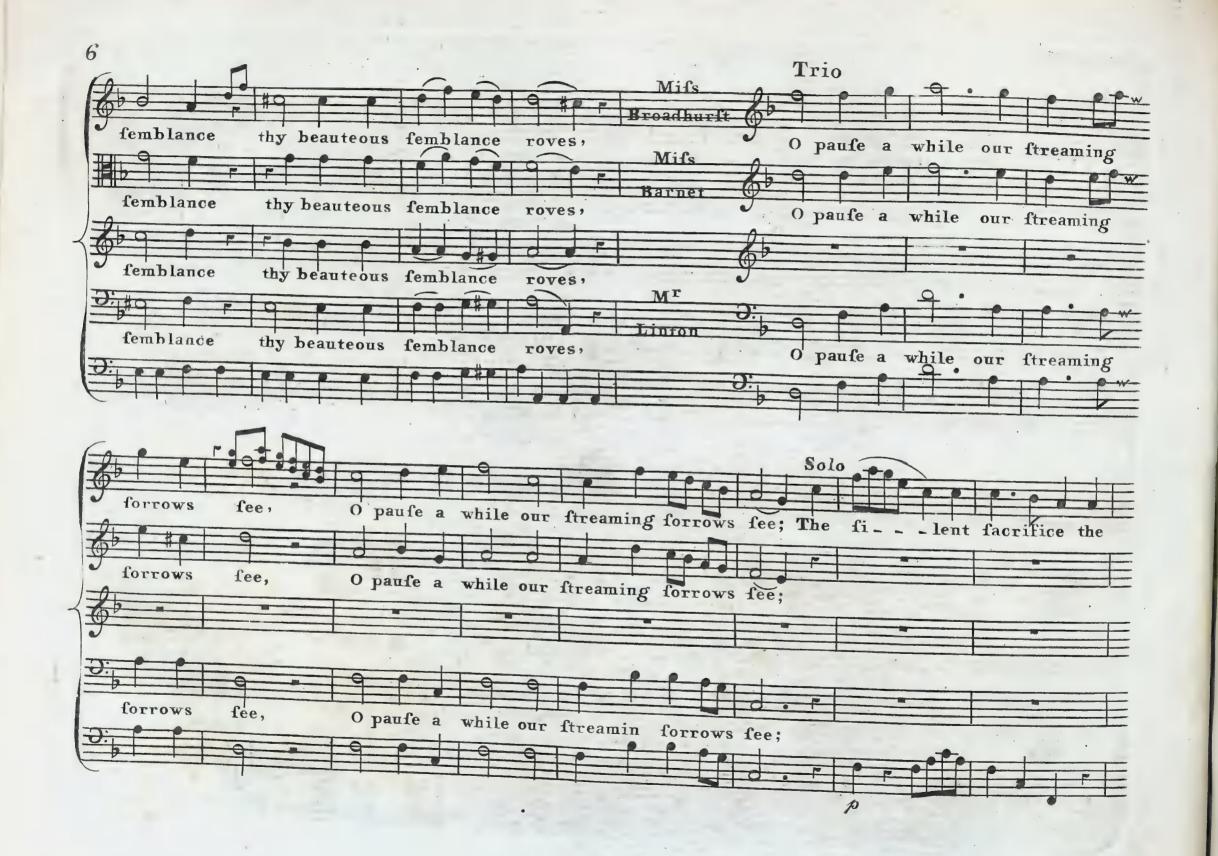
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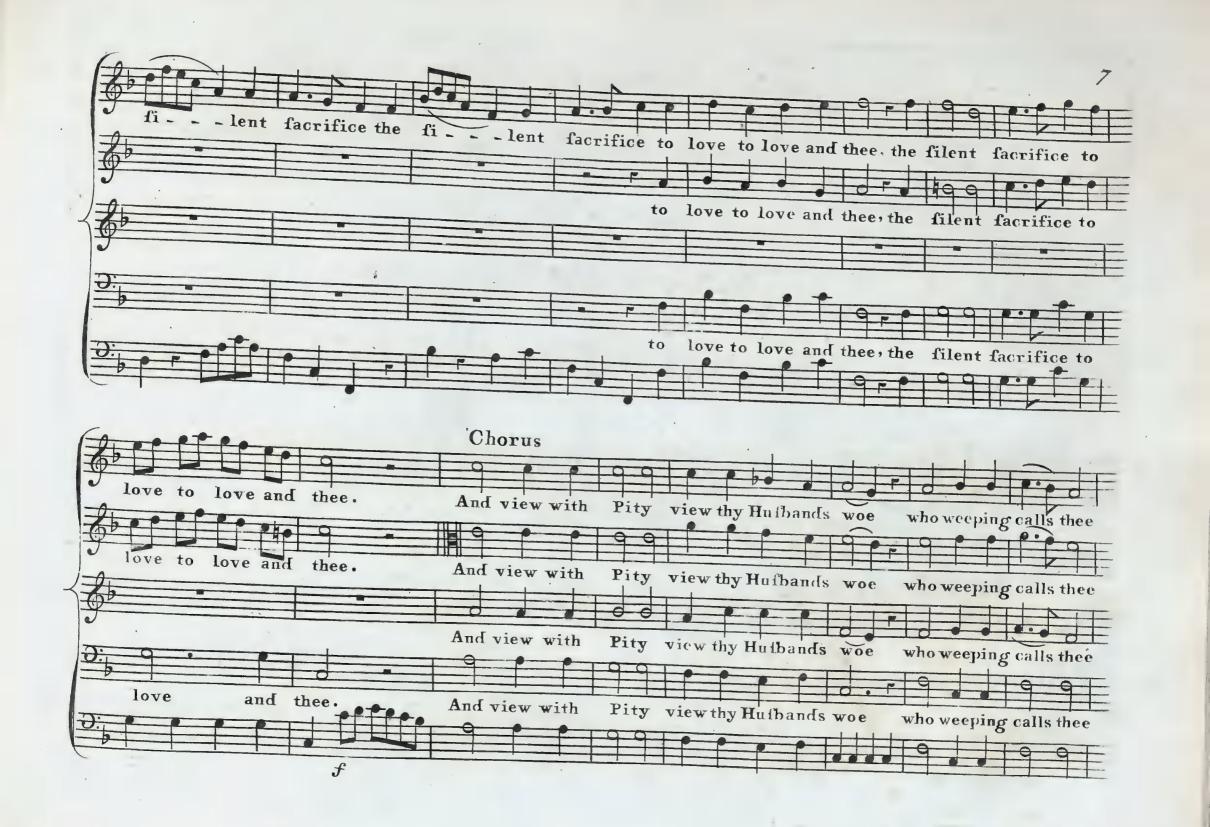
OVERTURE. Allegro spiritoso

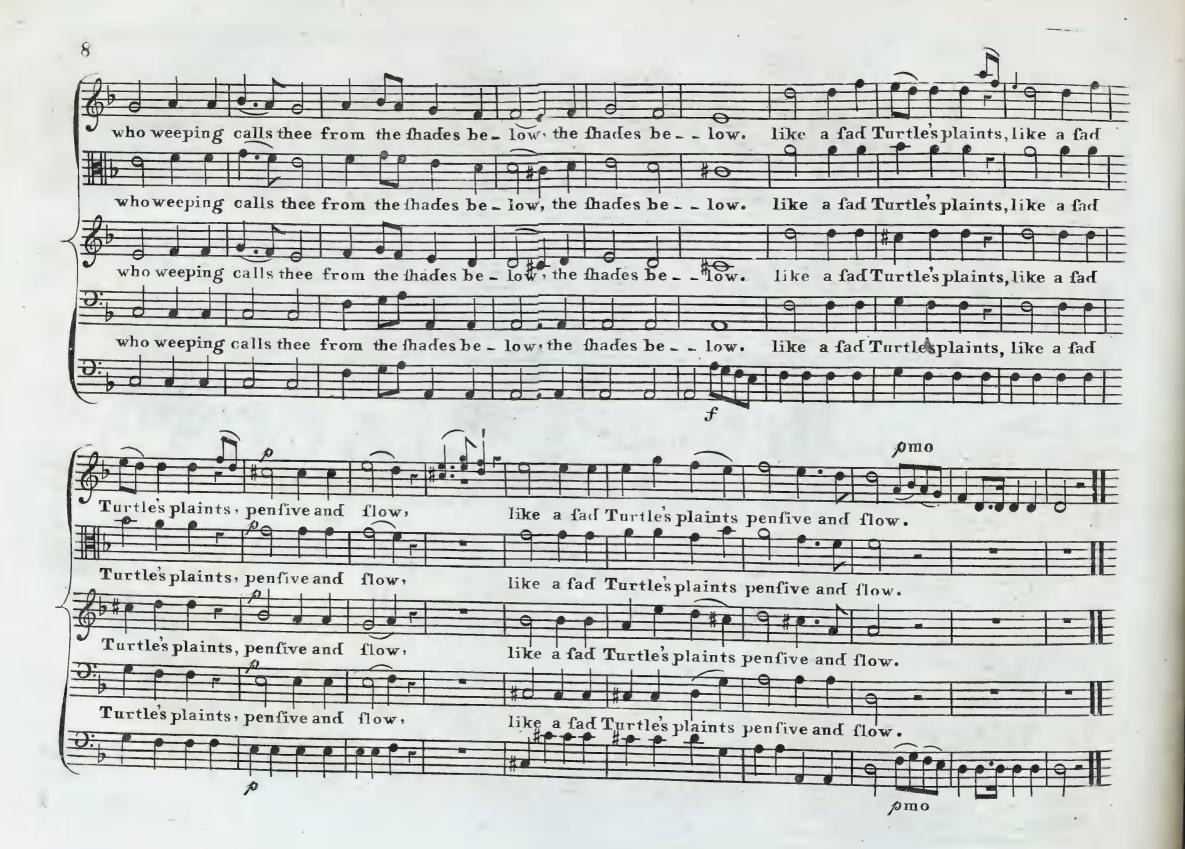


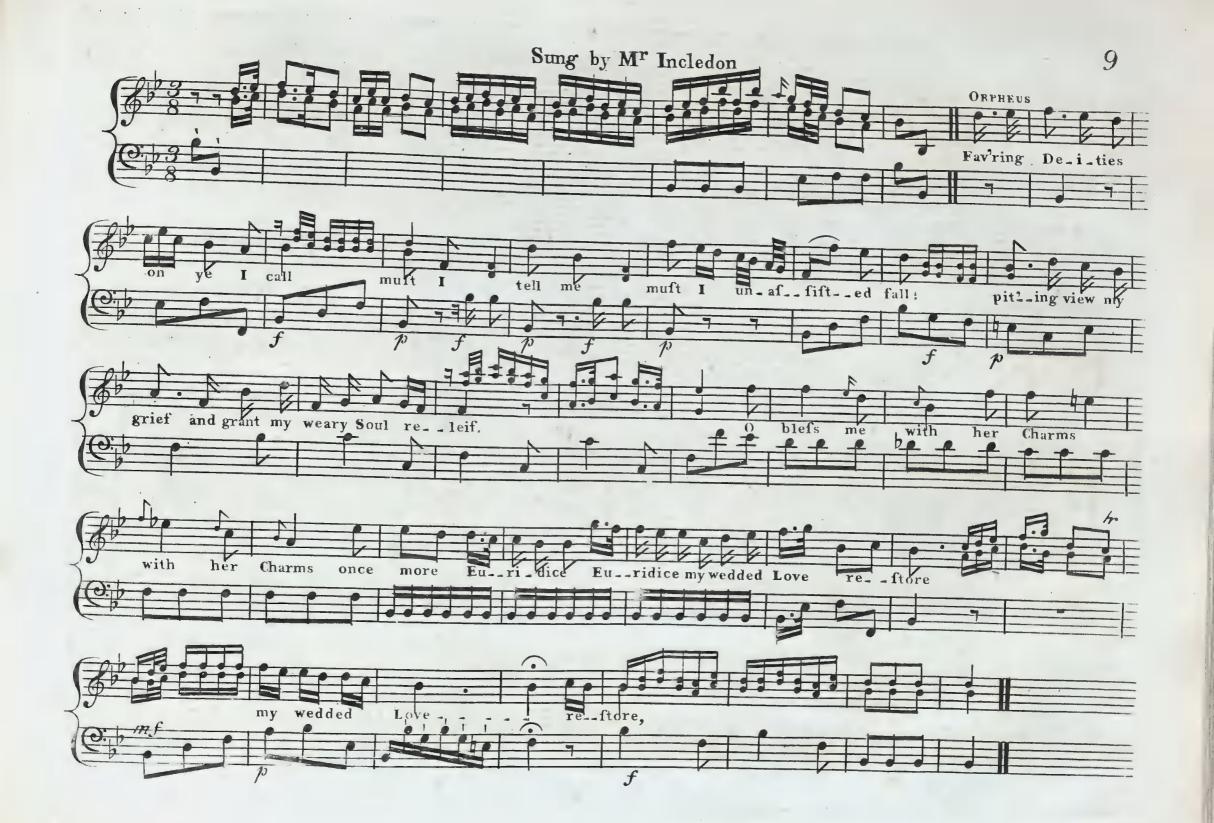








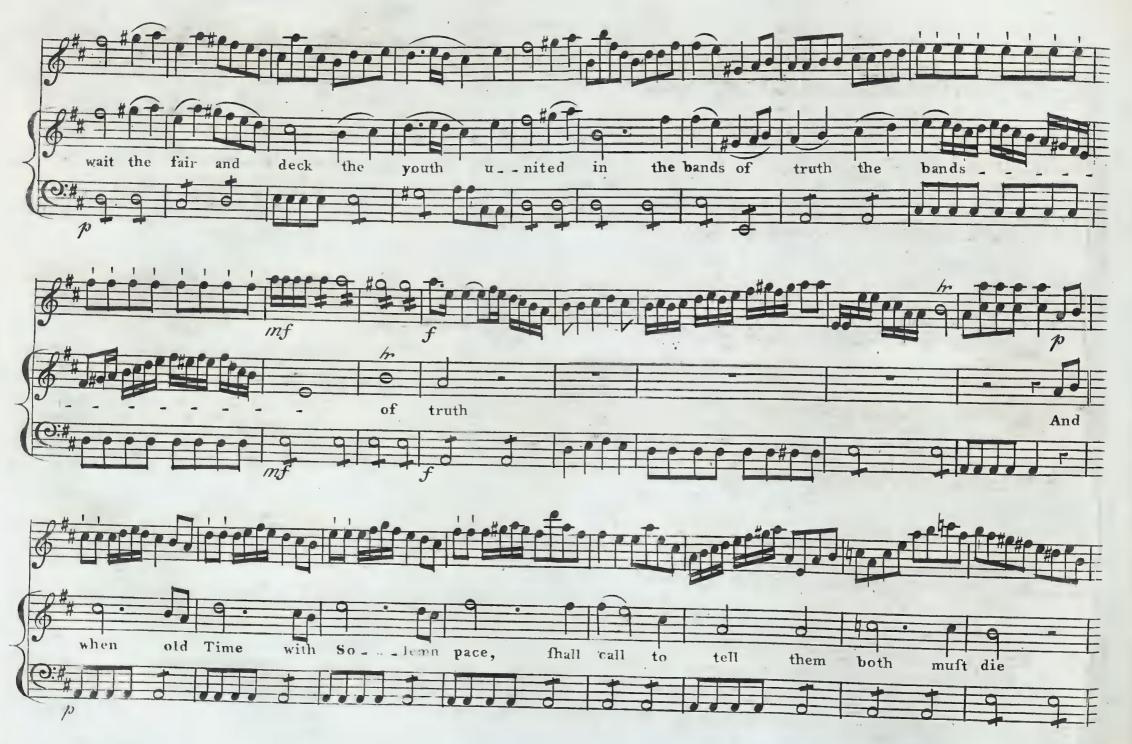


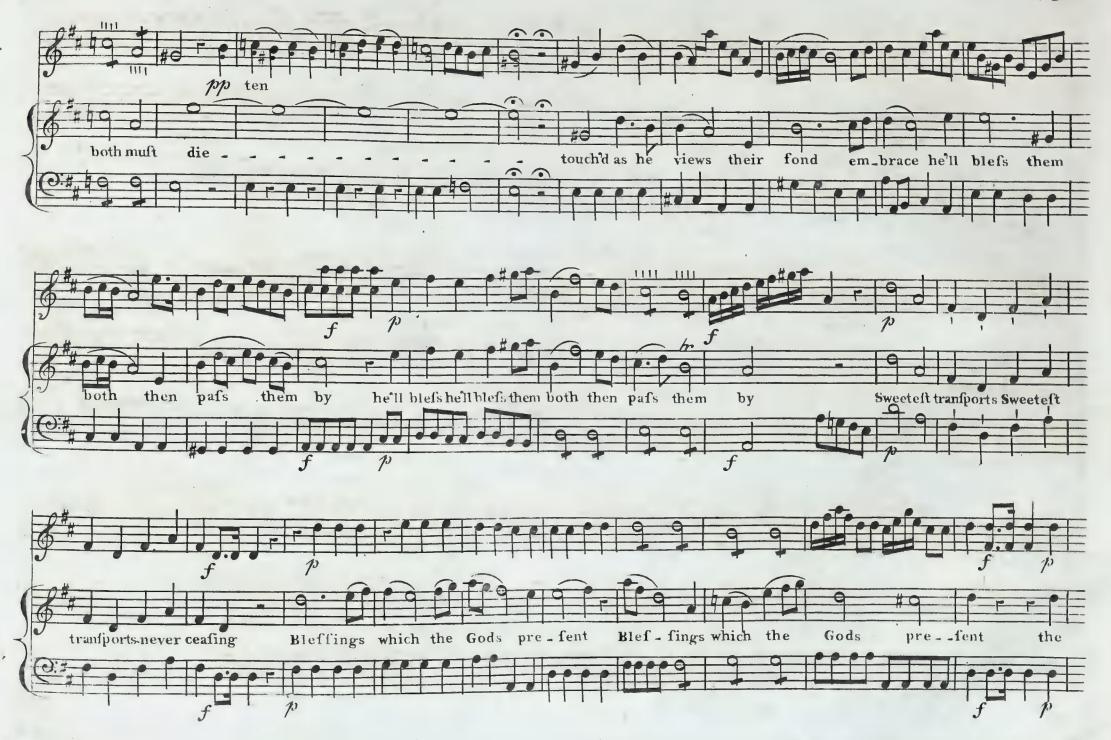


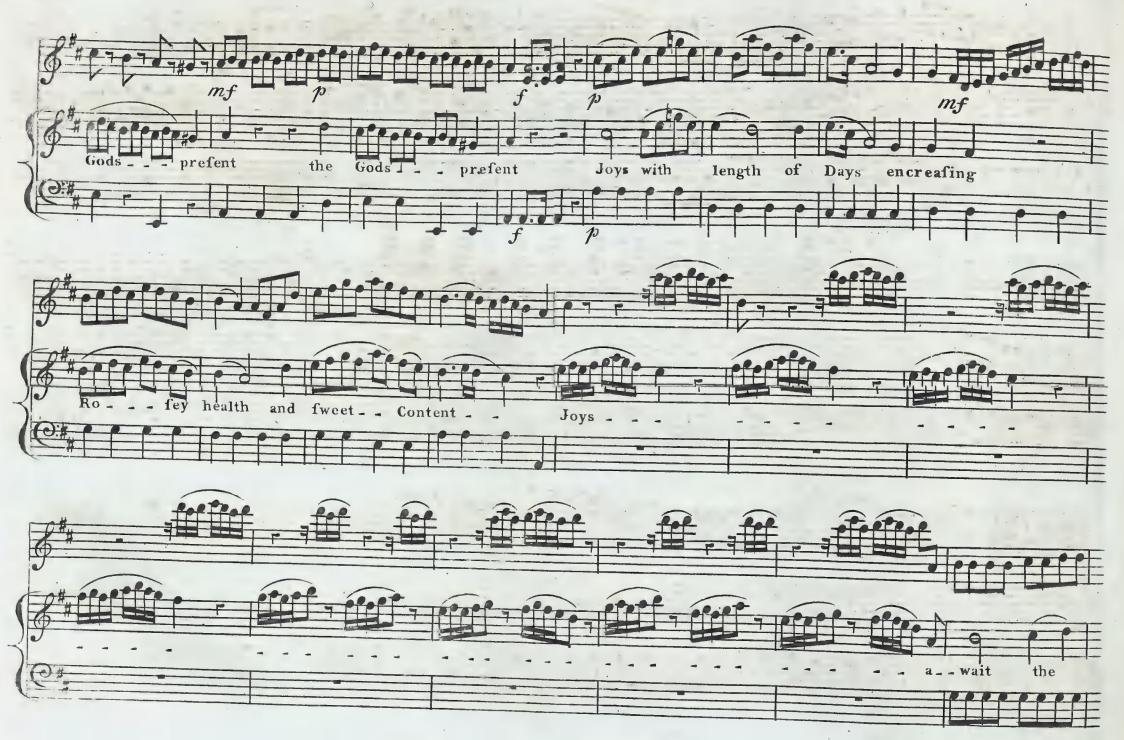


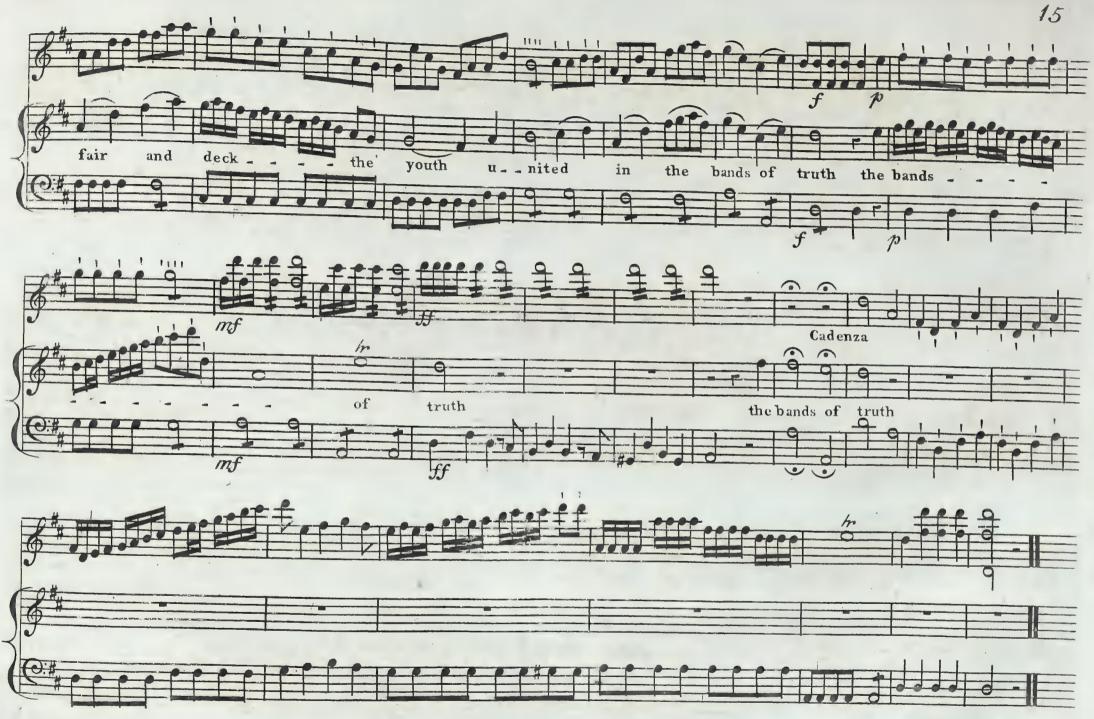


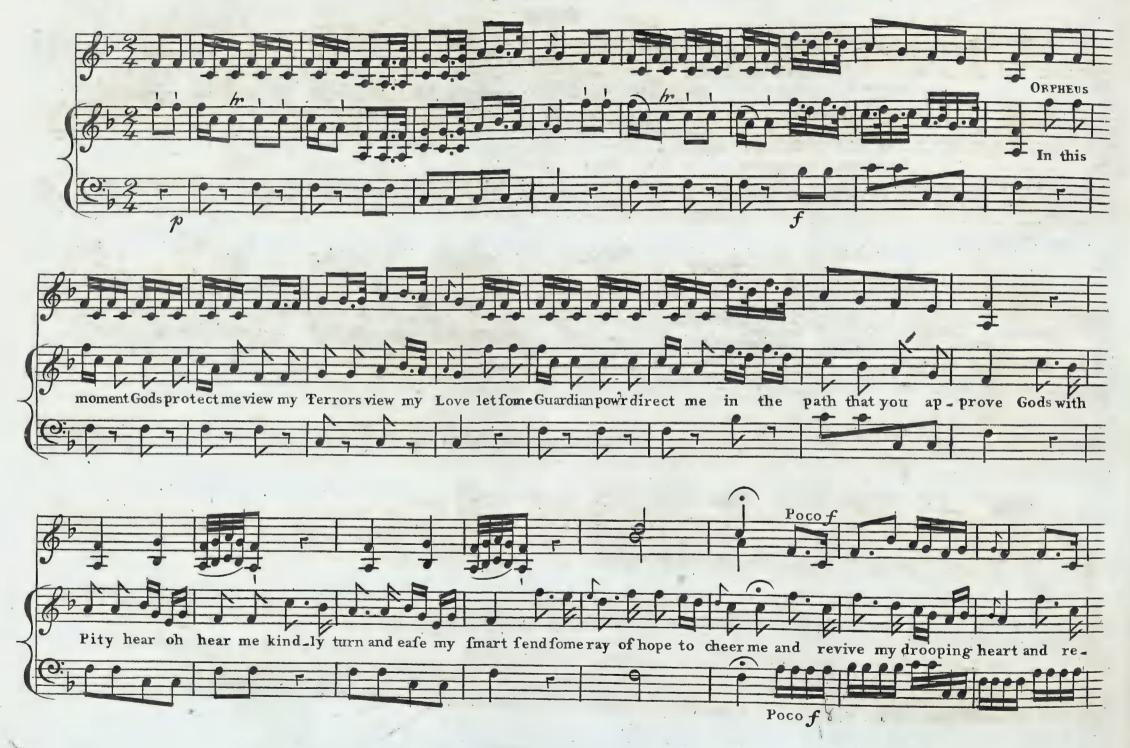


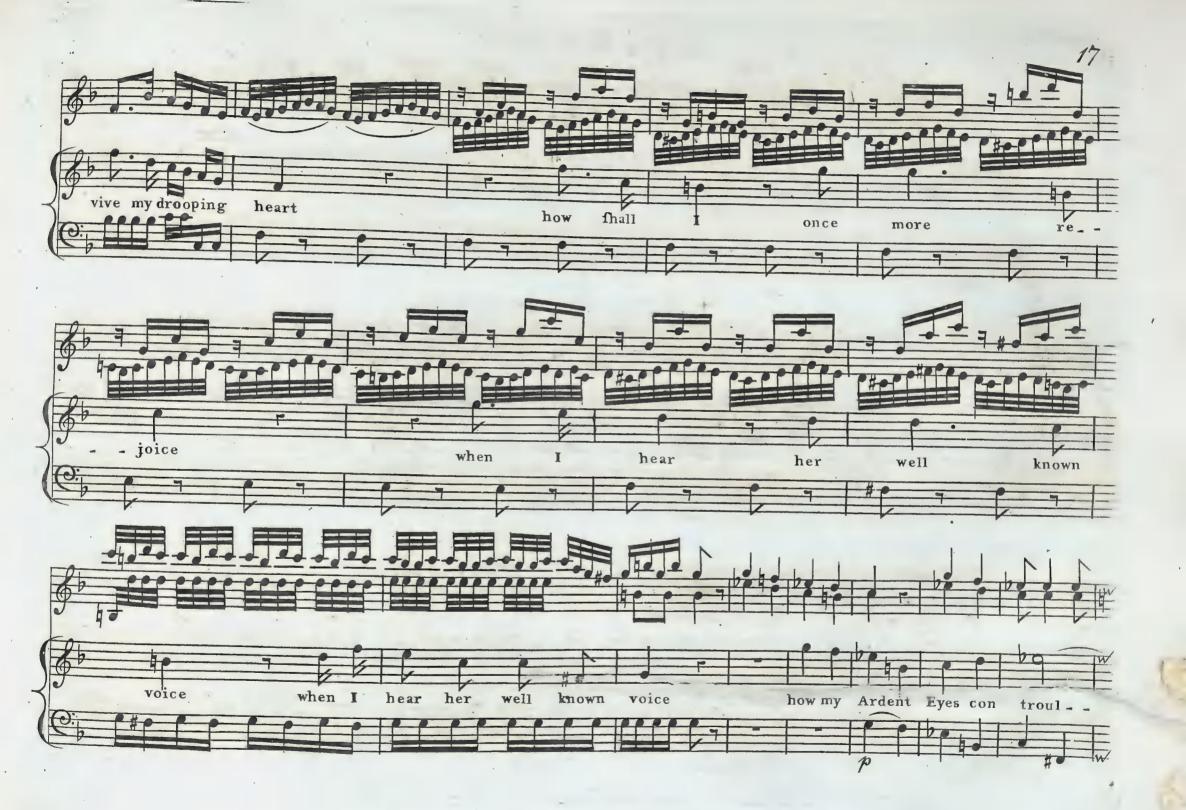


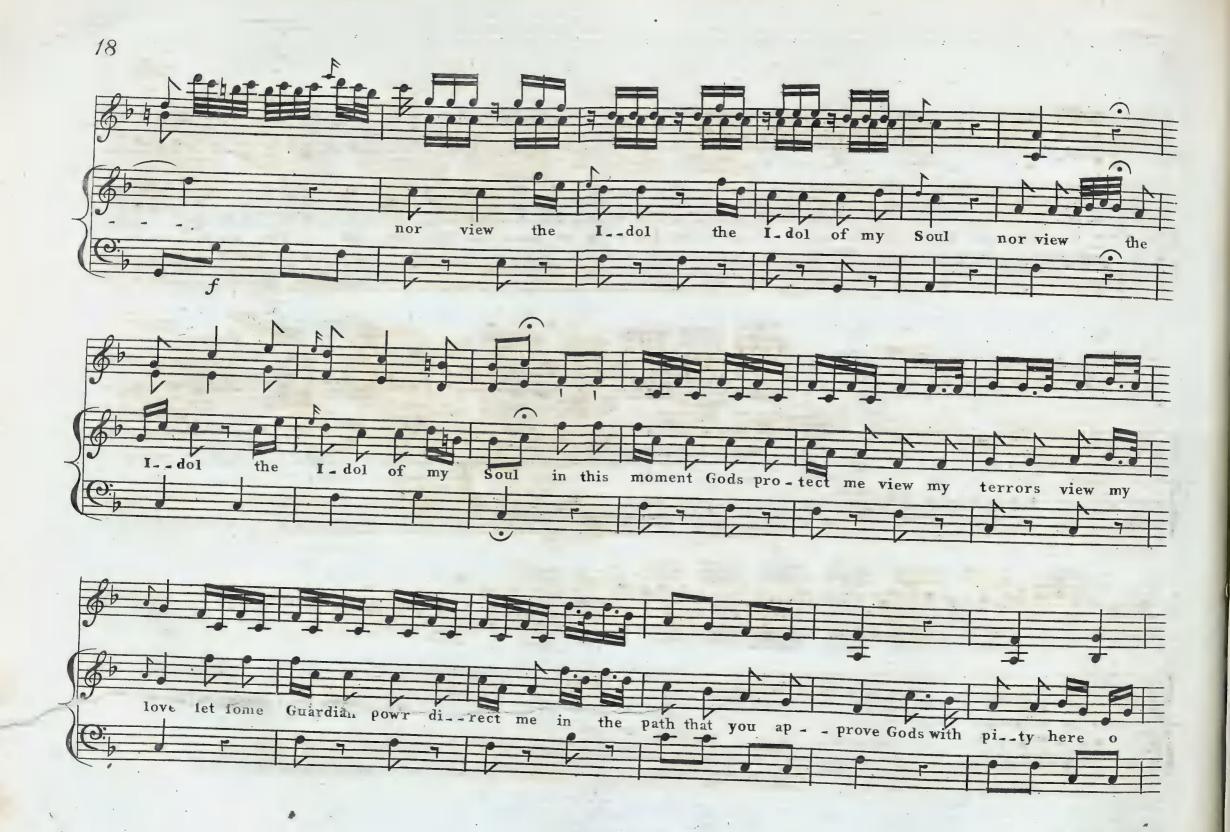


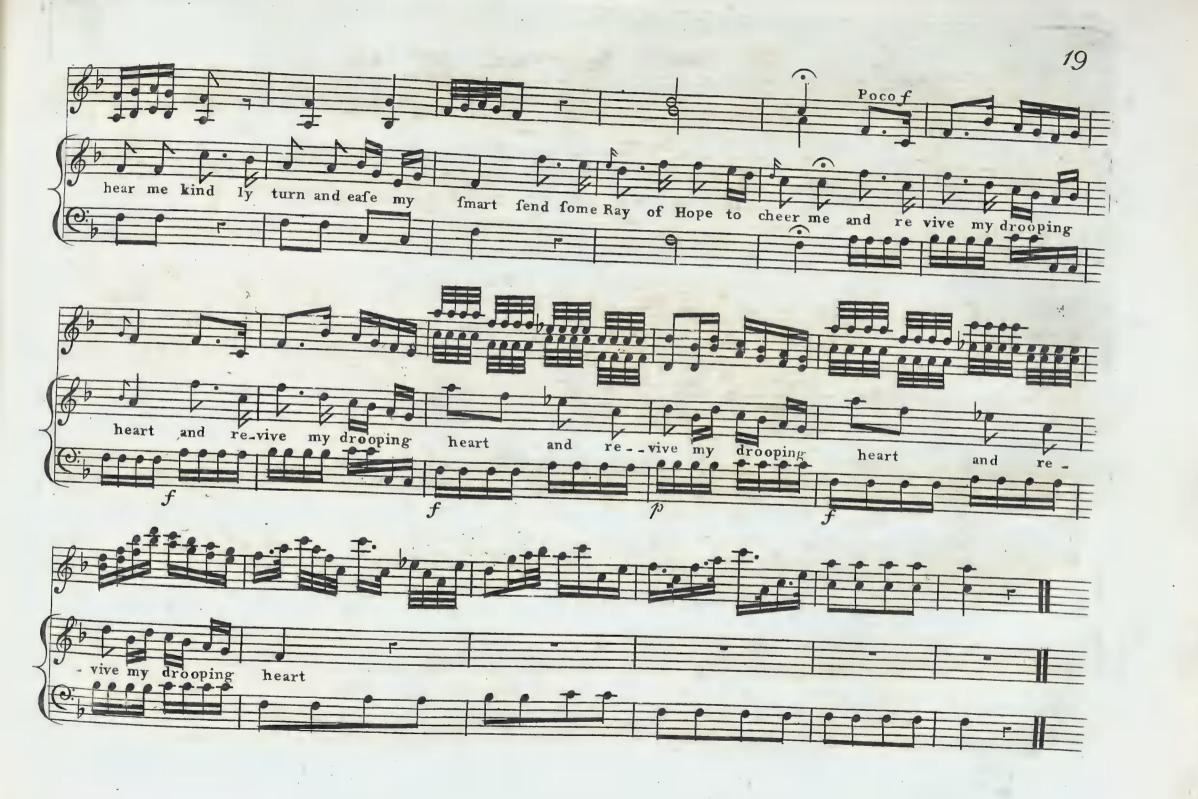


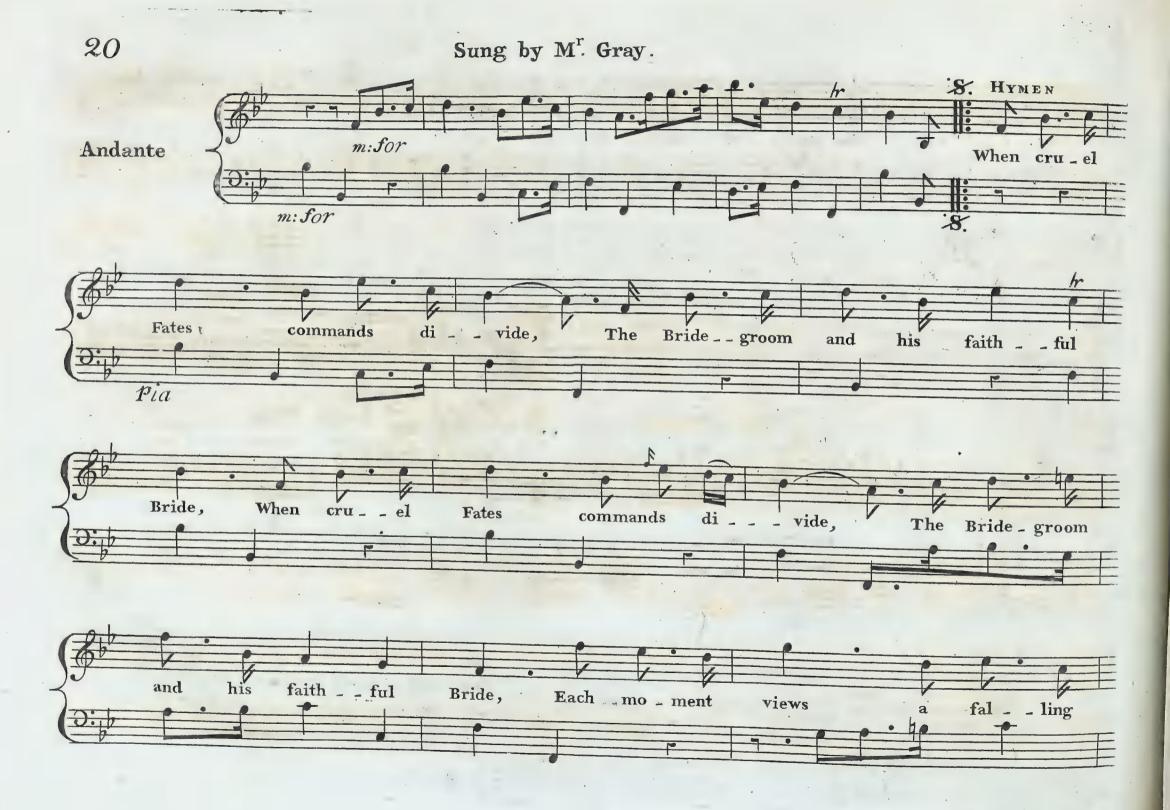




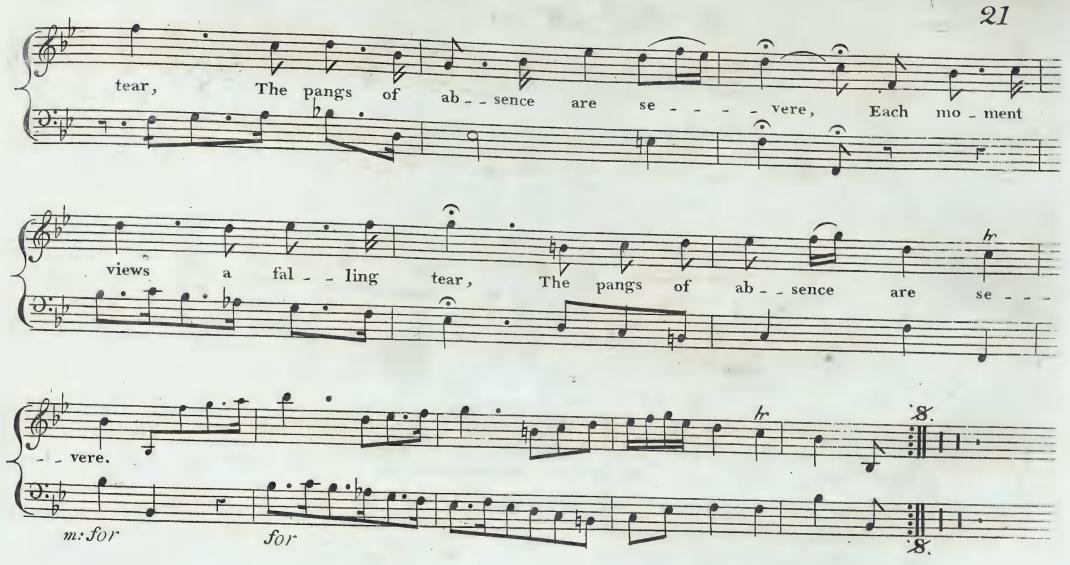








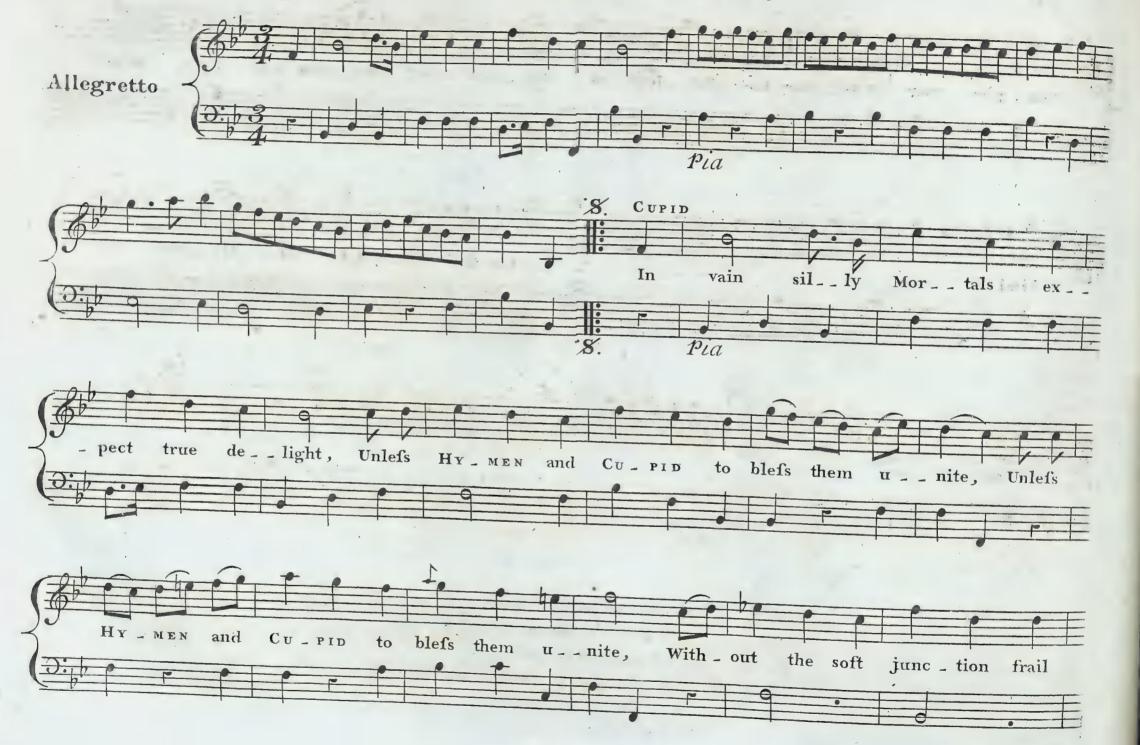


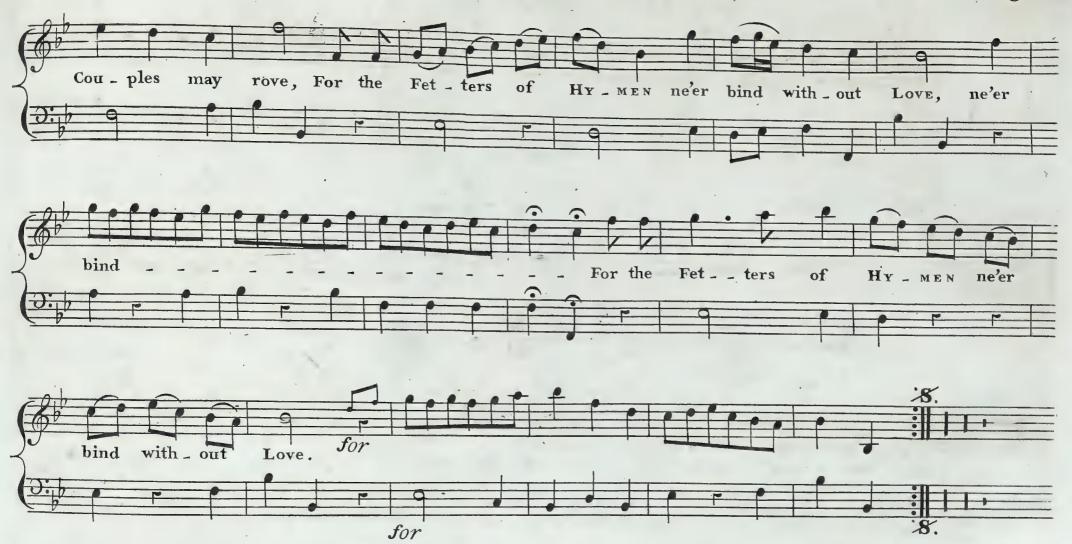


Alone can Fancy joy convey Which scarcely dawns but dies away, Hope's smile ne'er dries the anxious tear, The pangs of absence are severe.

But when they smiling meet again, With rapture flows each crimson vein, In ev'ry feature joy we trace, And Heav'ns in the fond embrace.

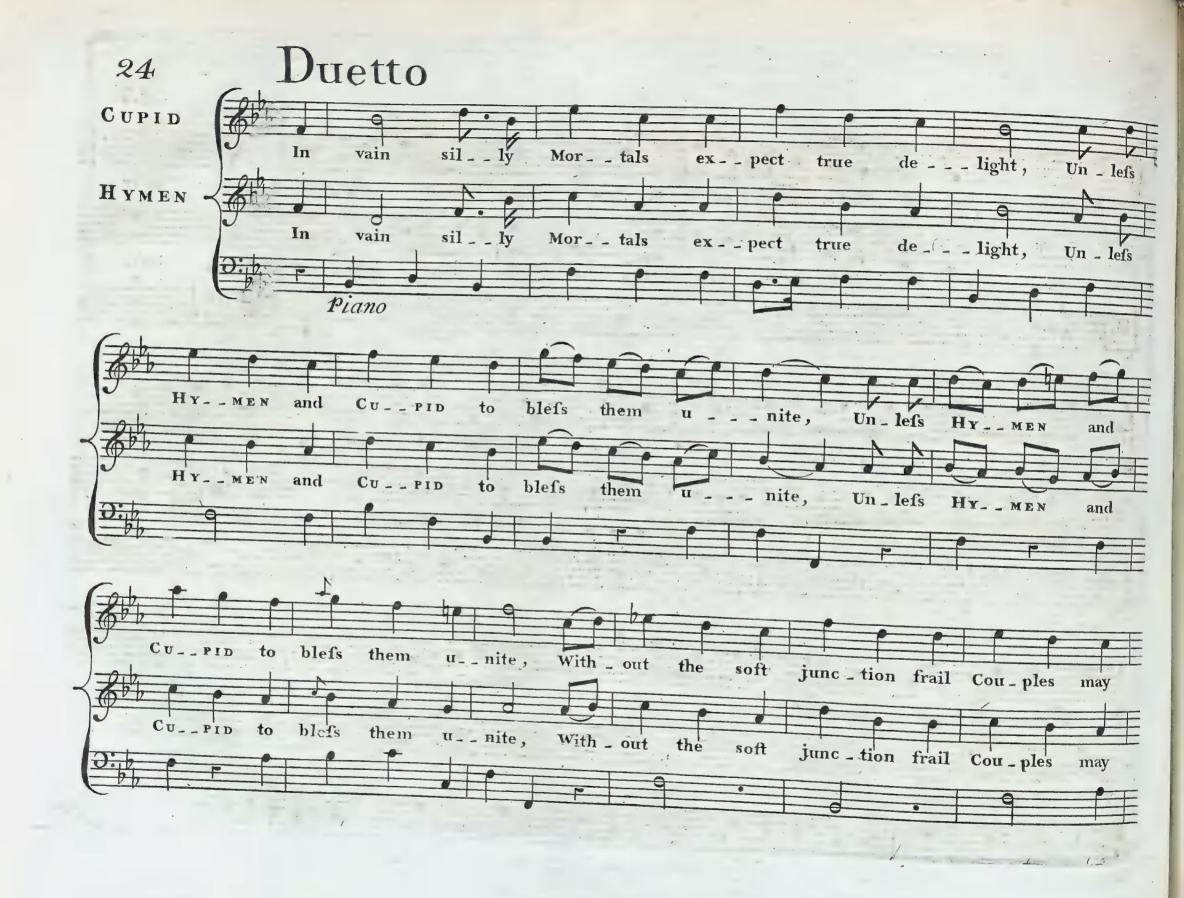
Sung by Mrs Mountain and Mr Gray.

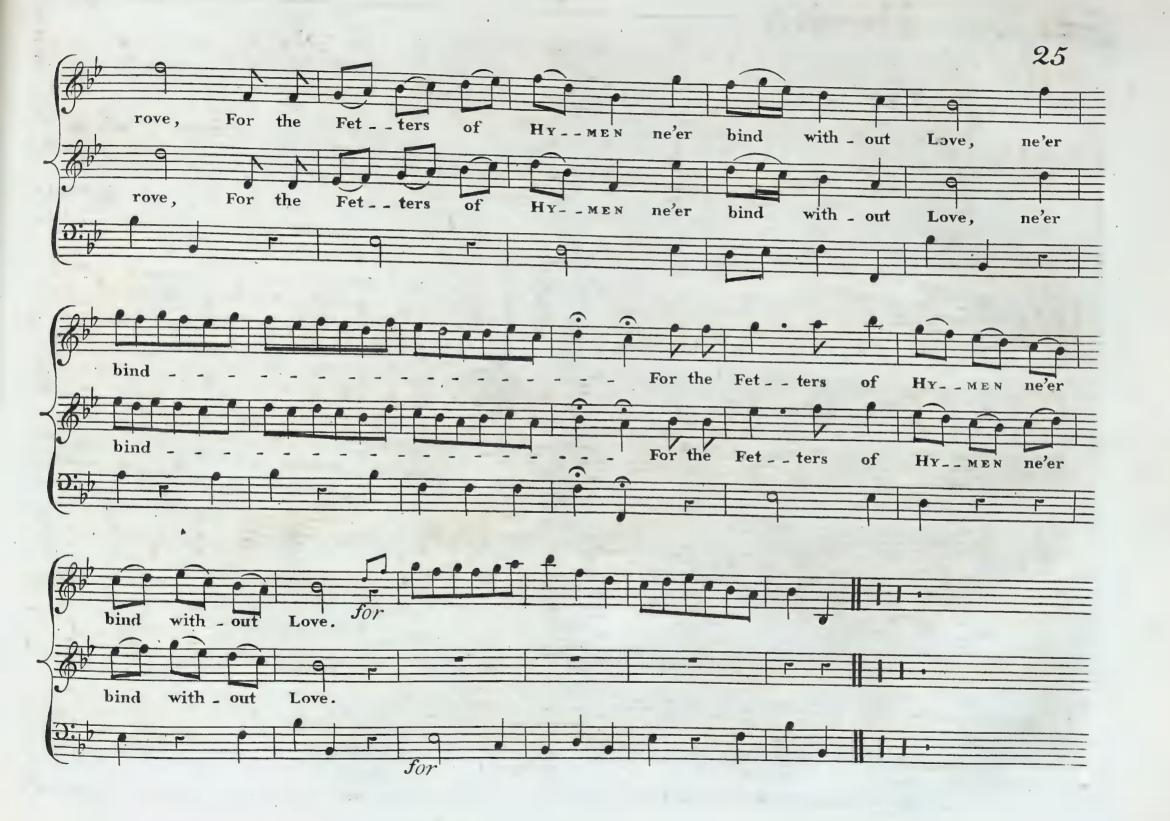




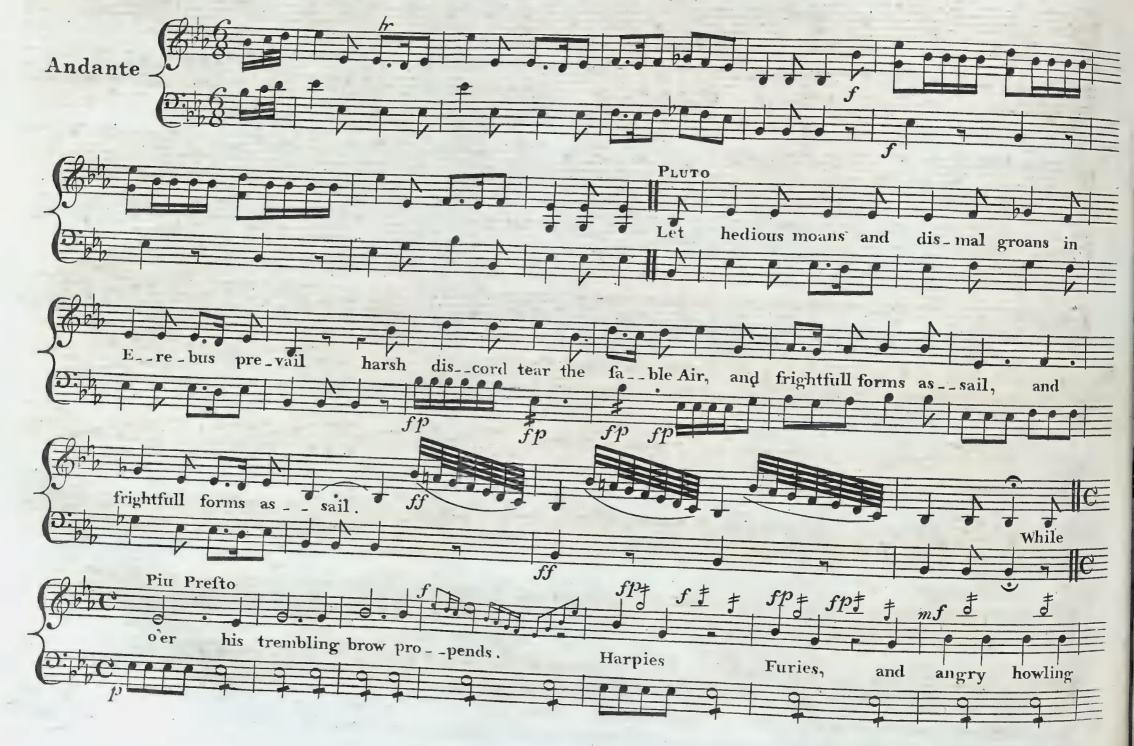
HYMEN

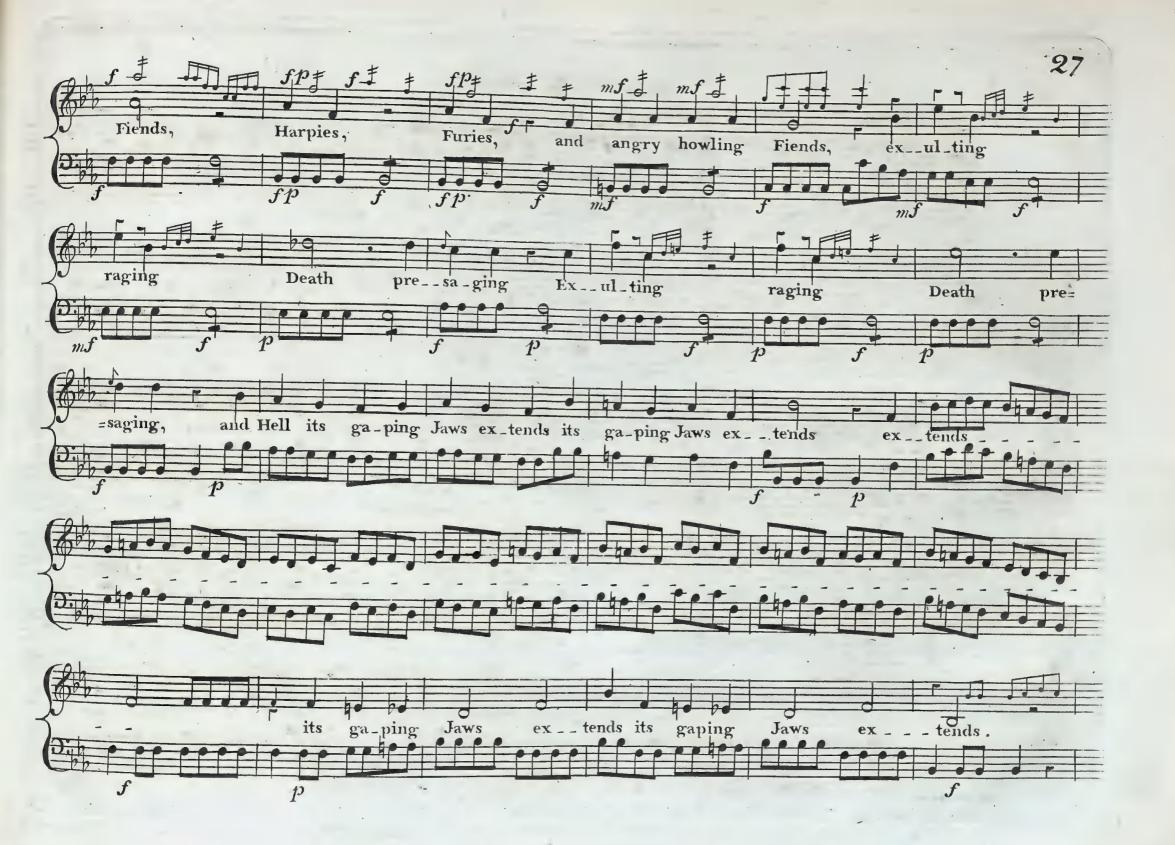
But affection will sweeten the quick pacing hours,
And the curv'd path of life be enamel'd with flow'rs,
To the Altar of Happiness gayly they'll move,
When HYMEN is borne on the pinions of Love.

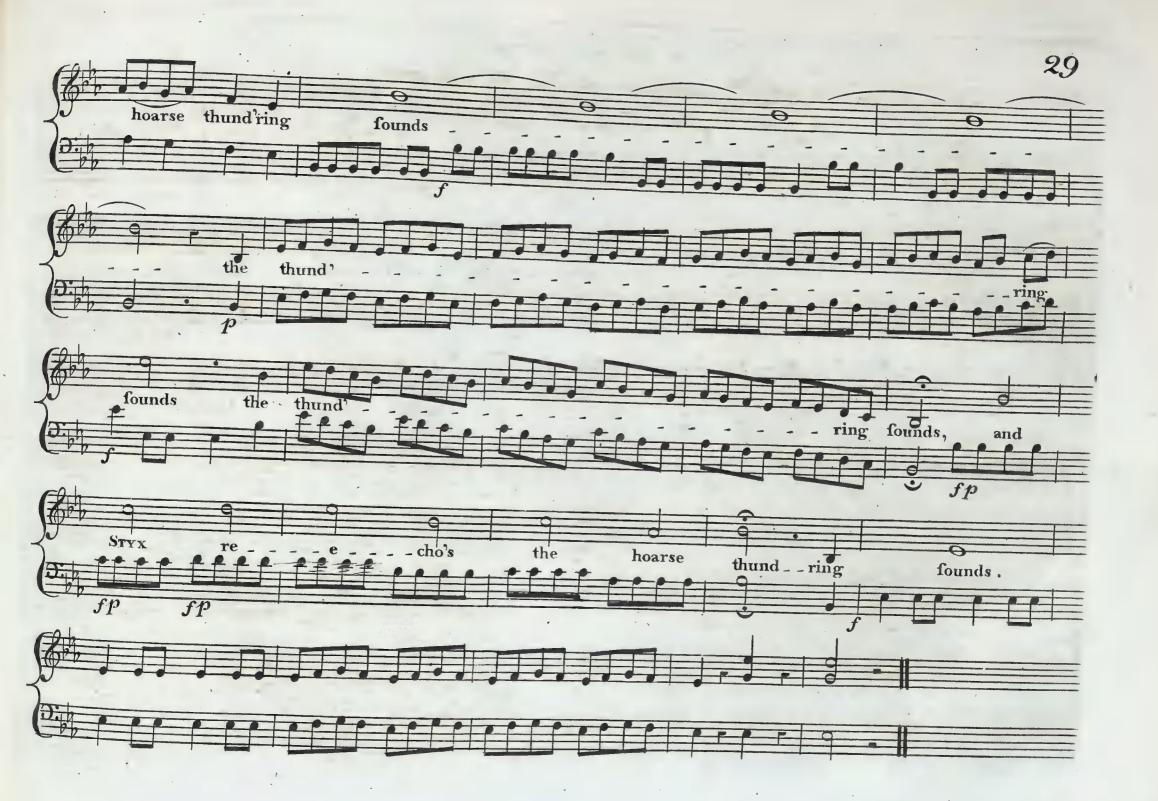


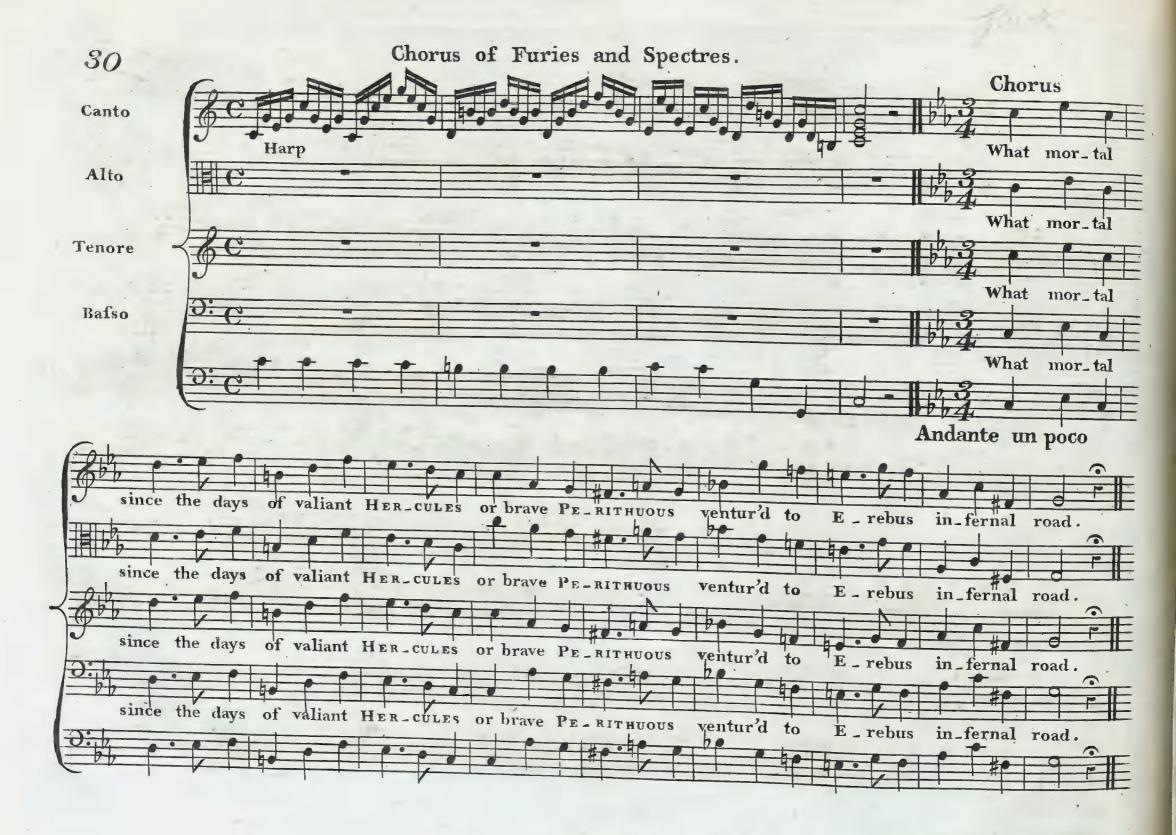


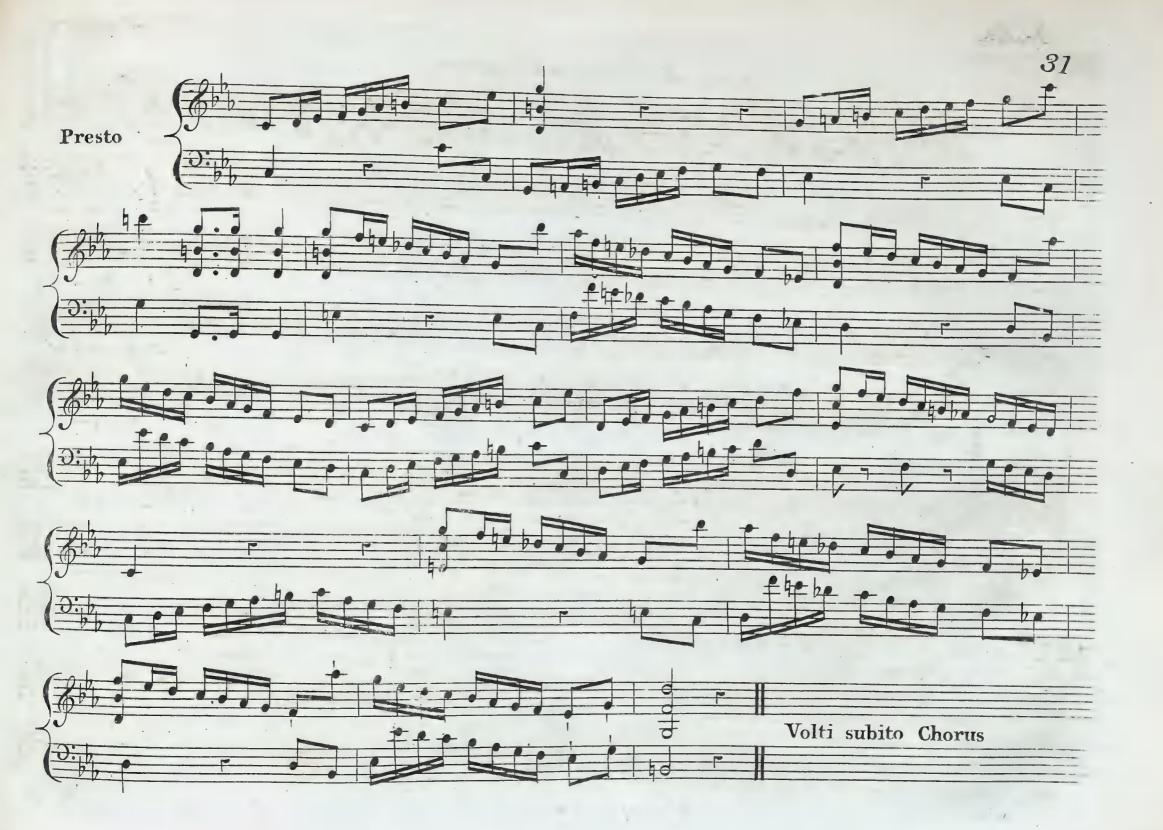
Sung by M. Darley

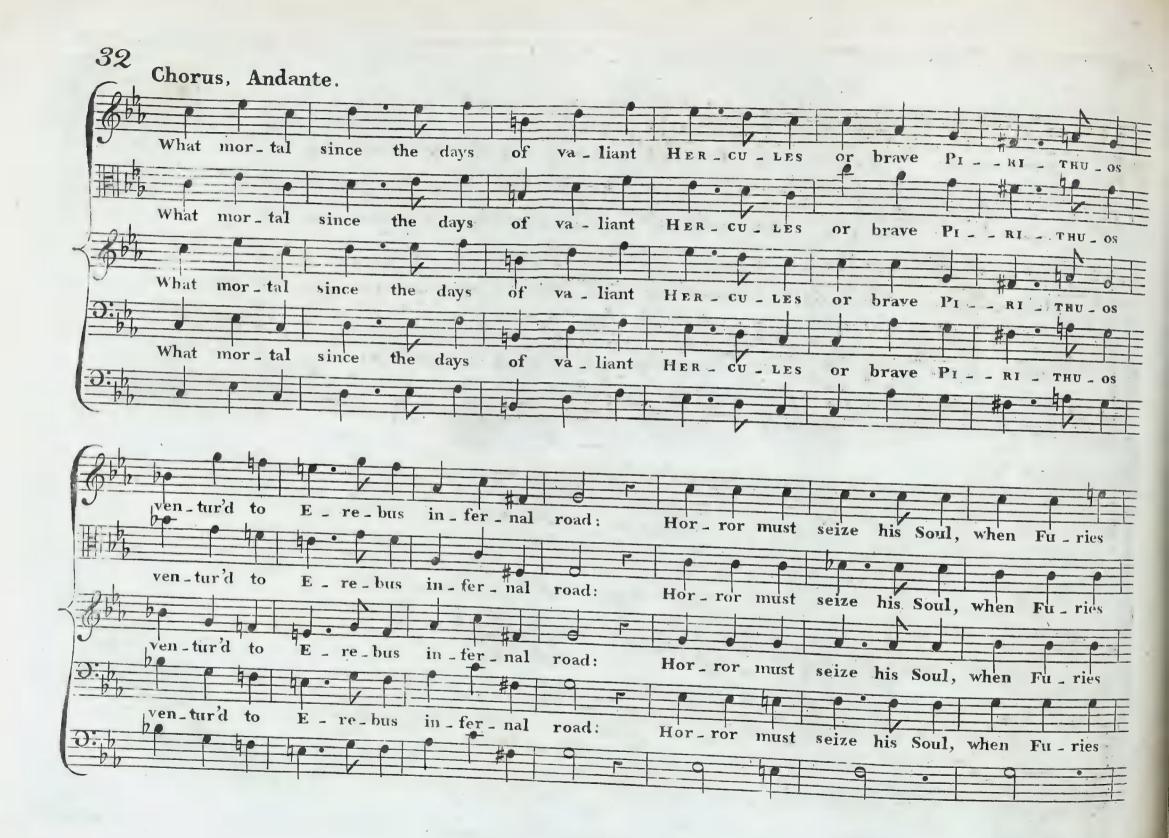


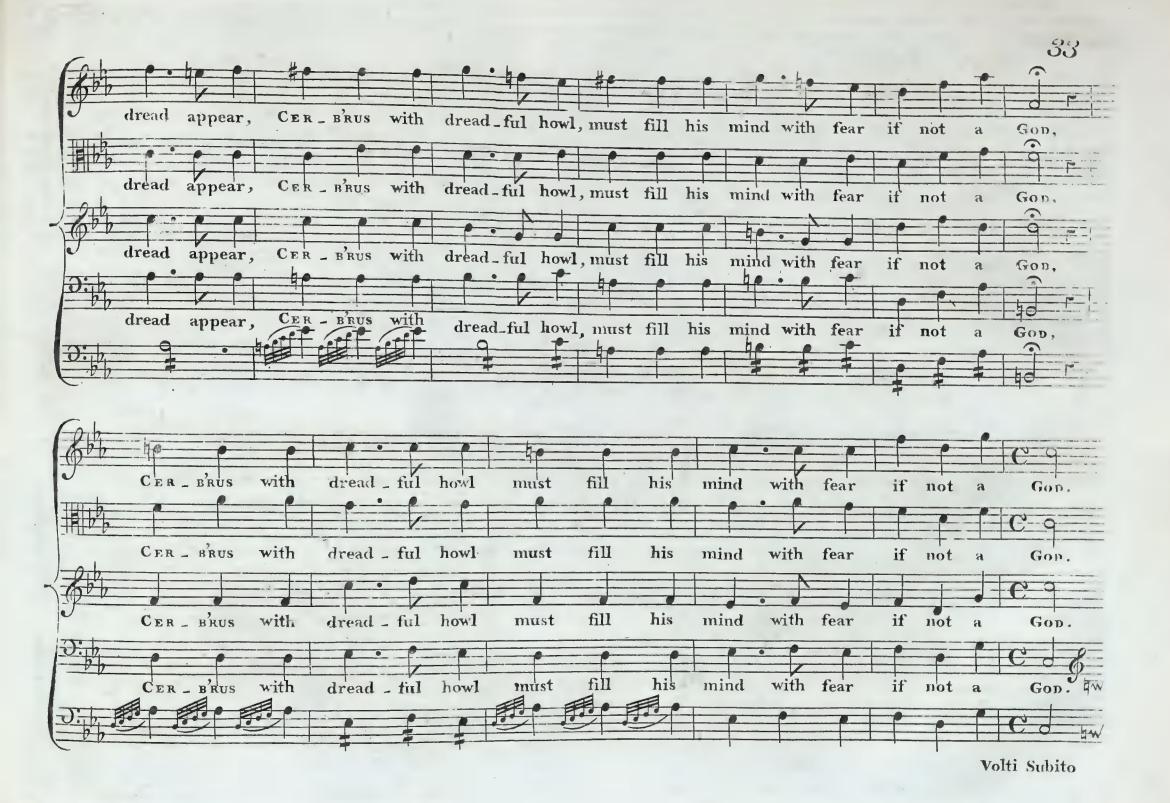


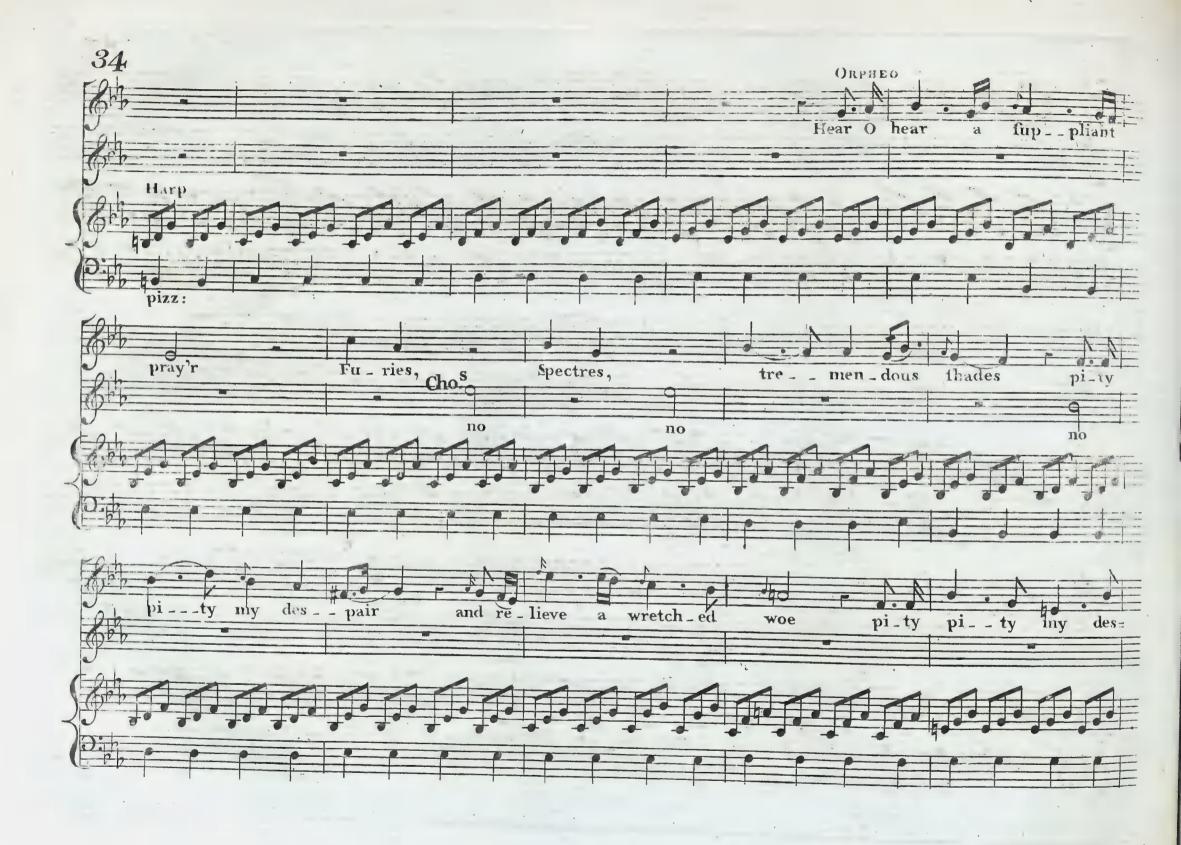




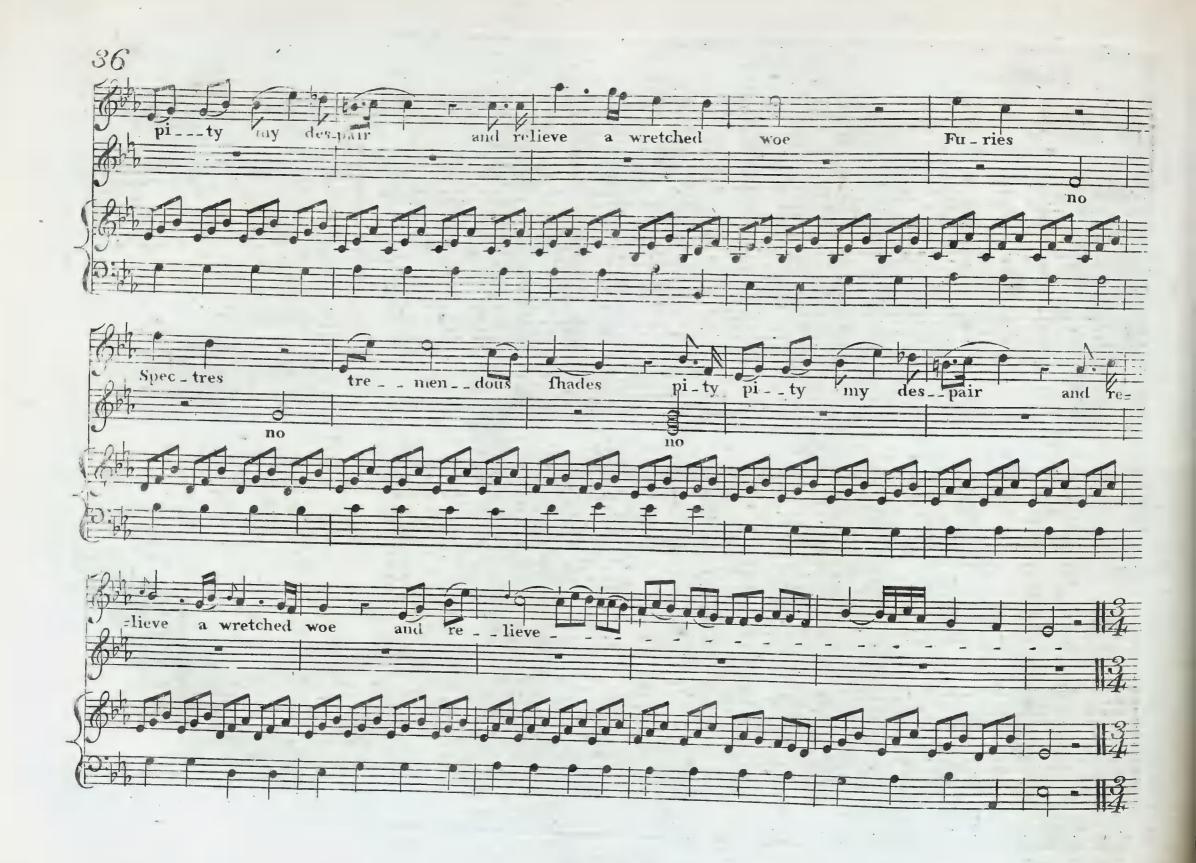




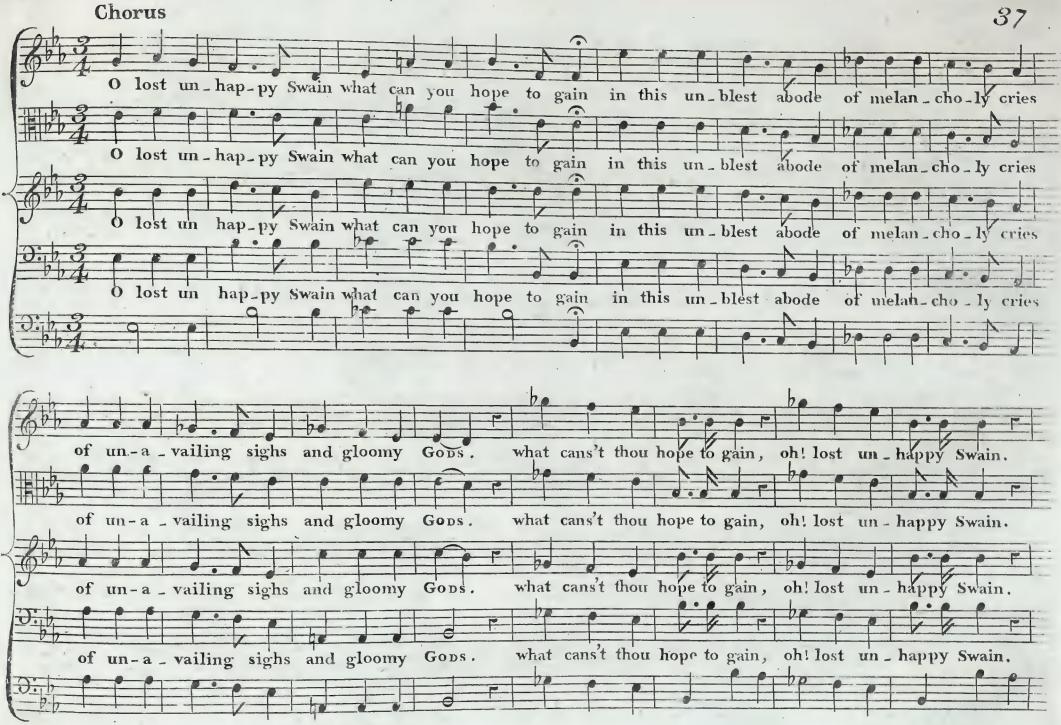


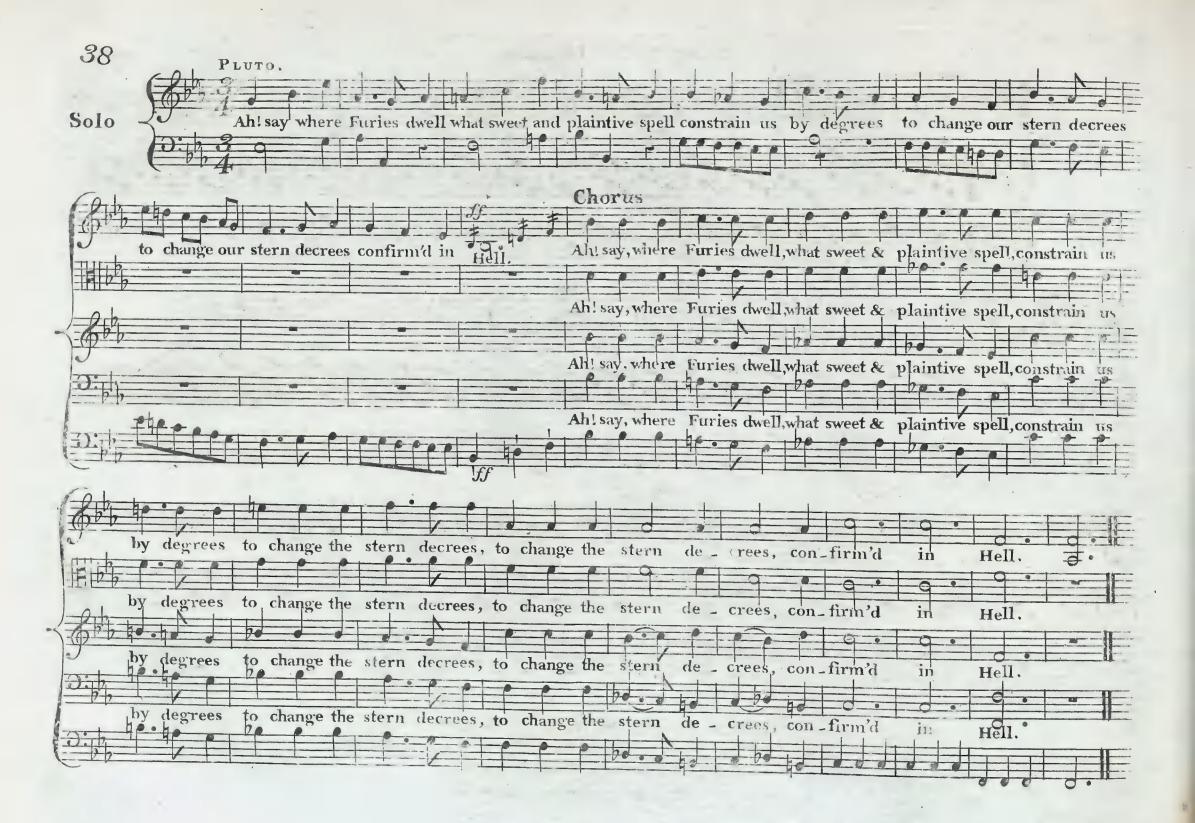


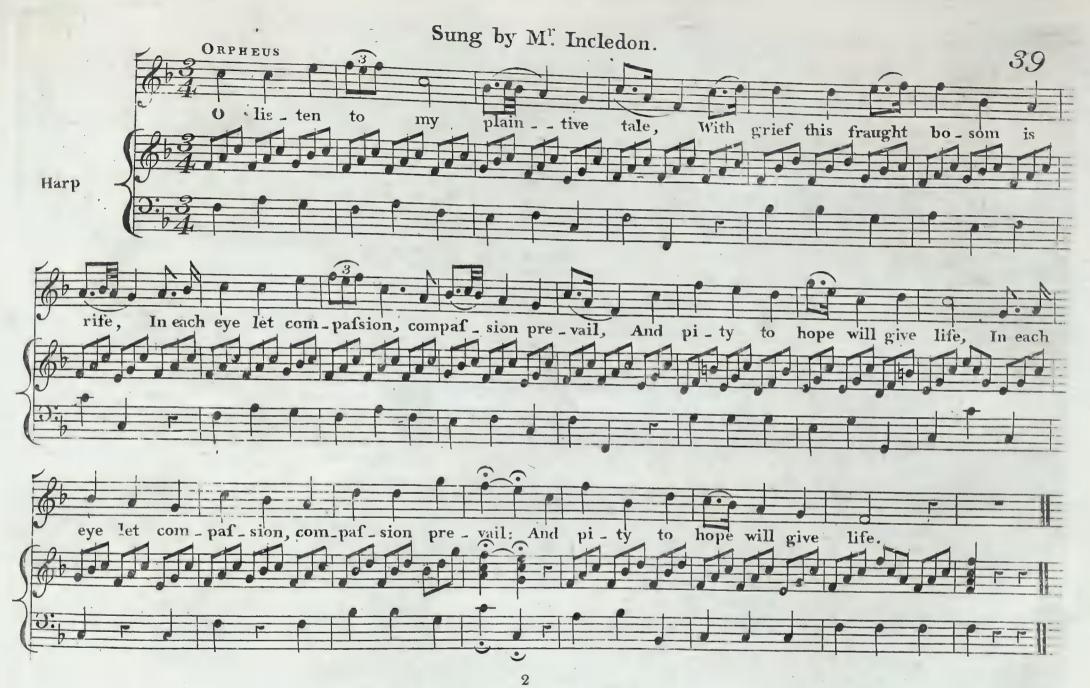












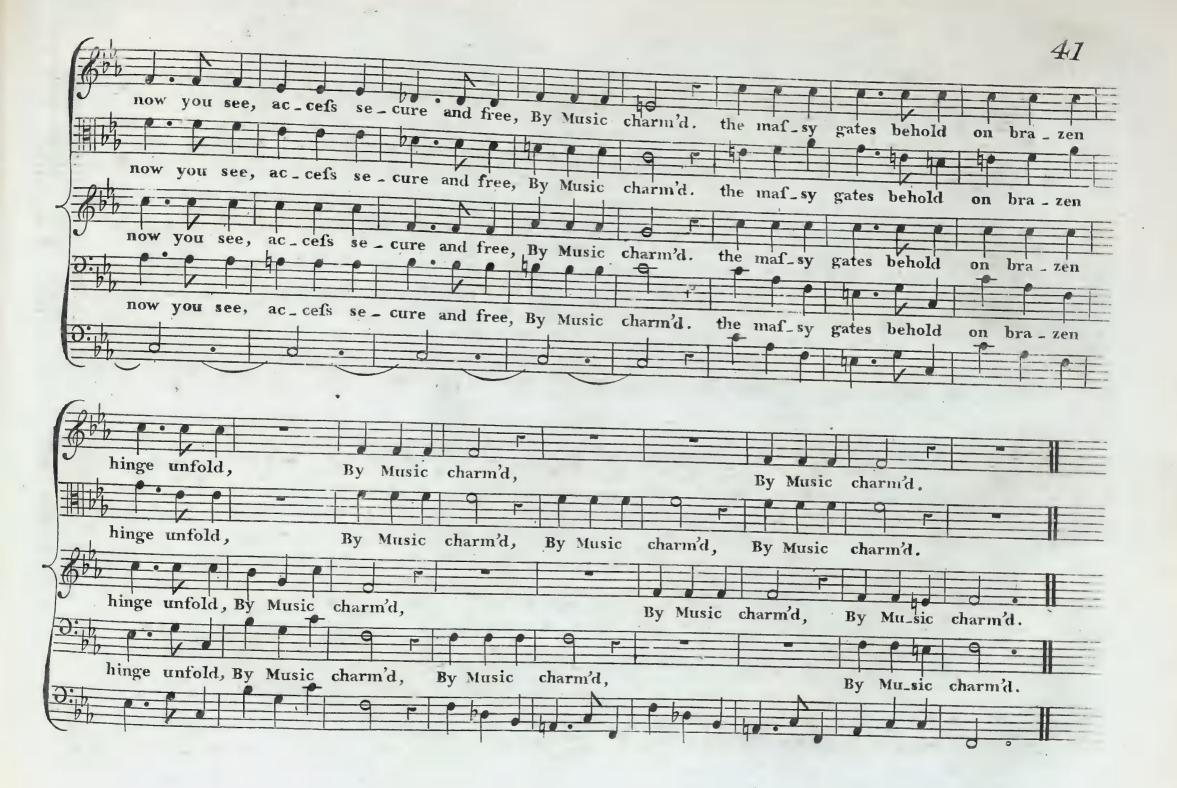
From my Bosom will burst the sad sigh,

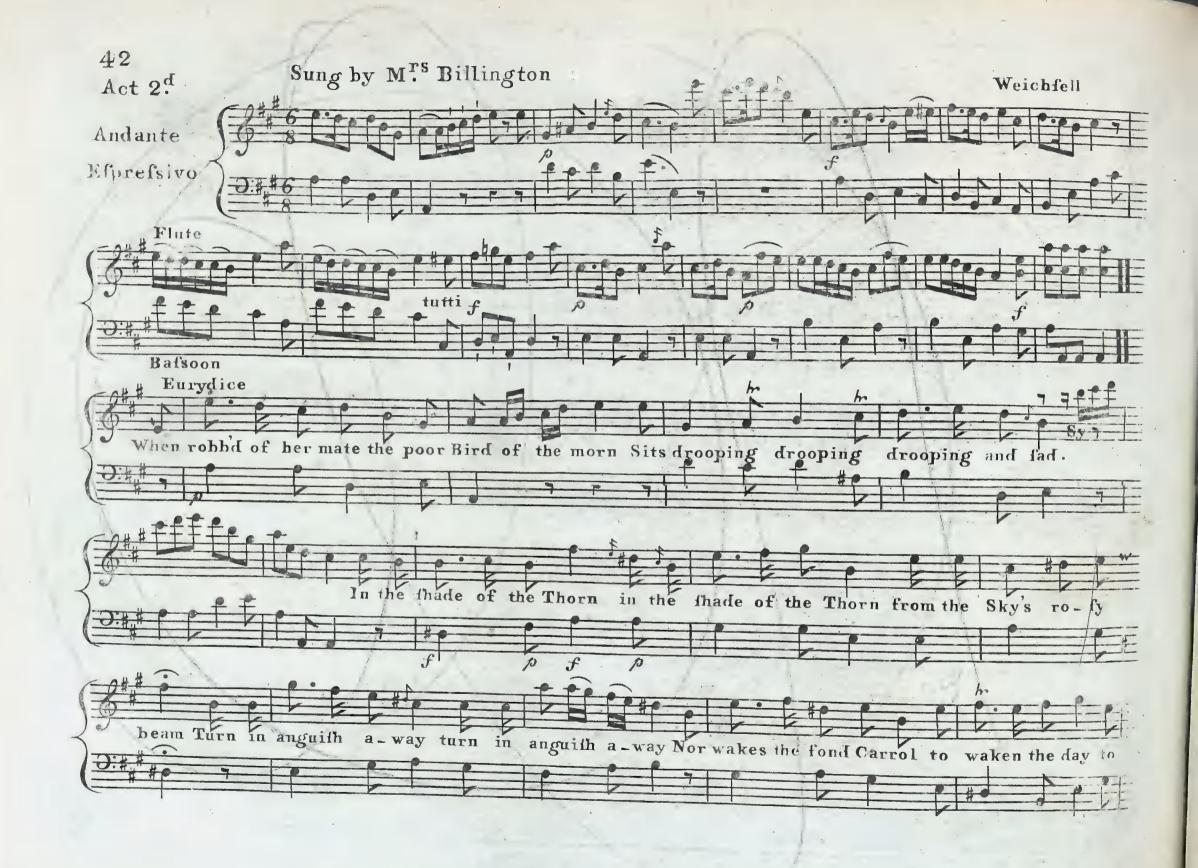
For her presence alone made me blest,

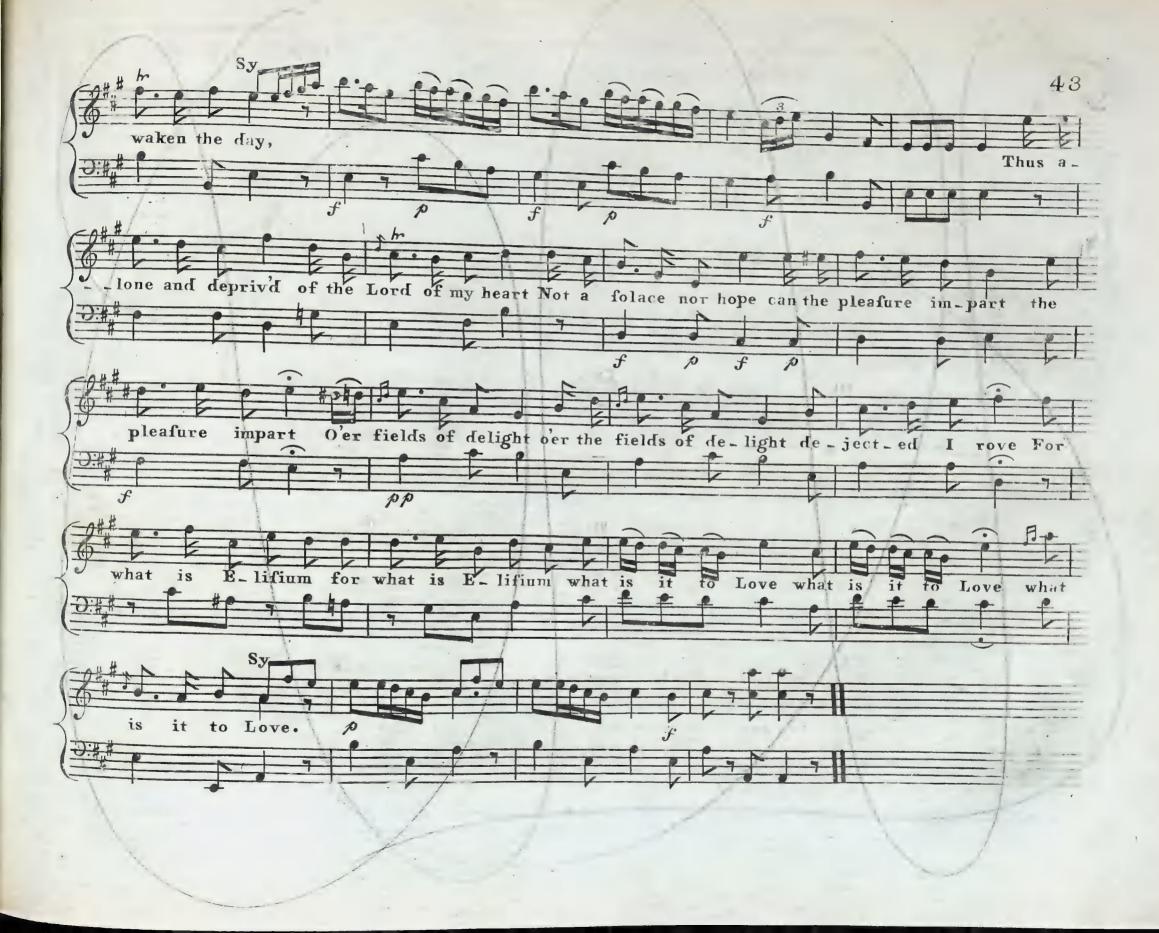
The lustre that beam'd from her eye,

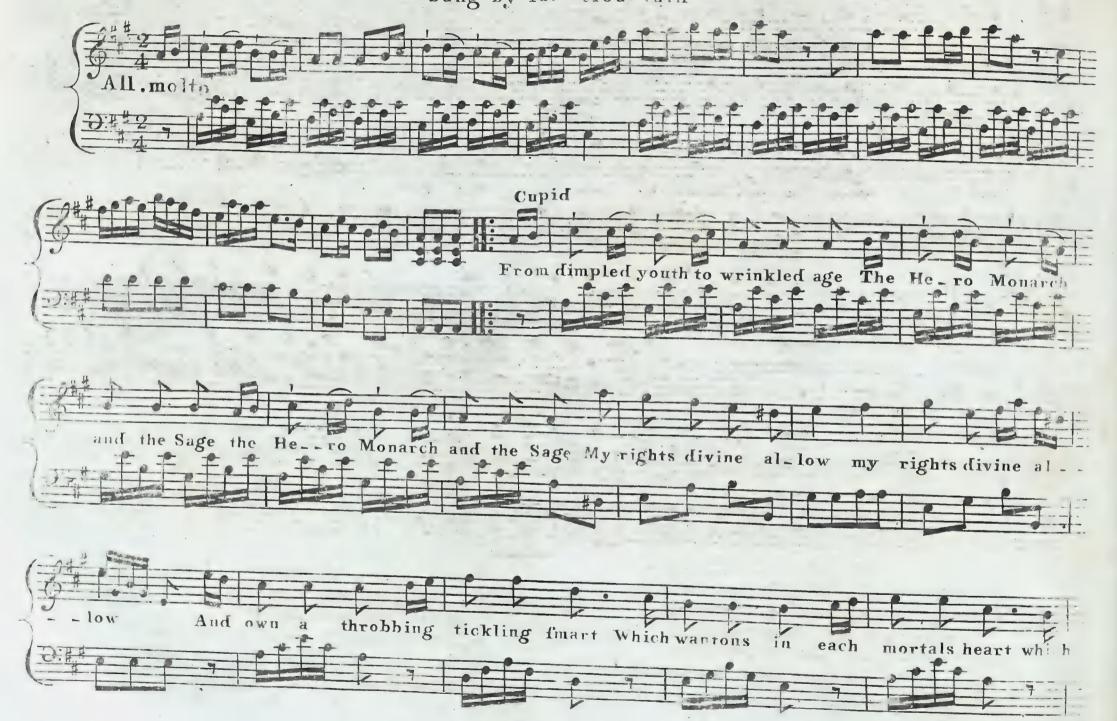
Warm'd with rapture my sad widow'd breast.



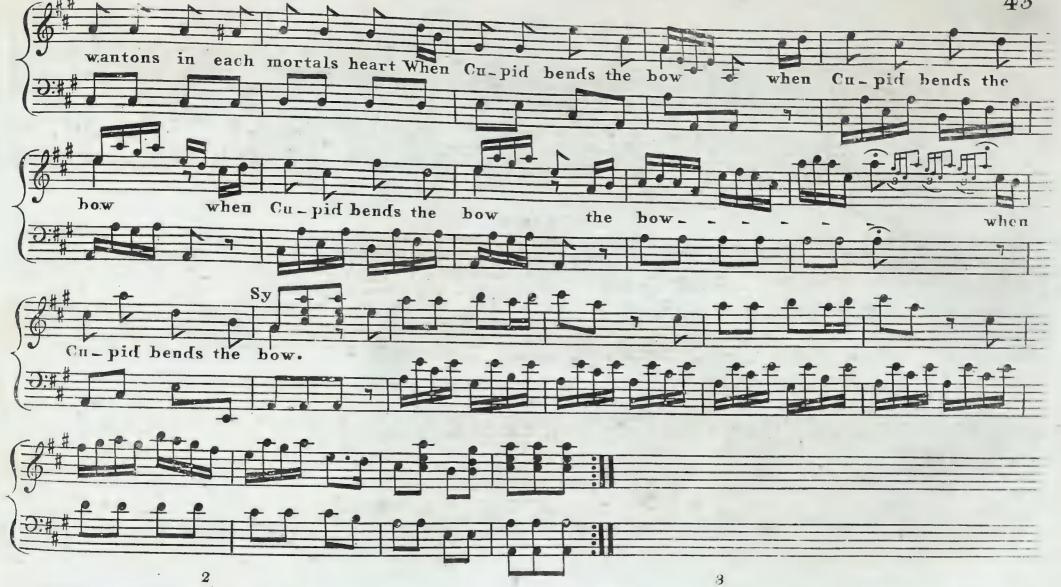






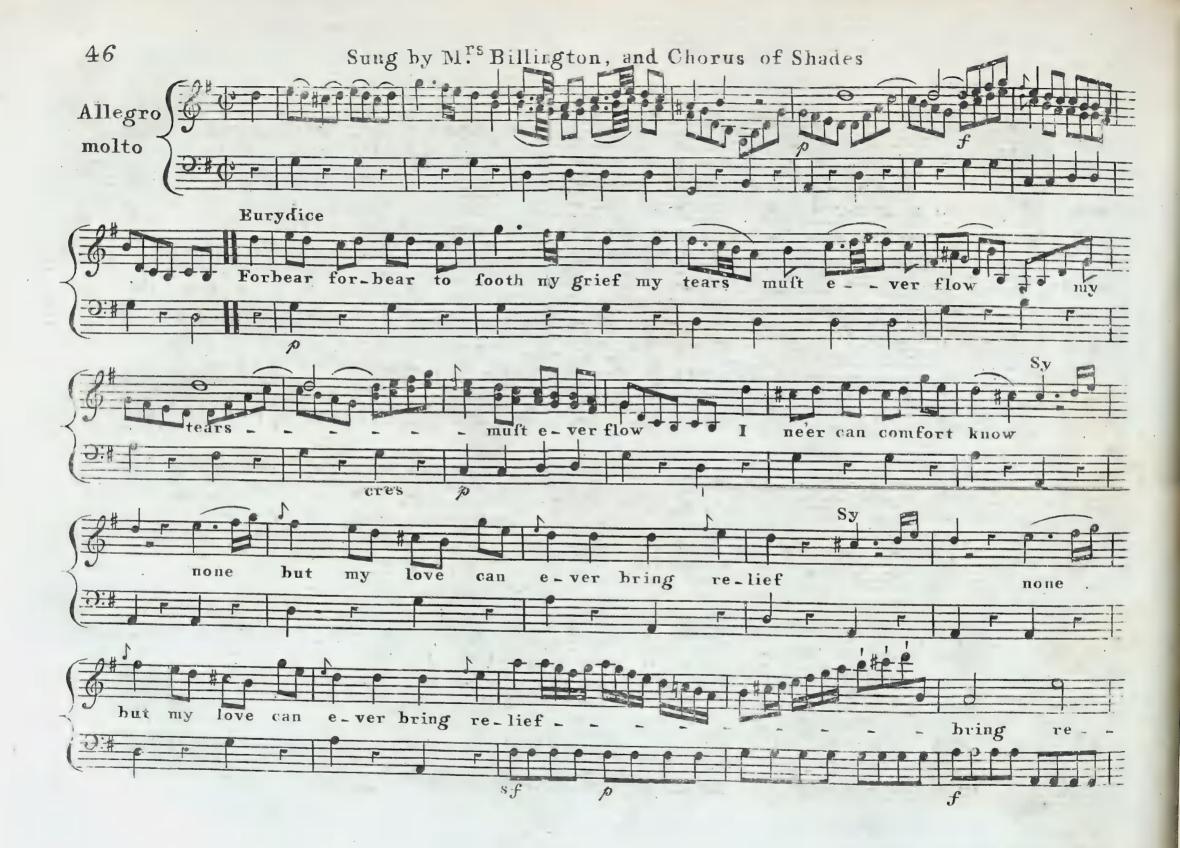


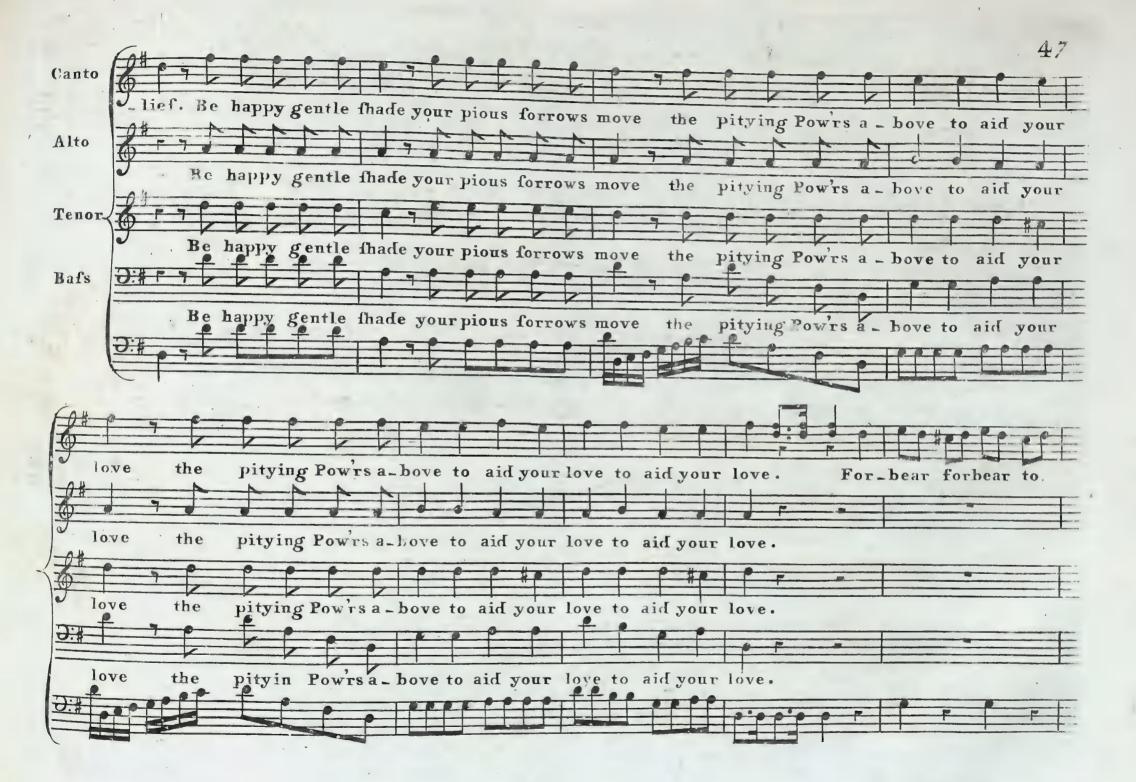


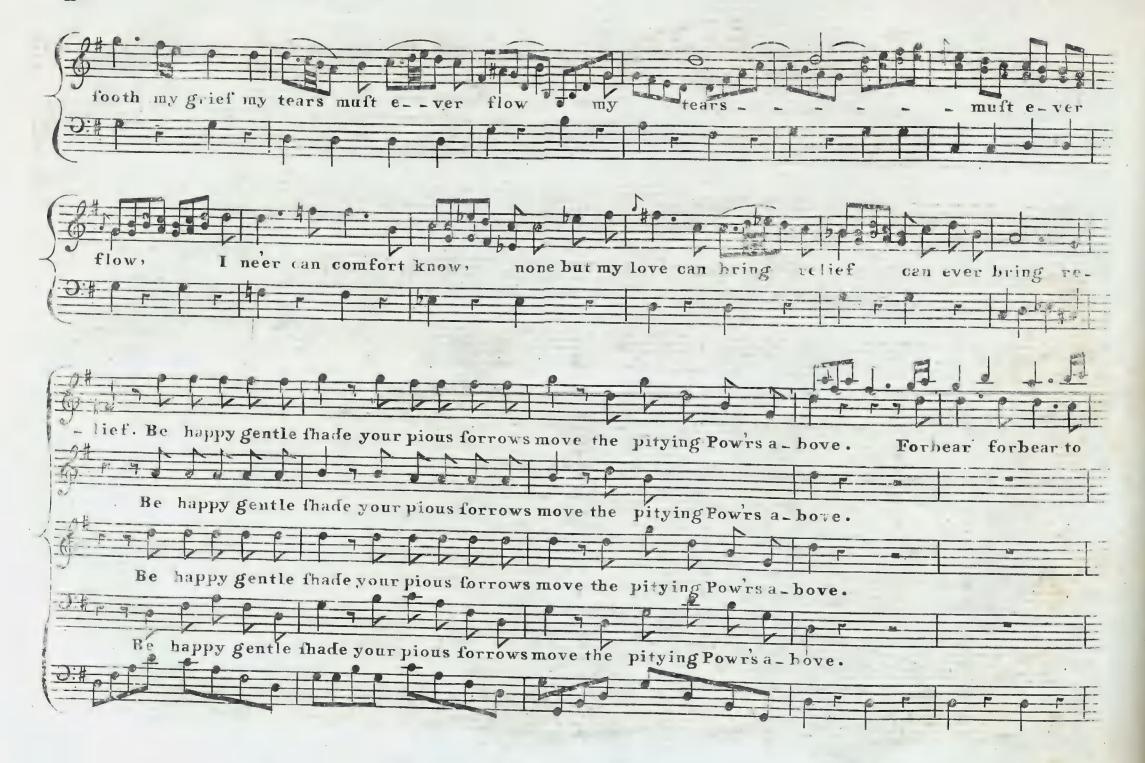


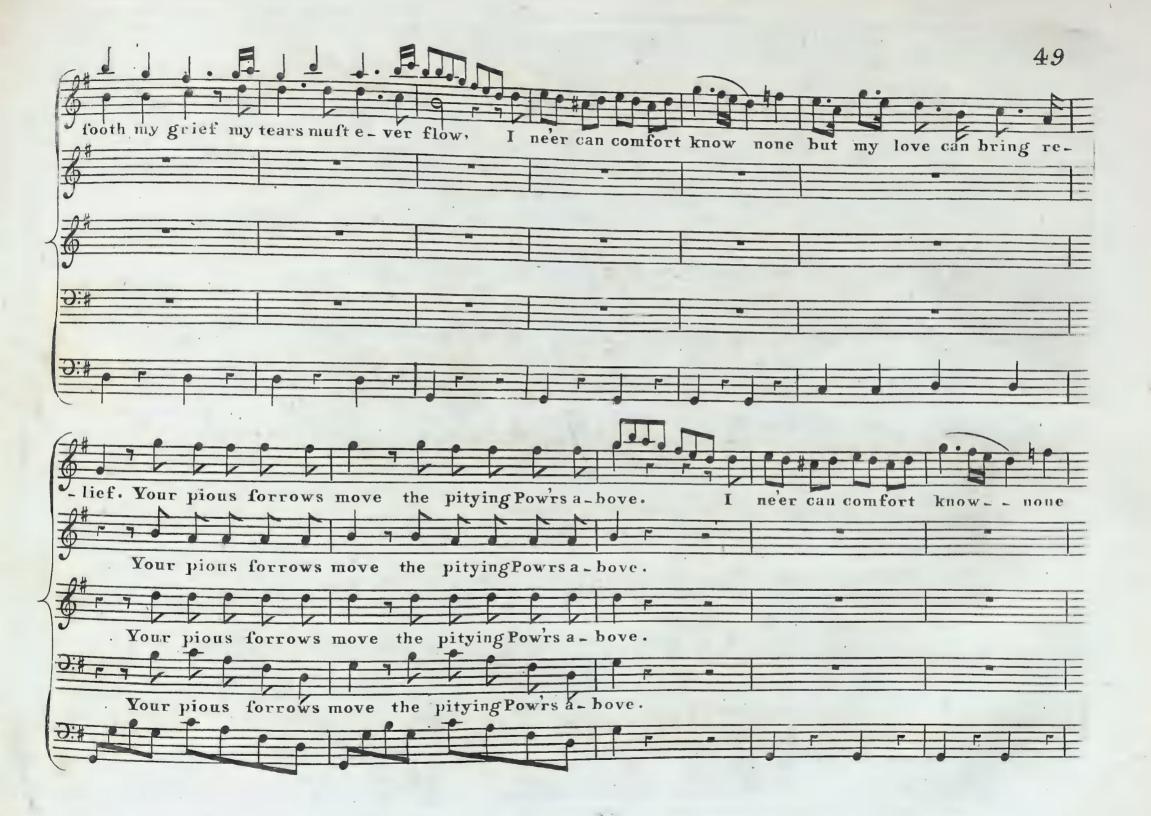
The ruftic Swain the village Lafs Who trip it lightly o'er the Grafs Oft feel they know not how And fondly gaze and feintly figh And shamefac'd blush they know not why When Cupid bends the bow.

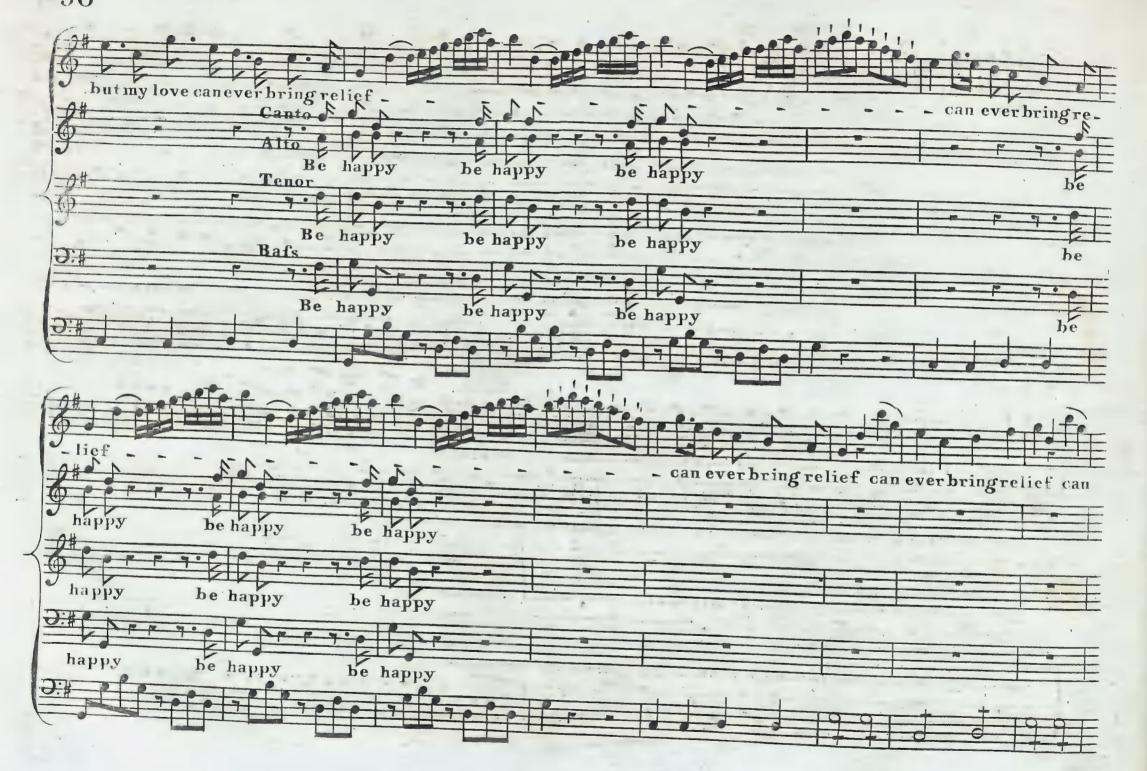
Great Jove whom Deities adore Has often yielded to my pow'r And felt his hofom glow E'en Pluto vainly 'gainst me strove He willing owns the pow'r of love When Capid hends the bow.

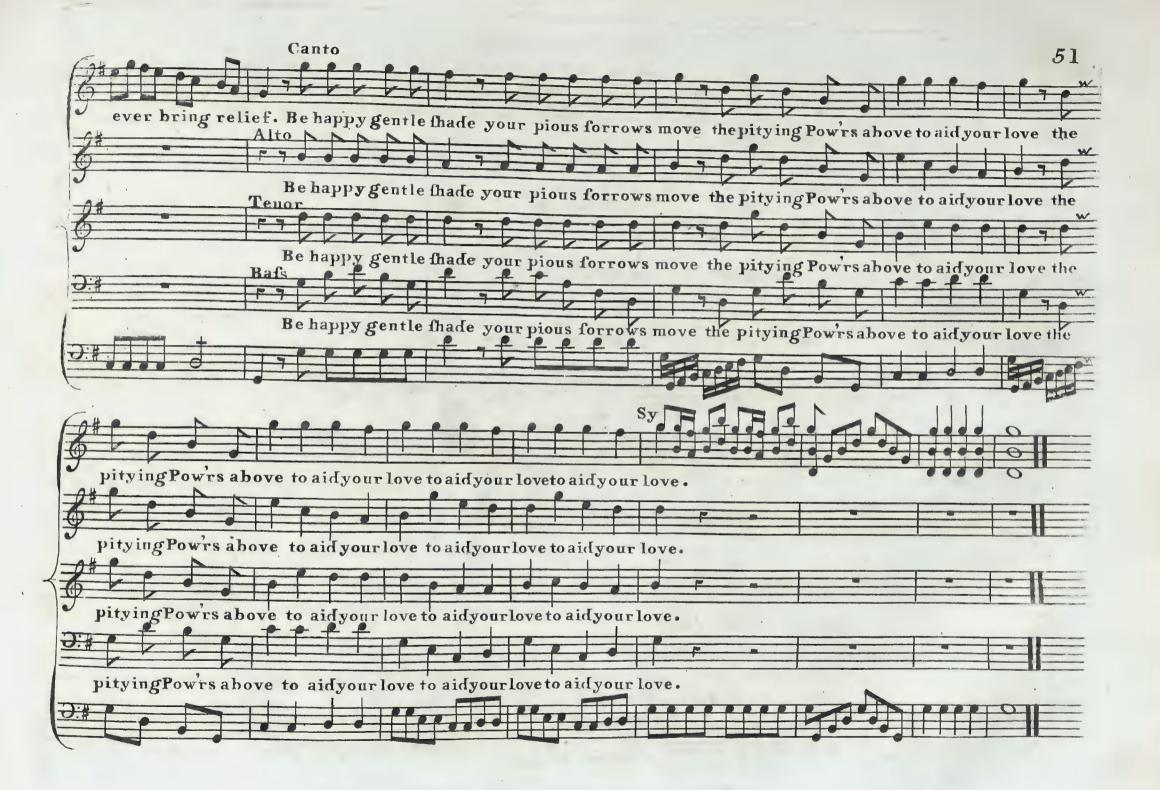


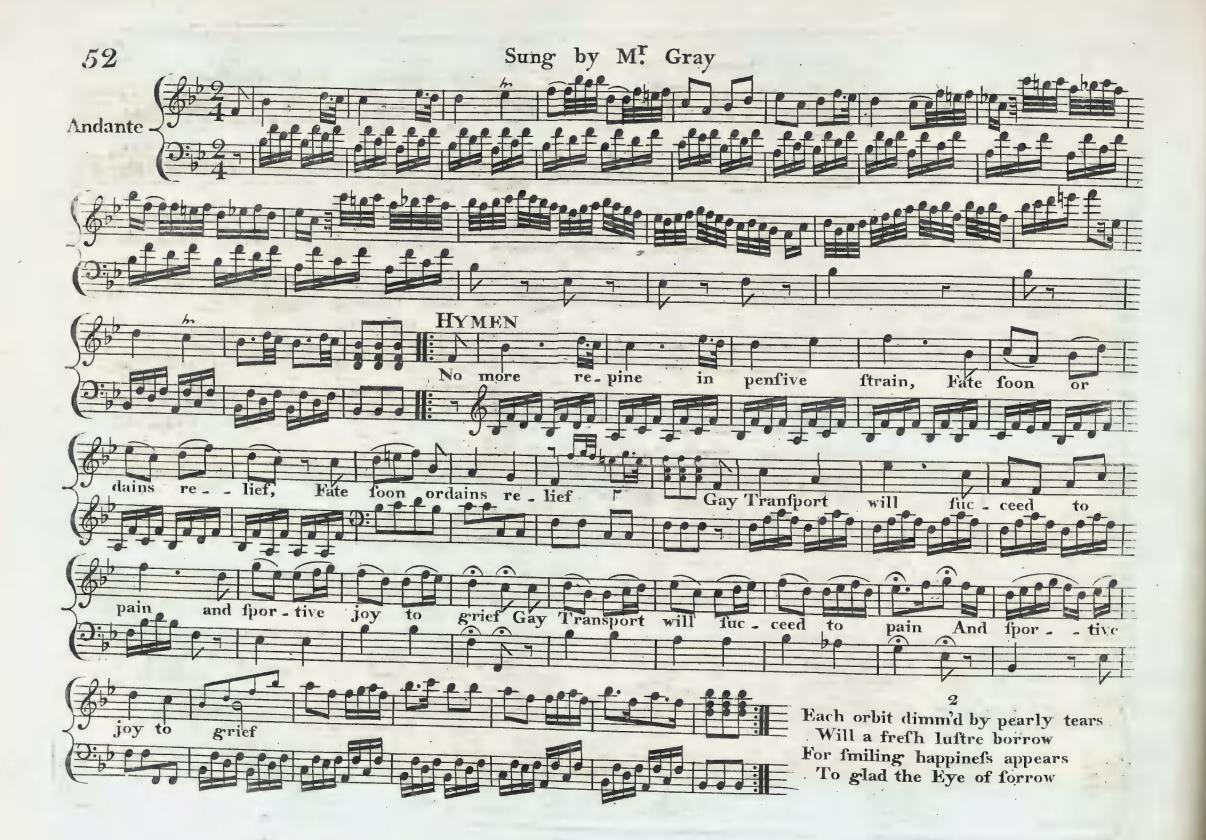


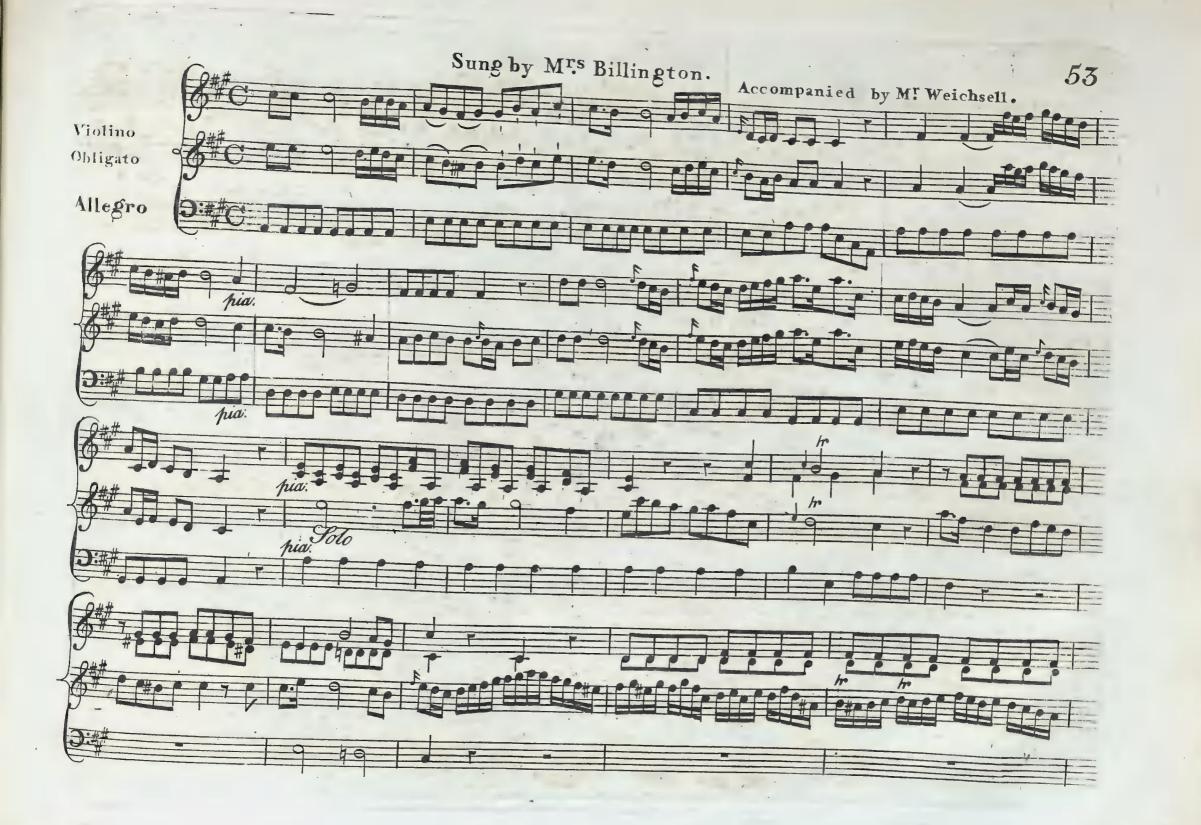






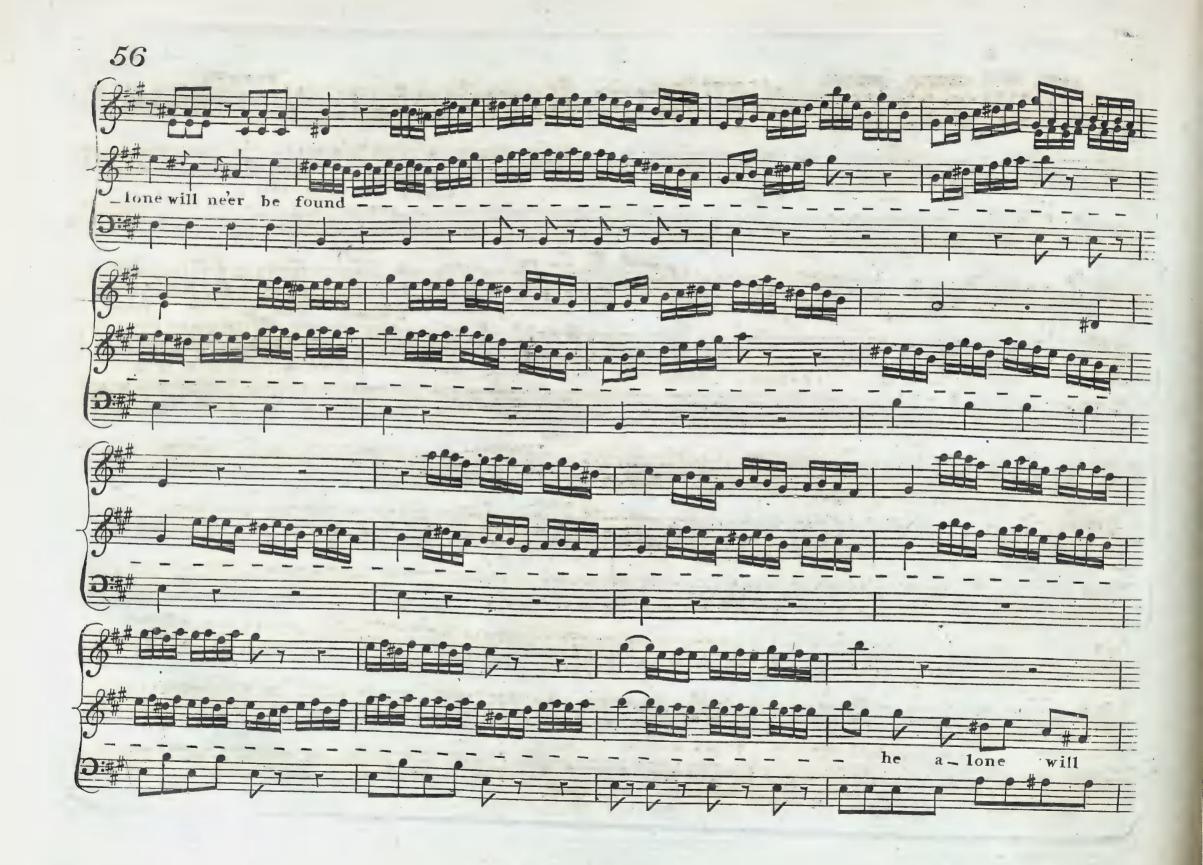


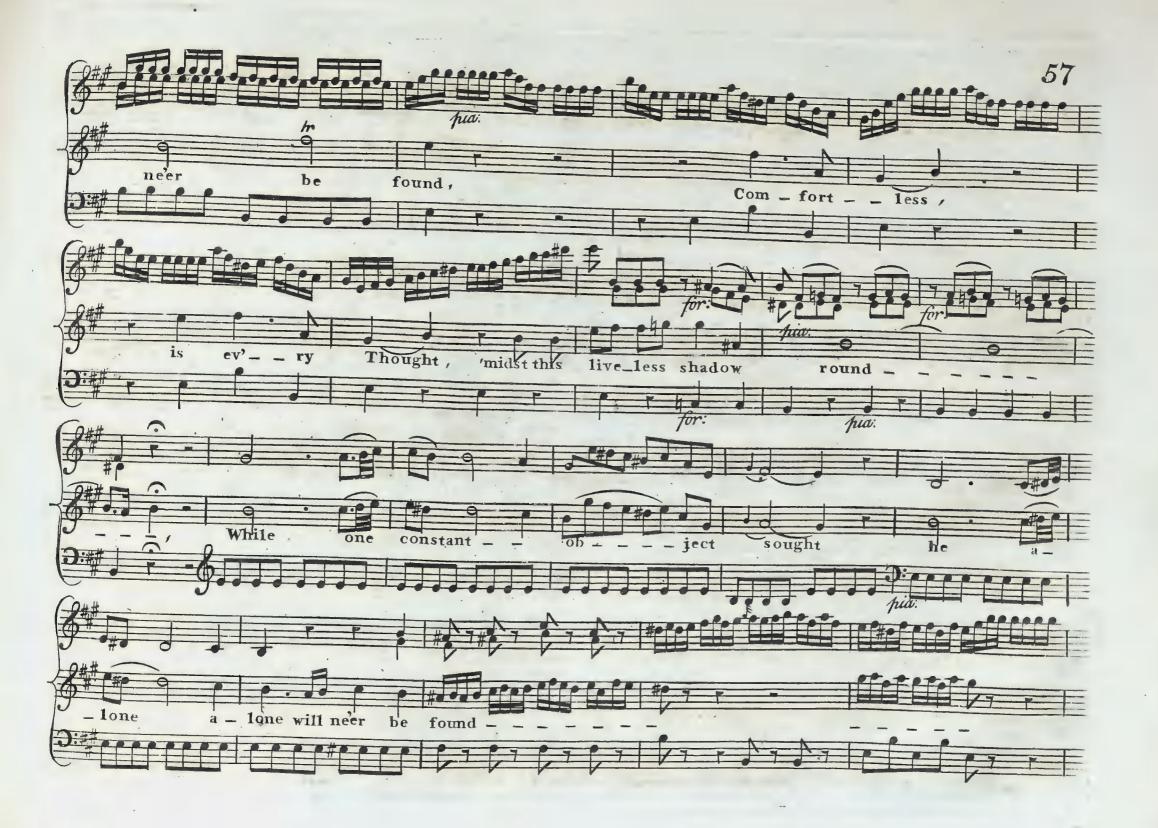


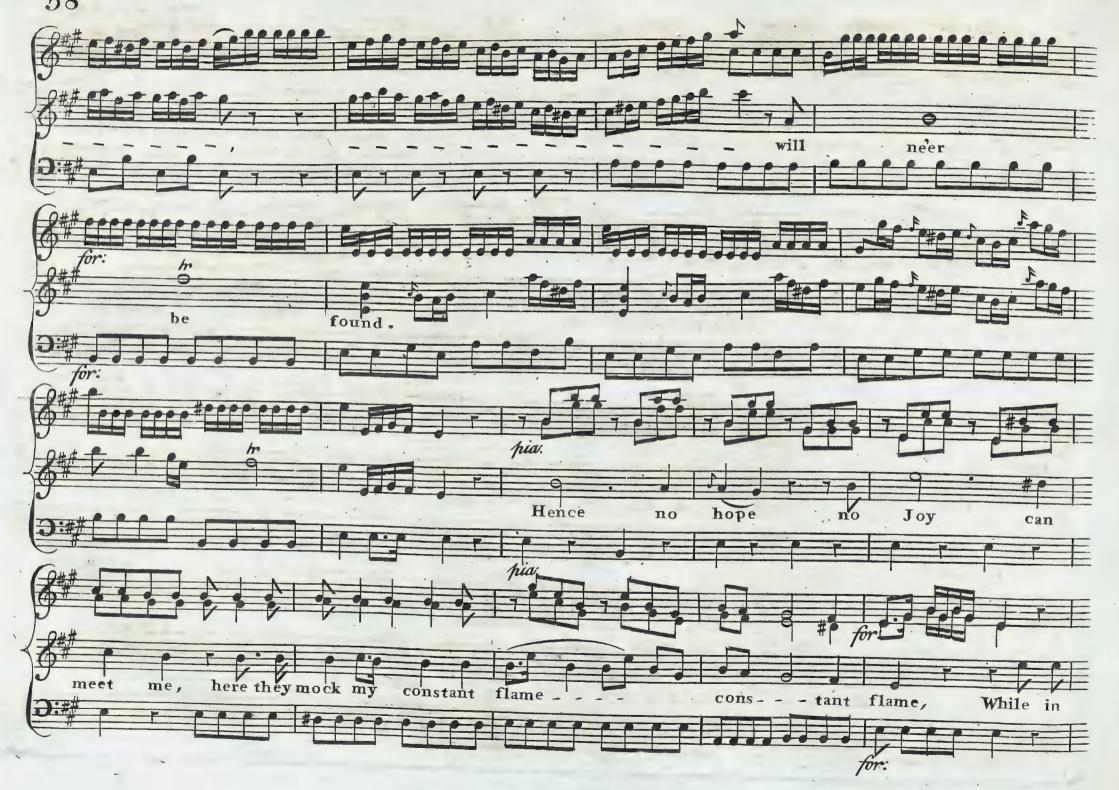


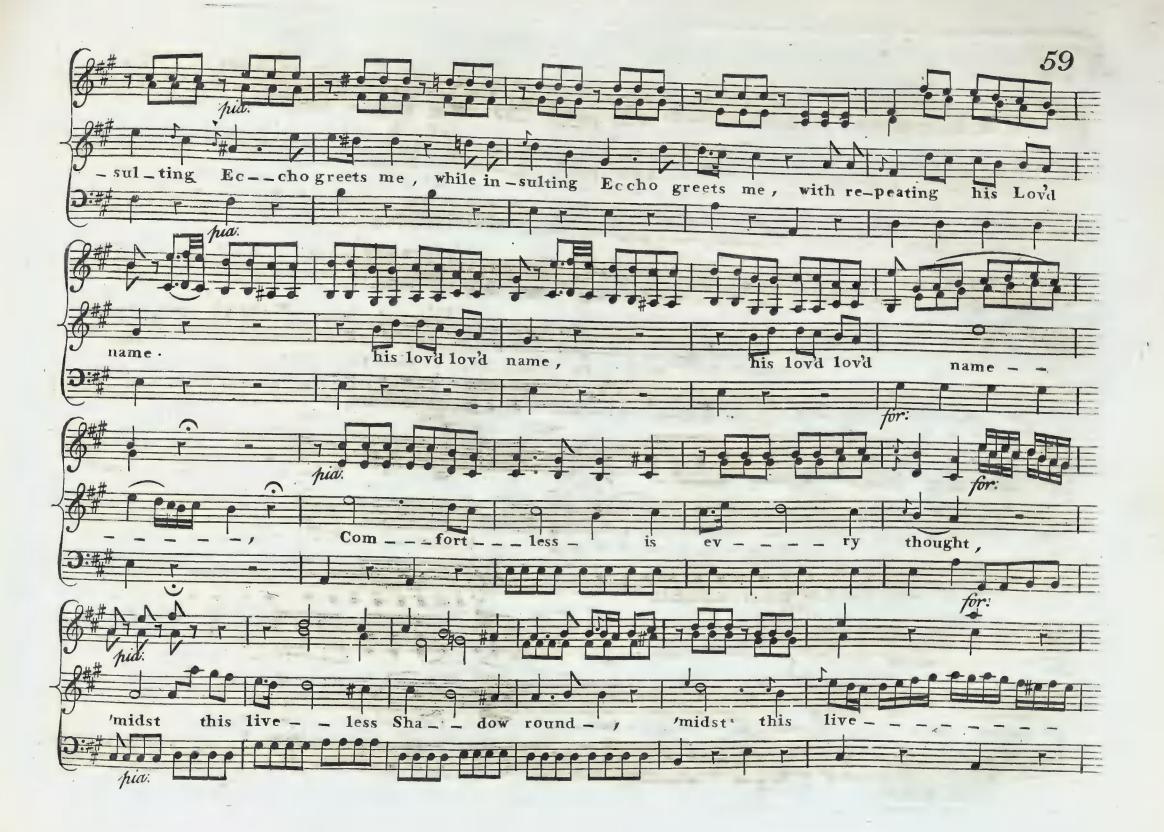


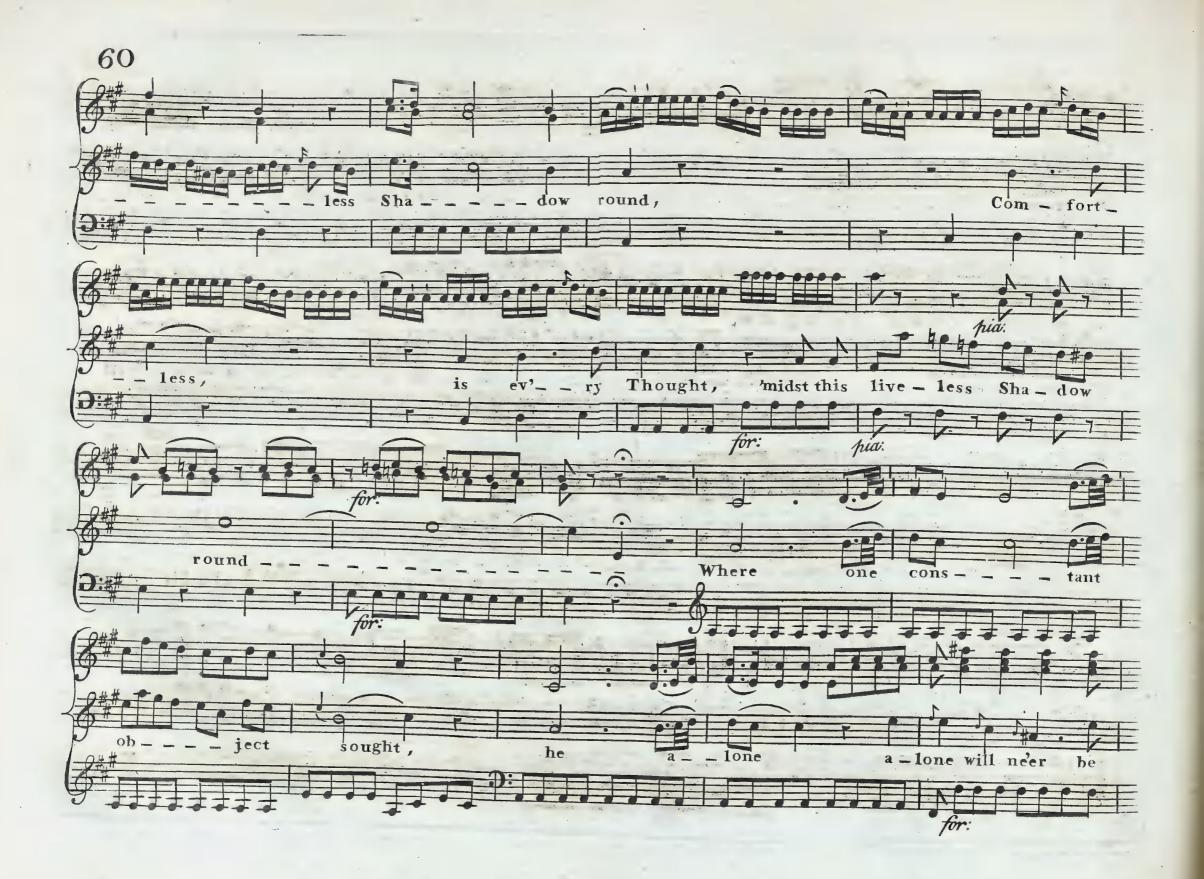


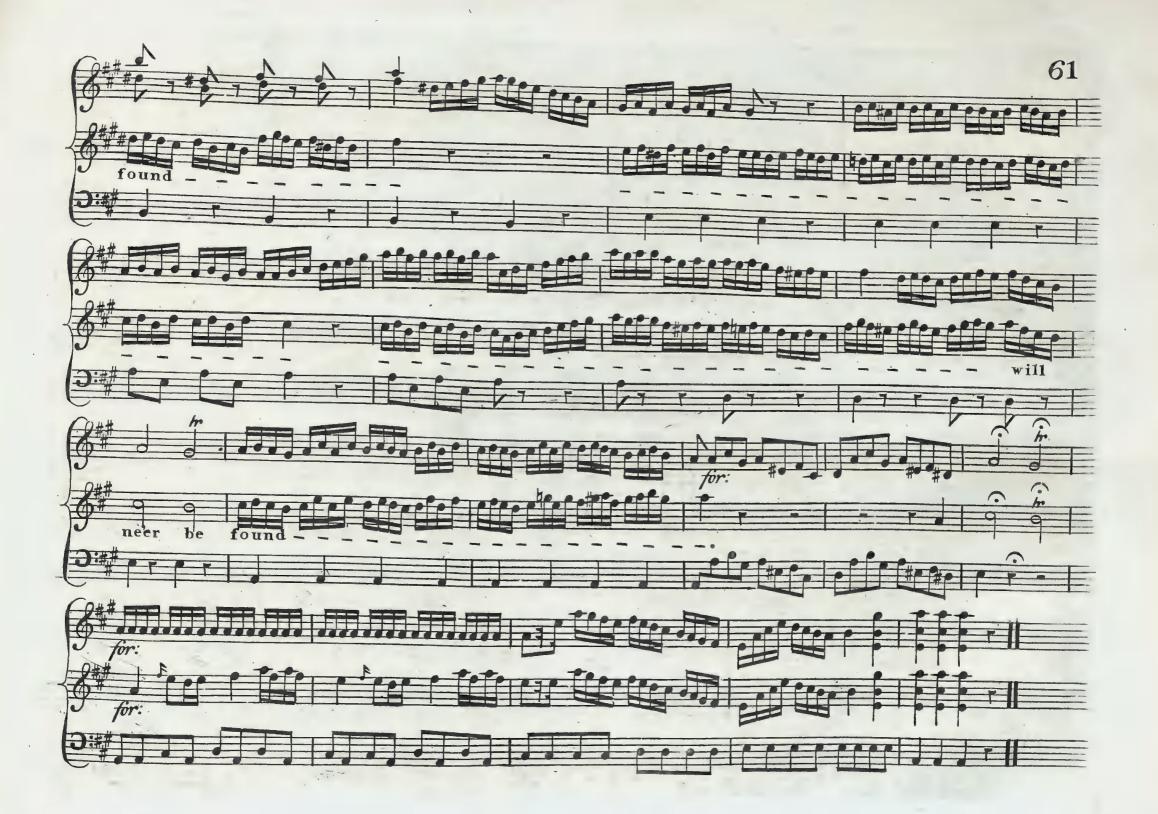


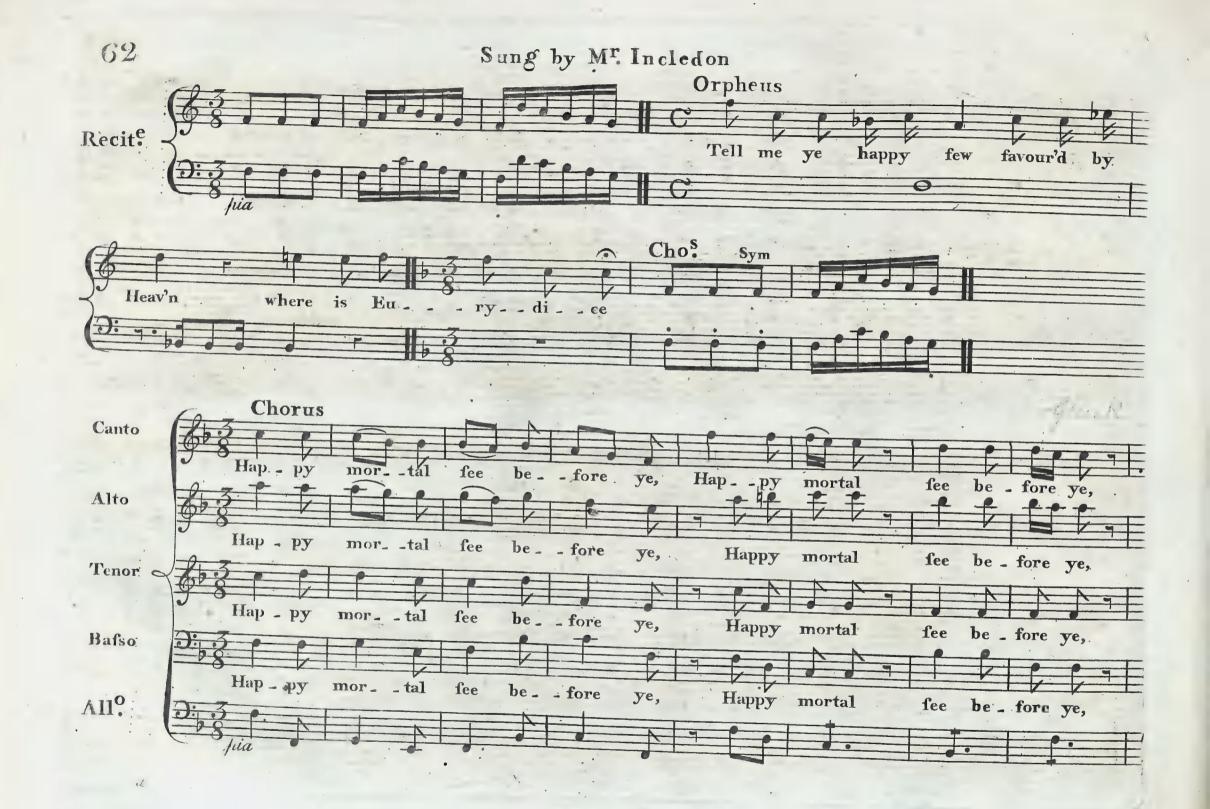


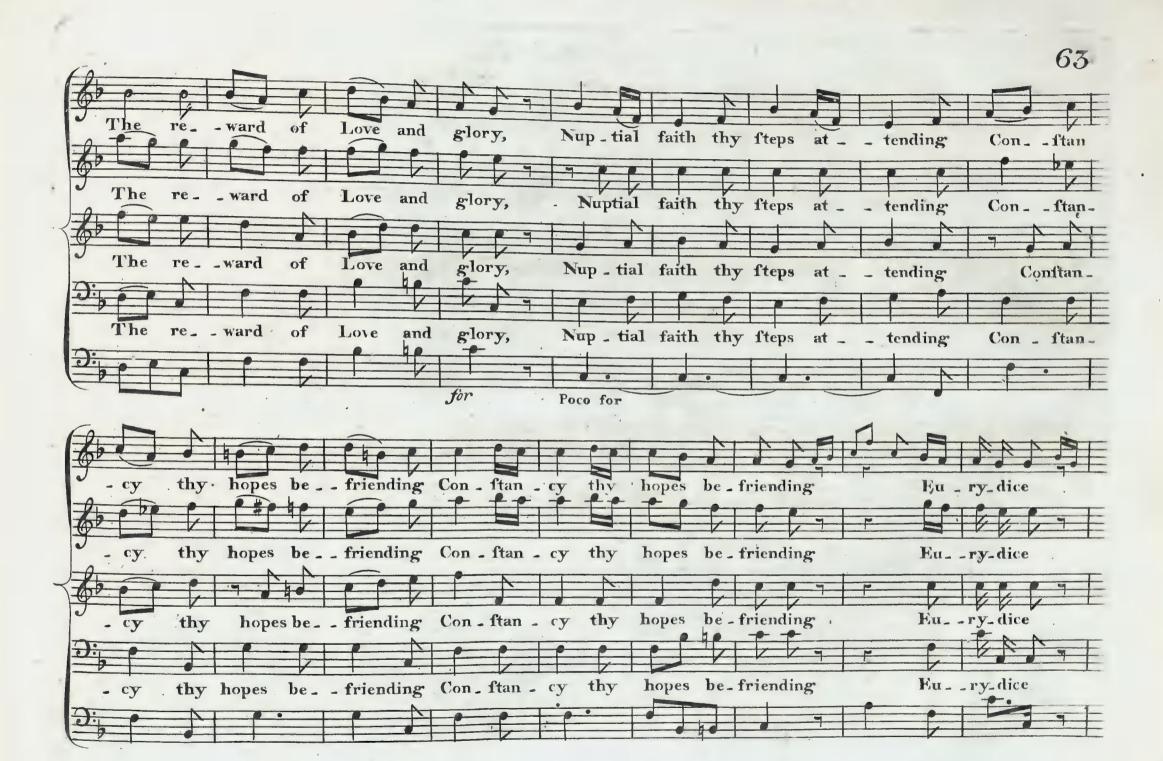


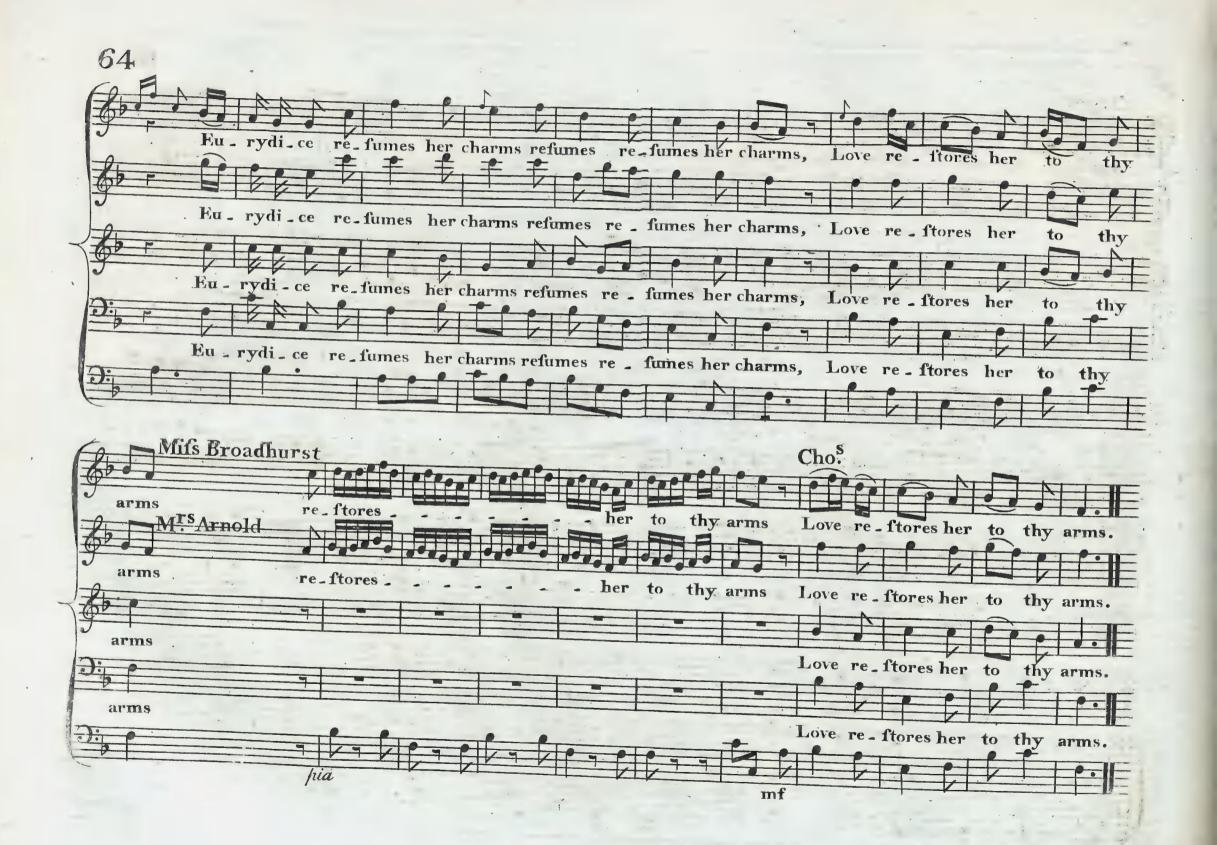


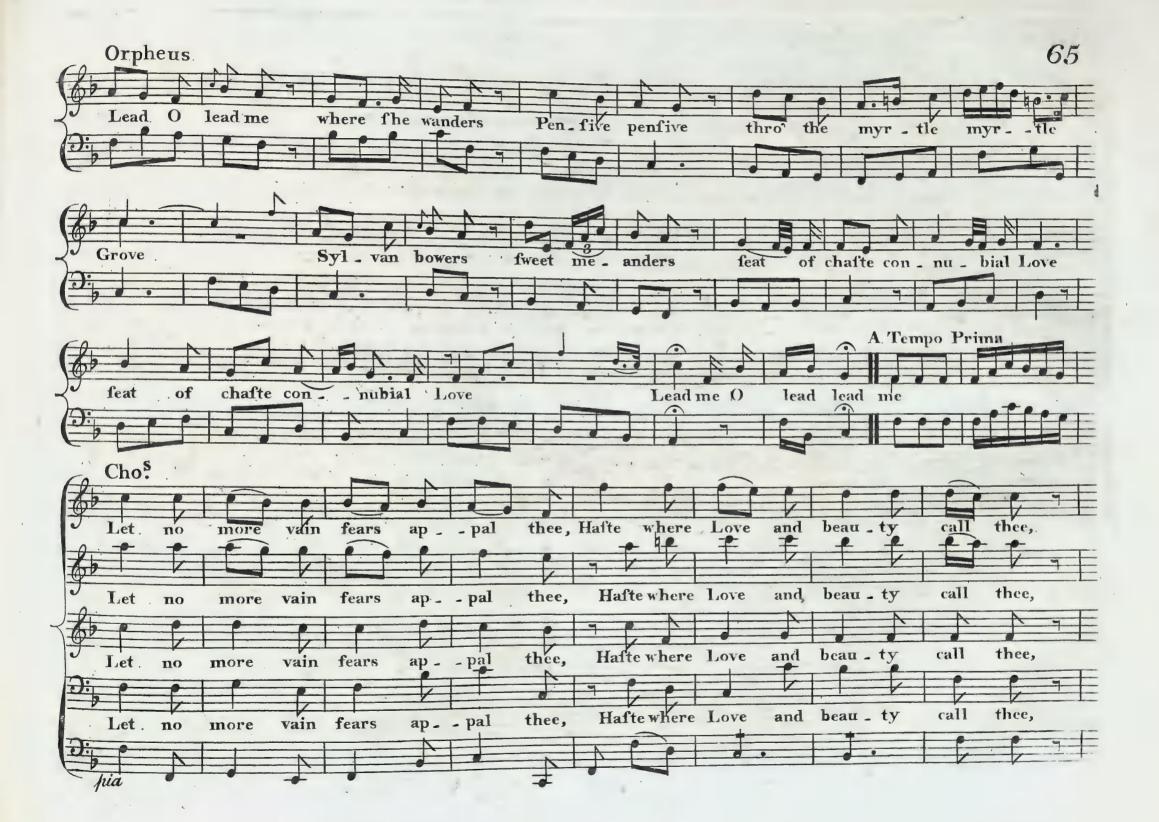


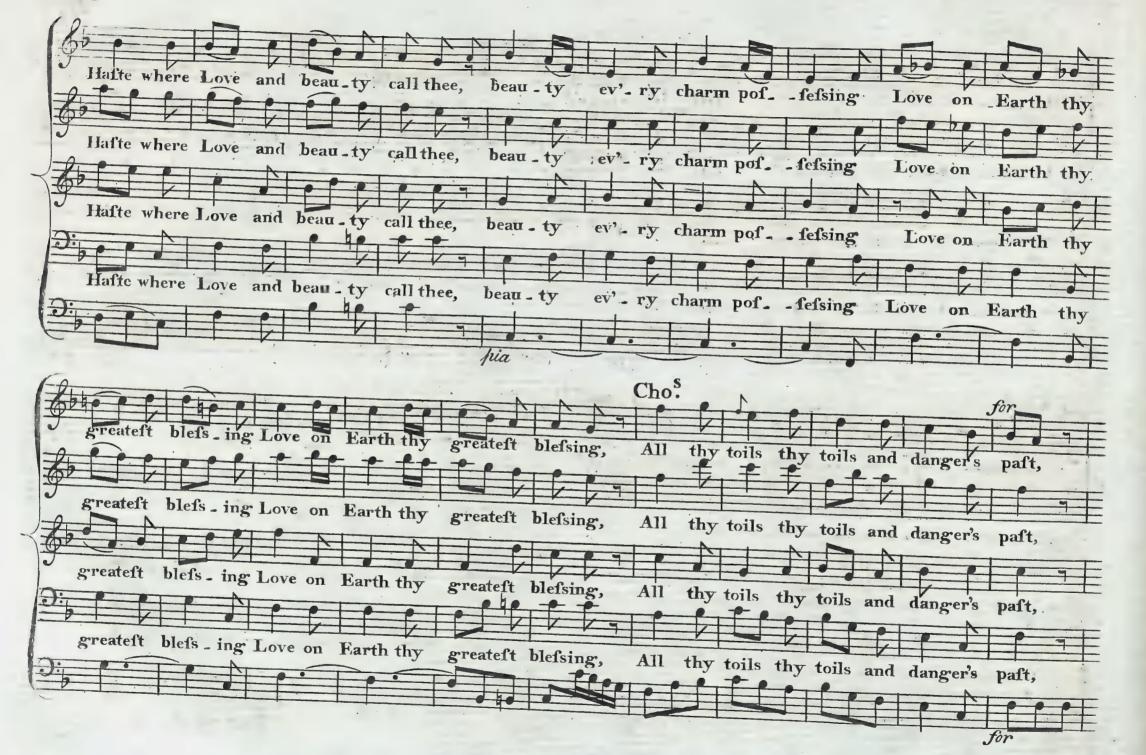


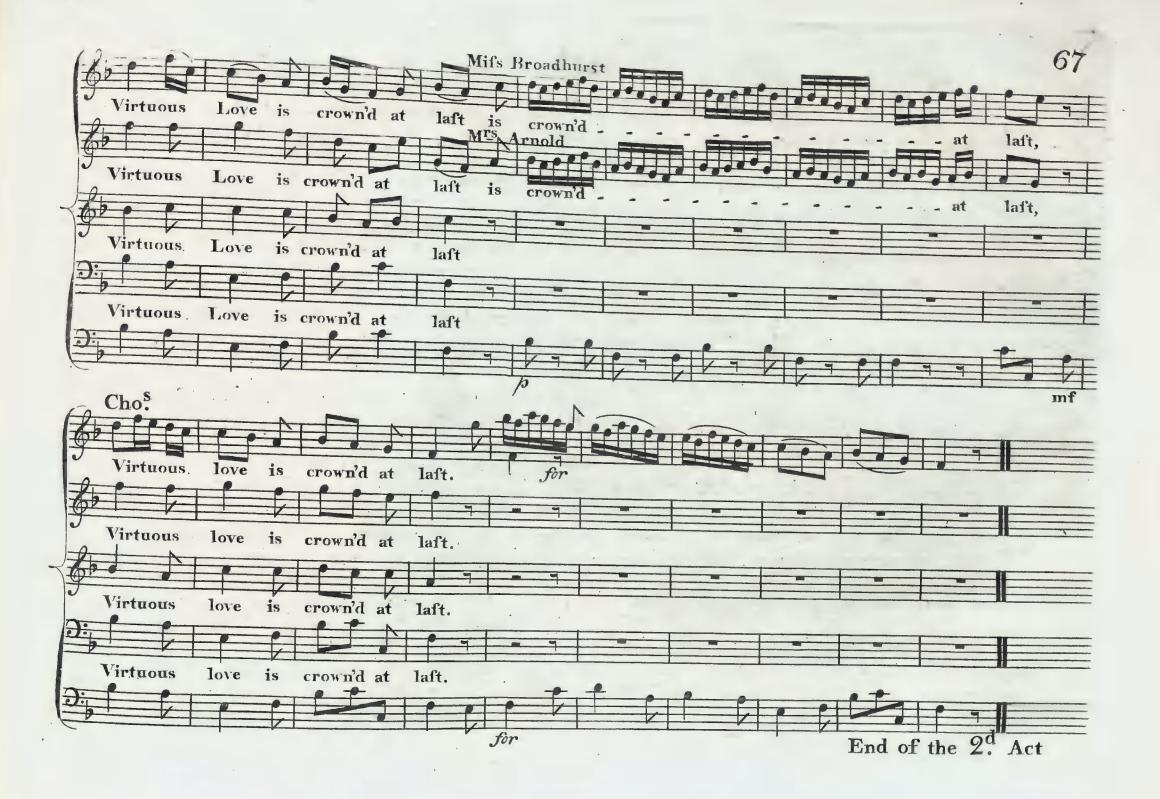


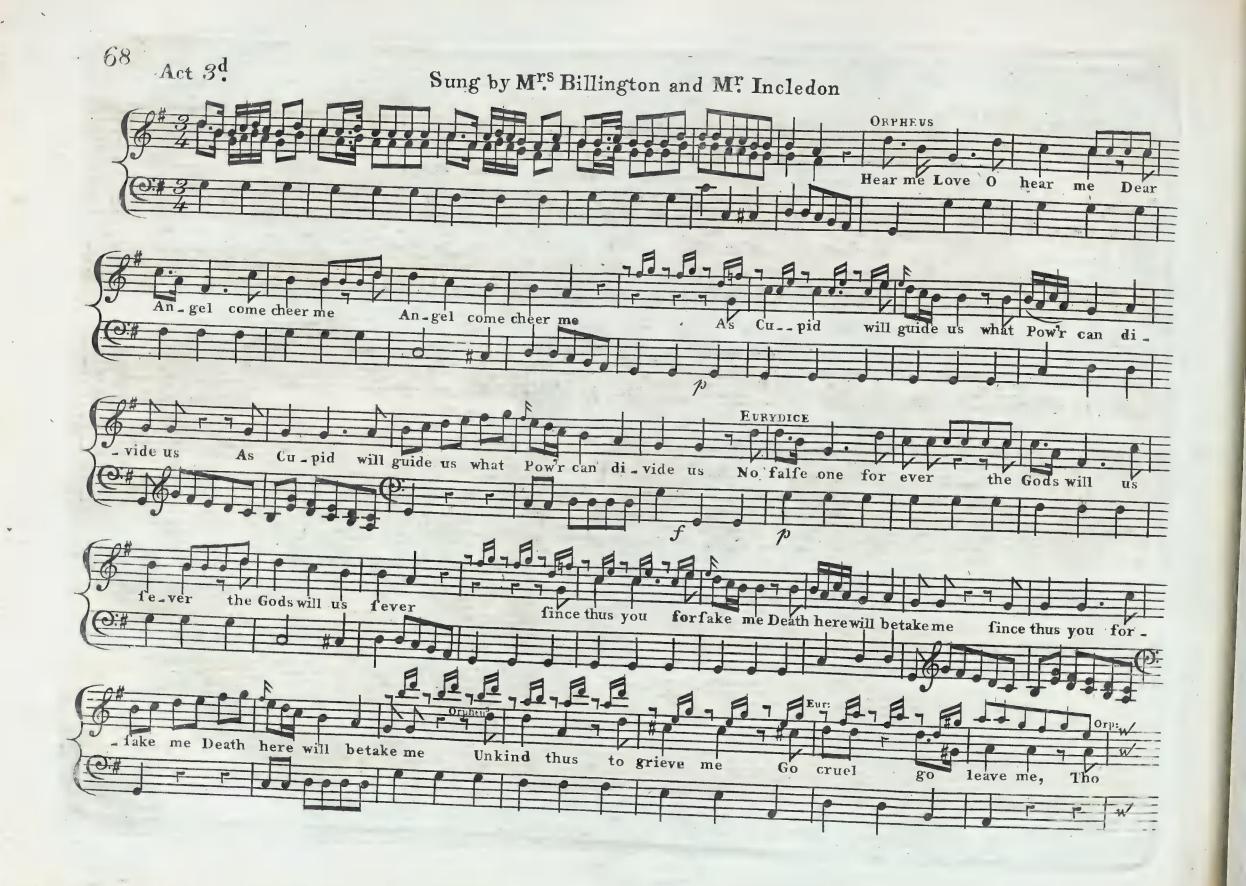






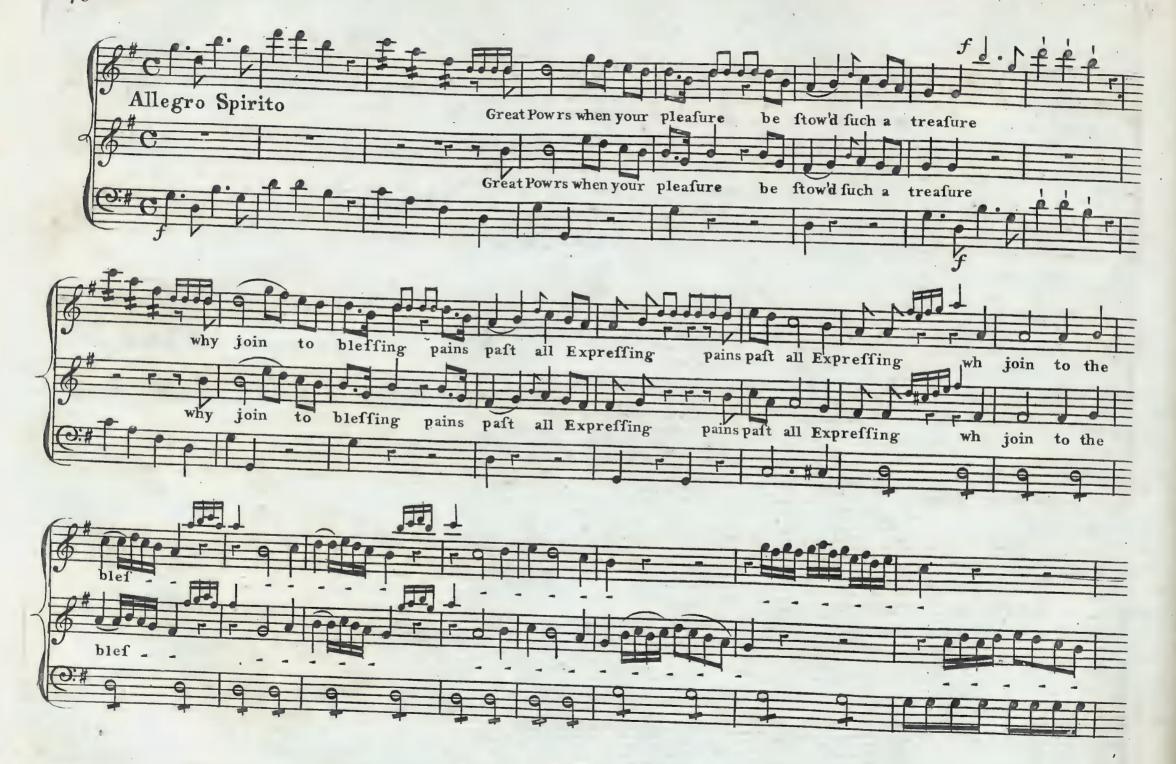


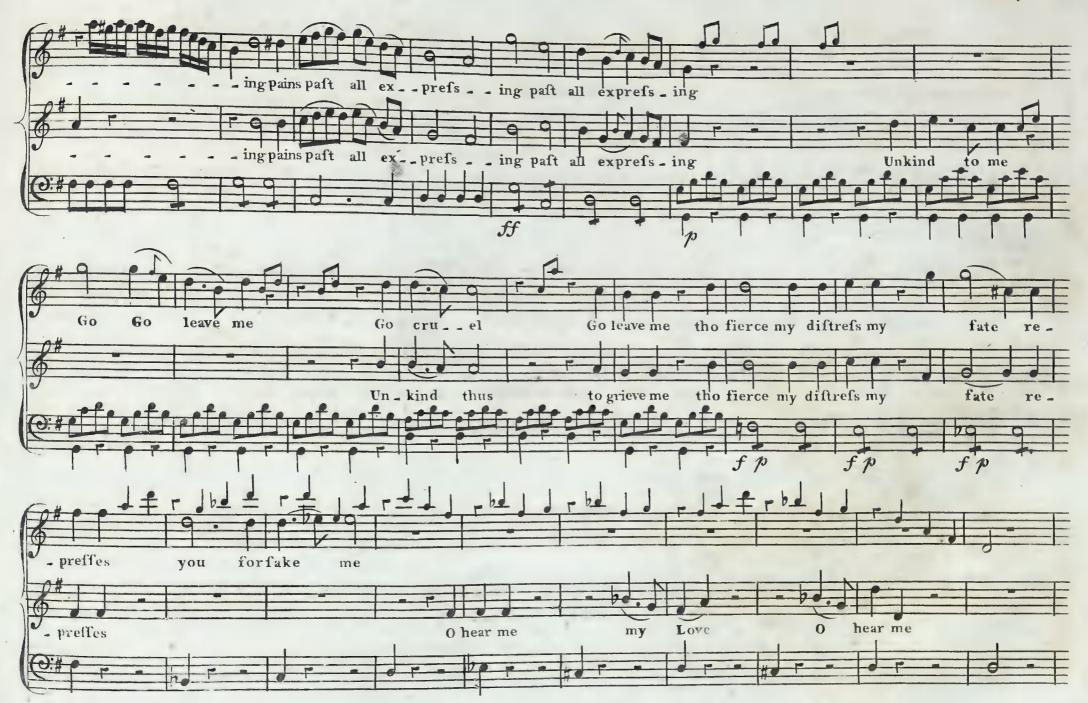




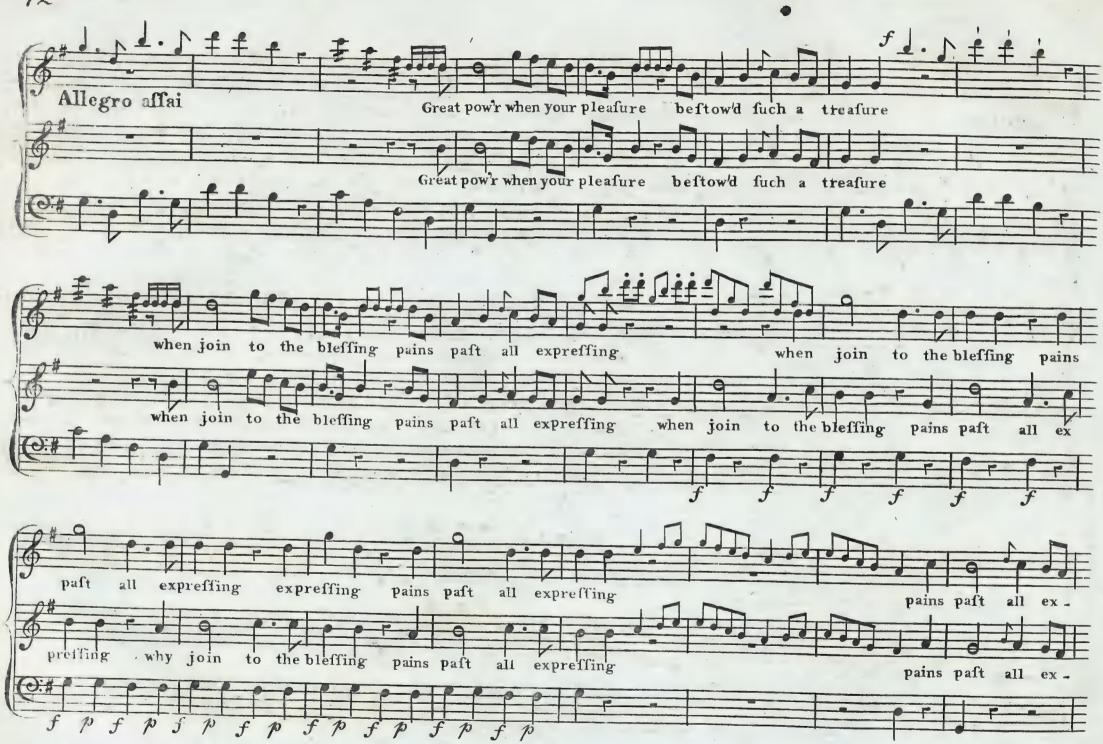


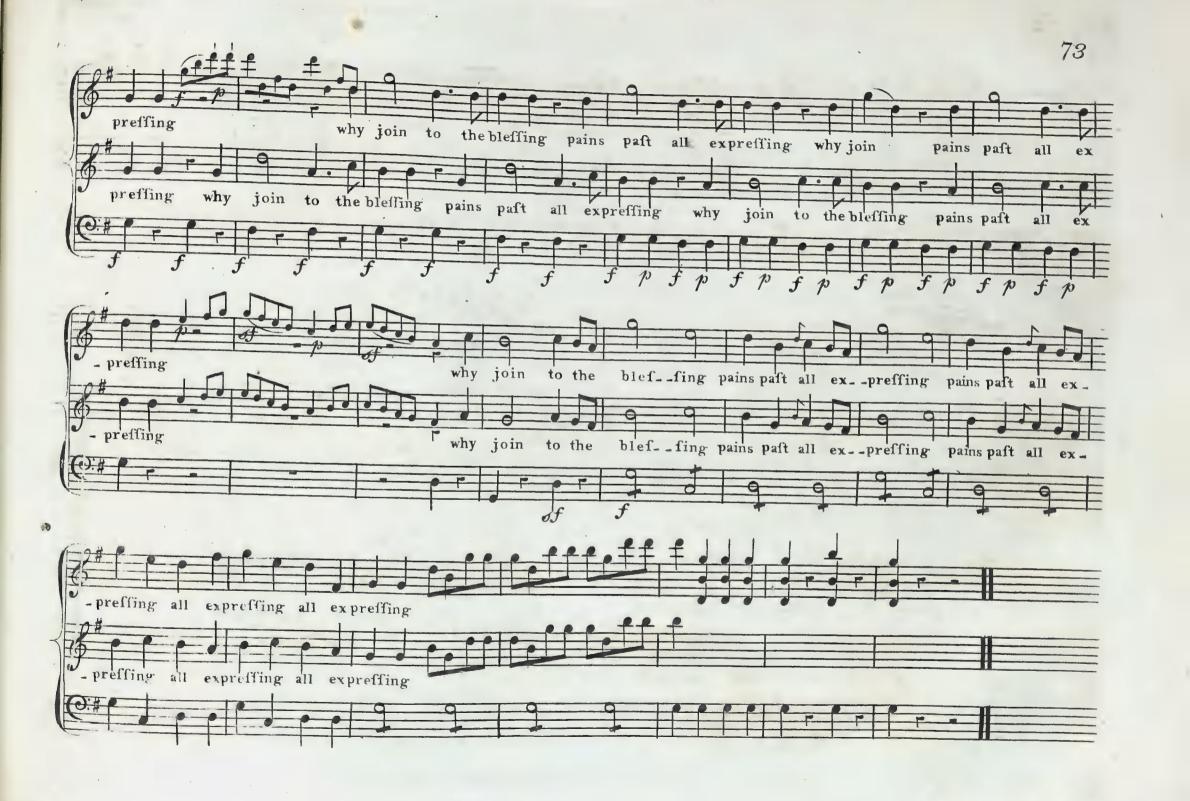


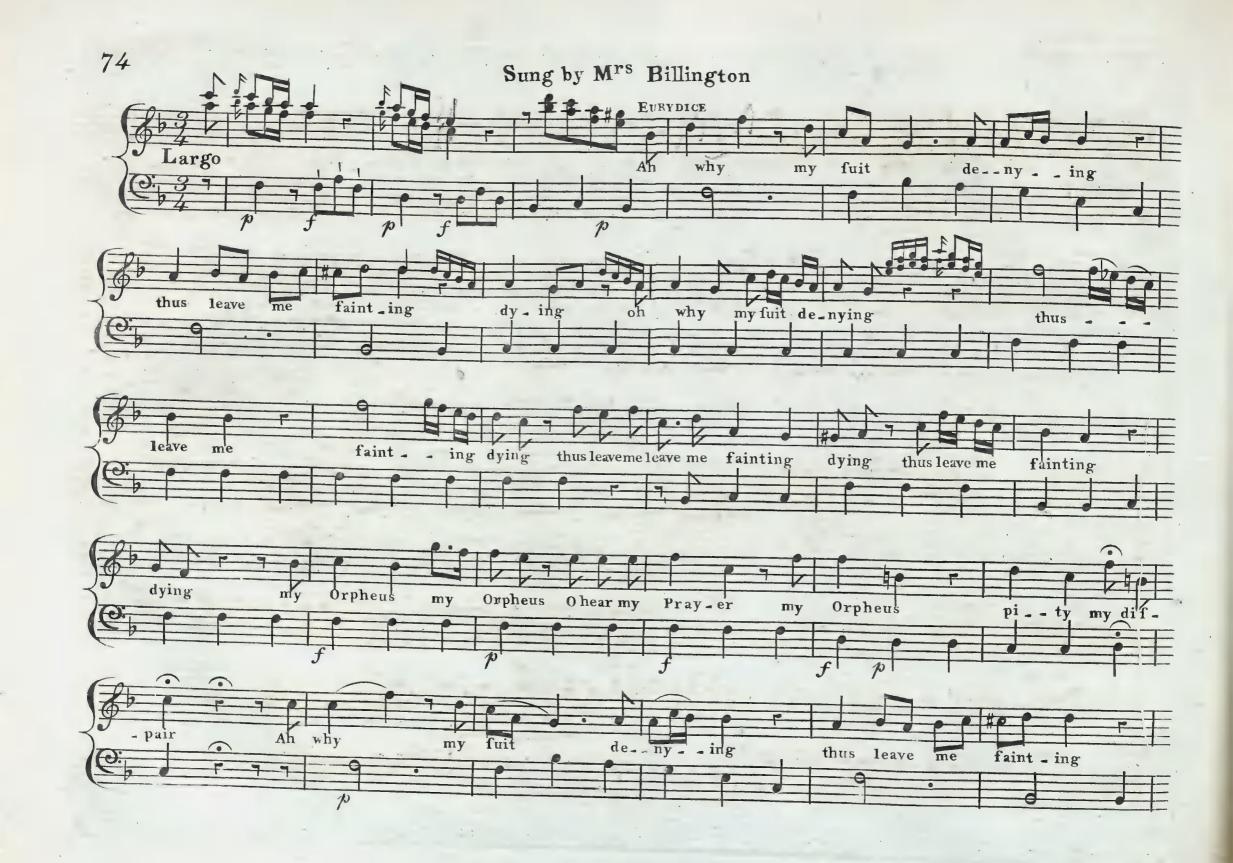


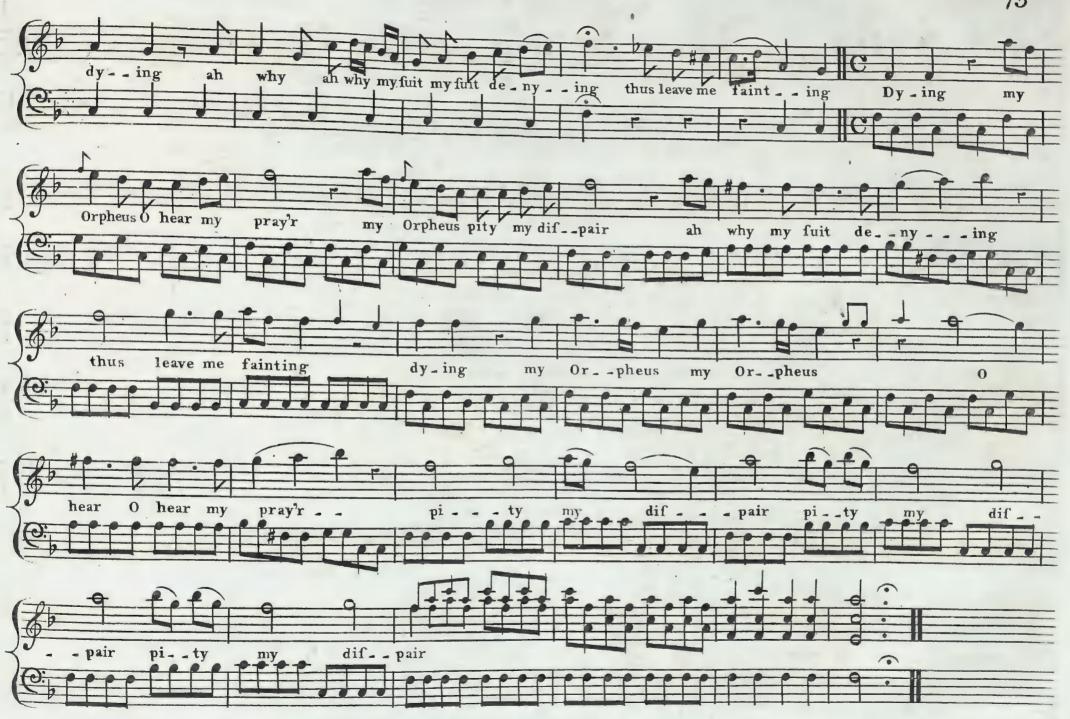


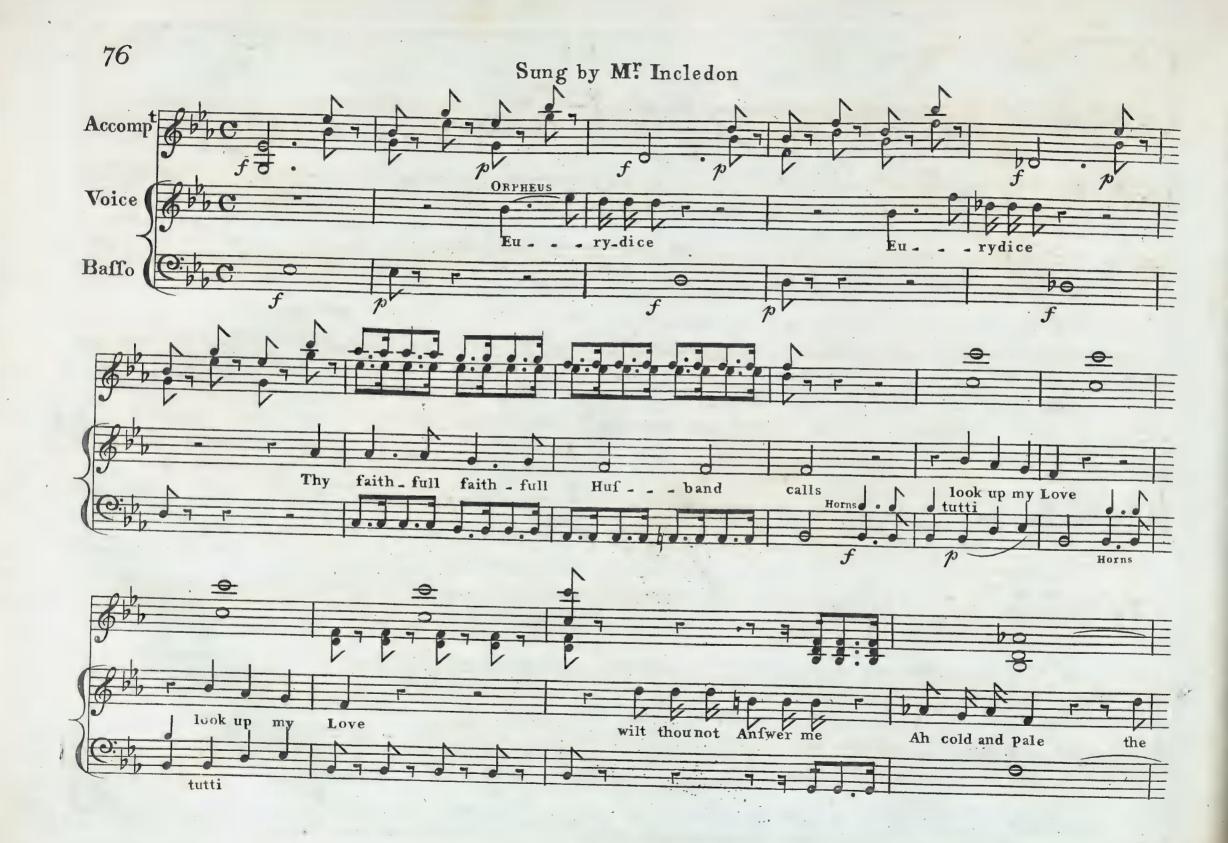


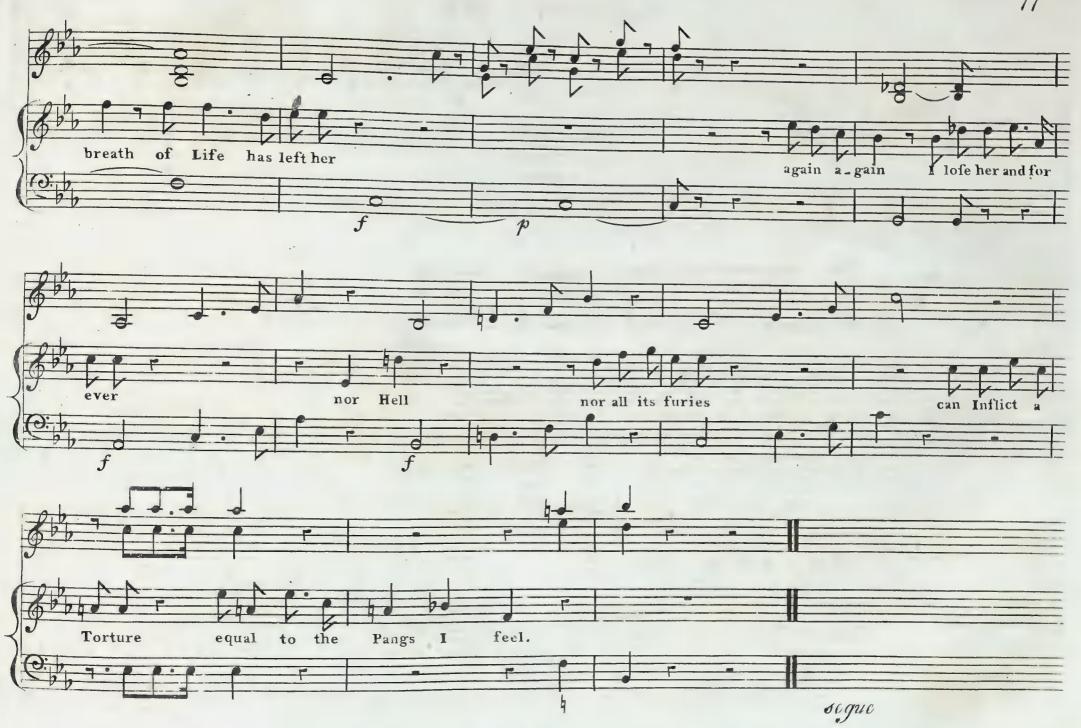


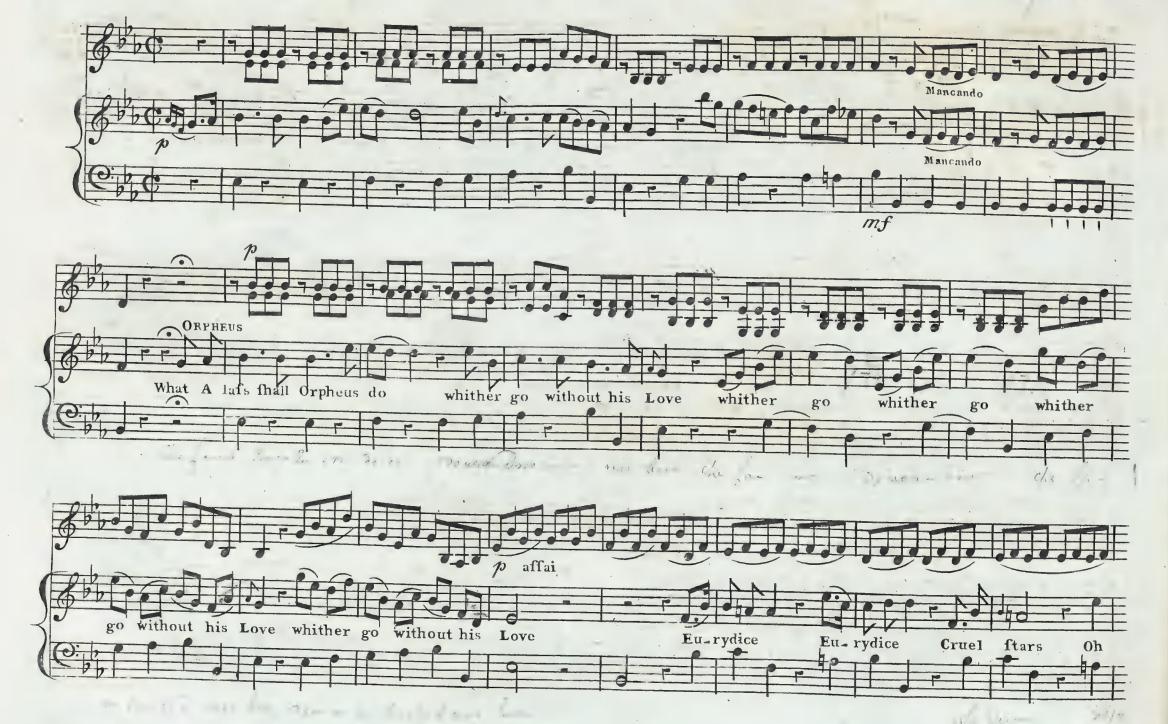


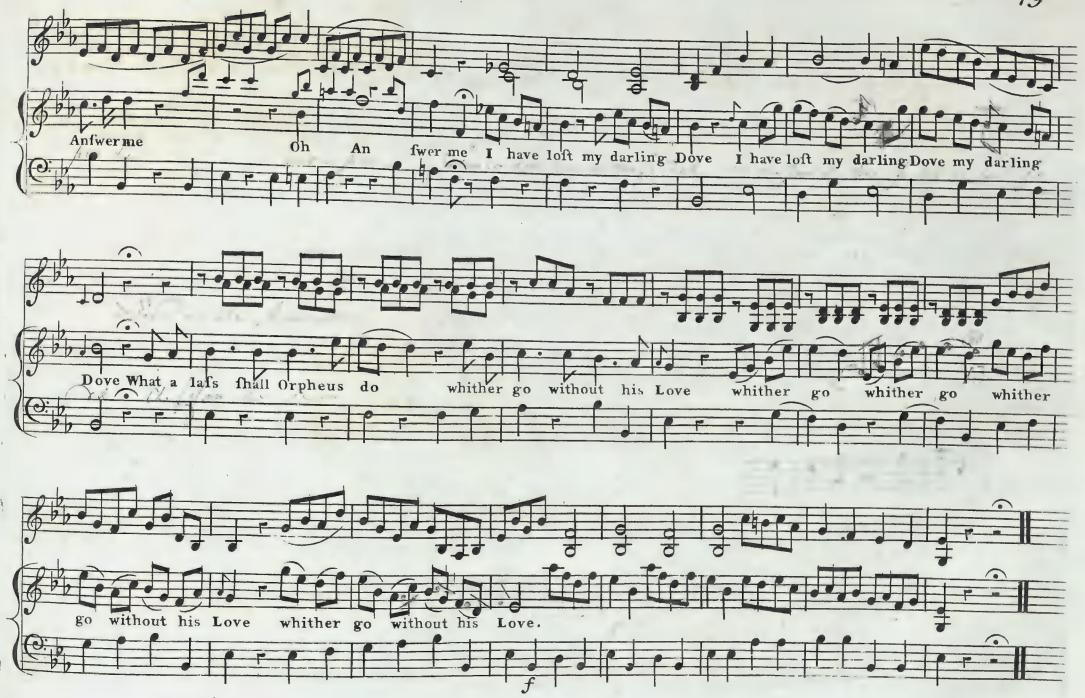




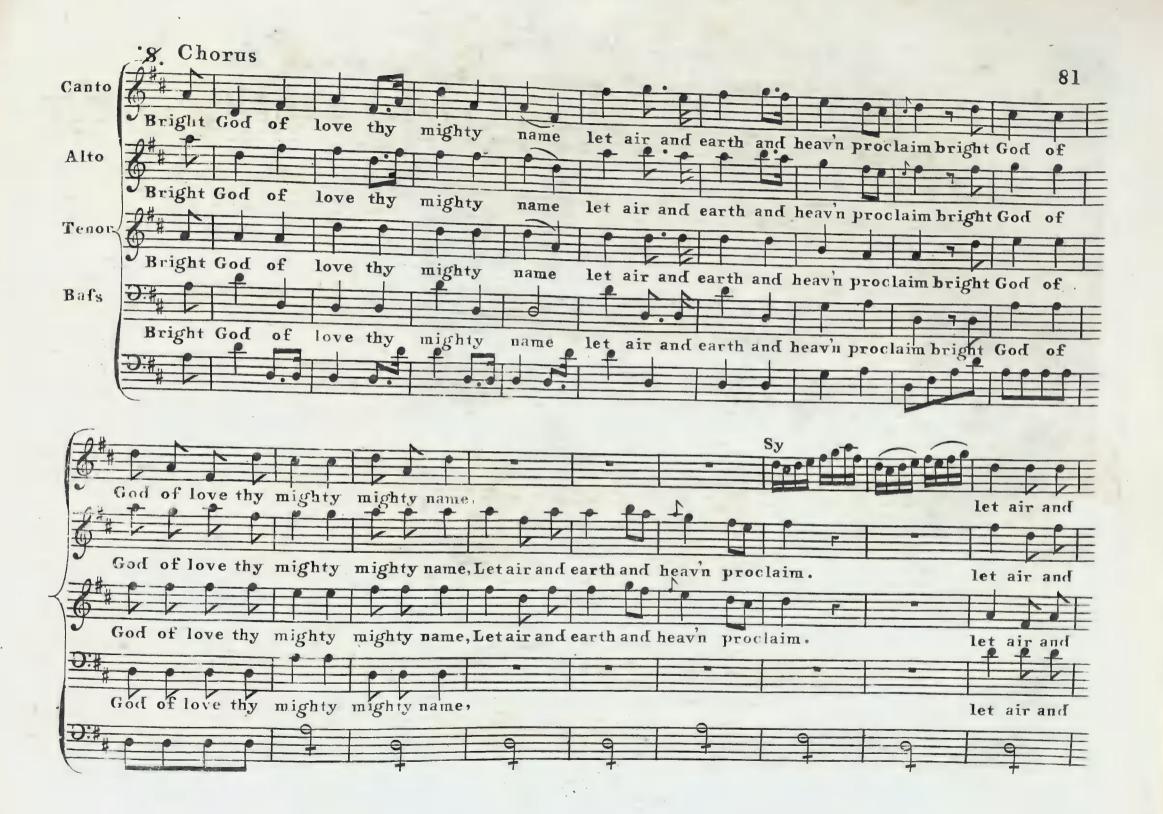


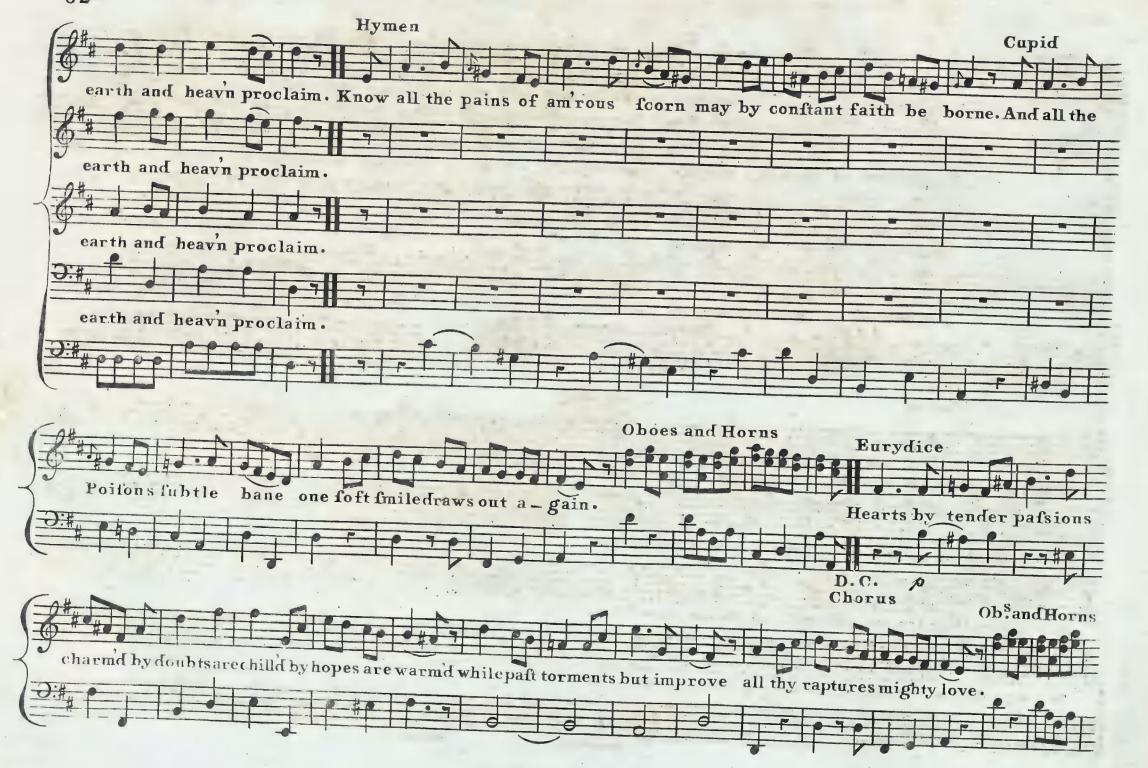


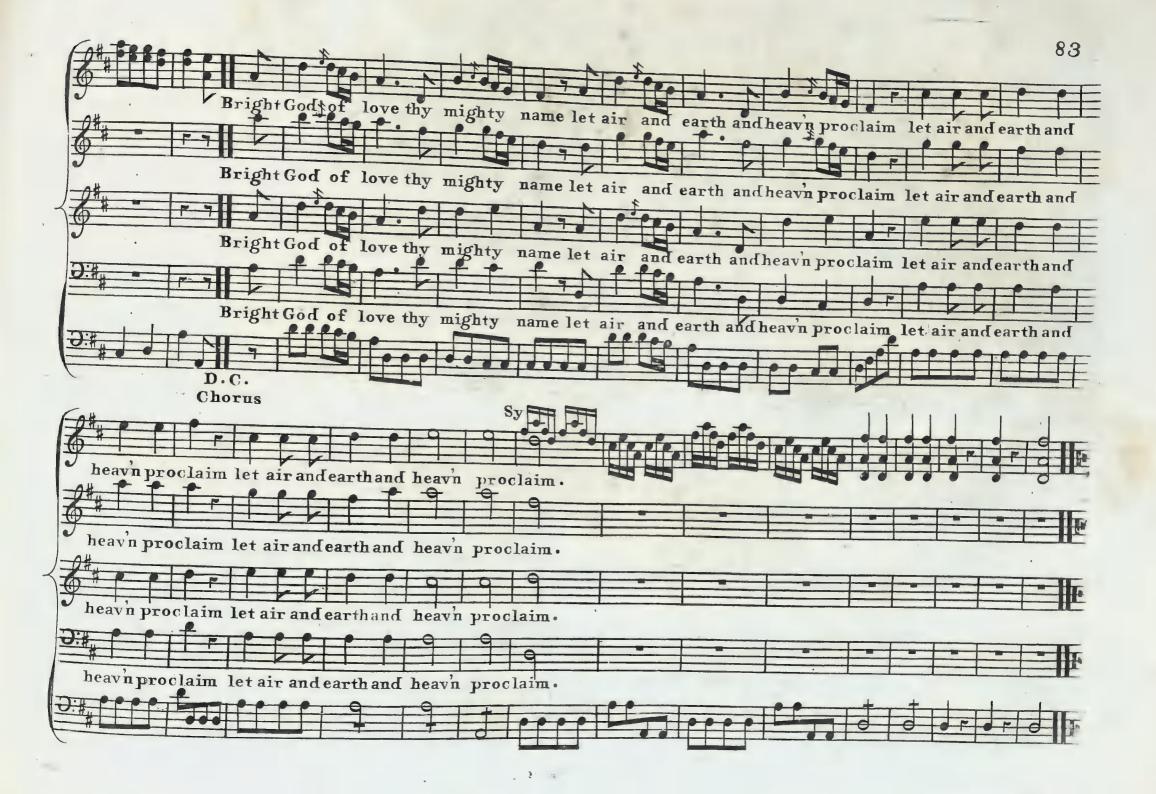


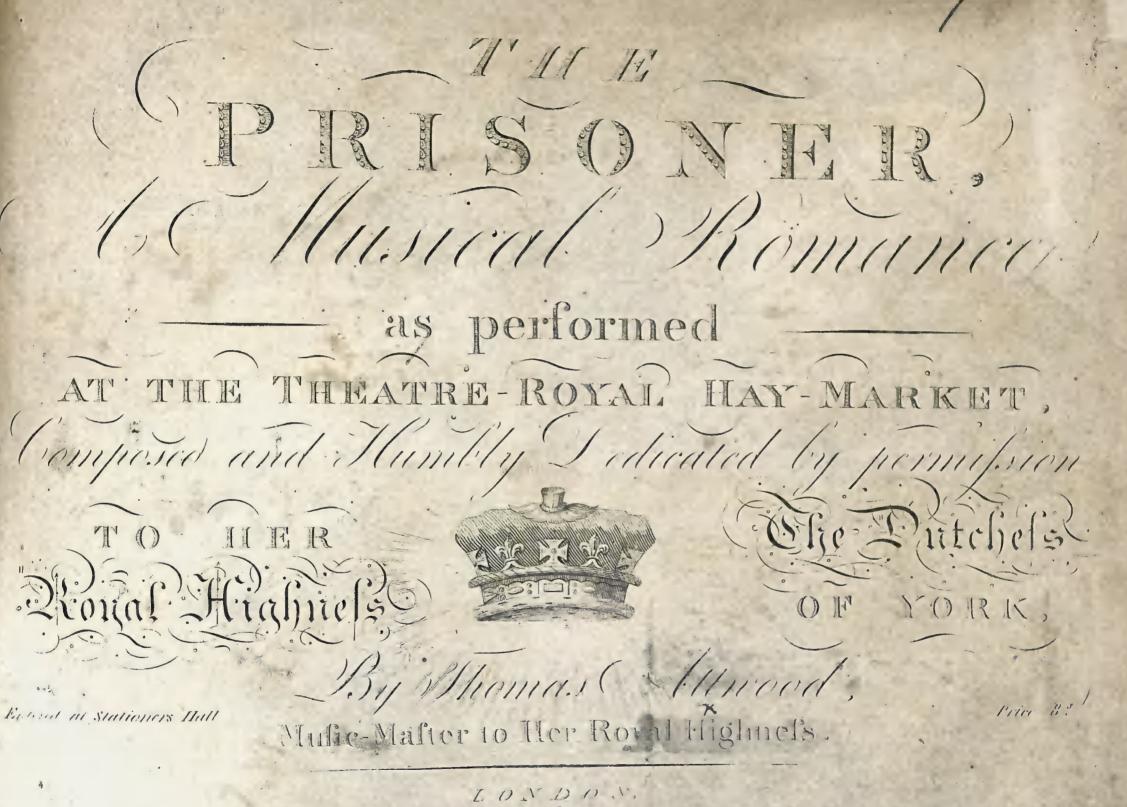




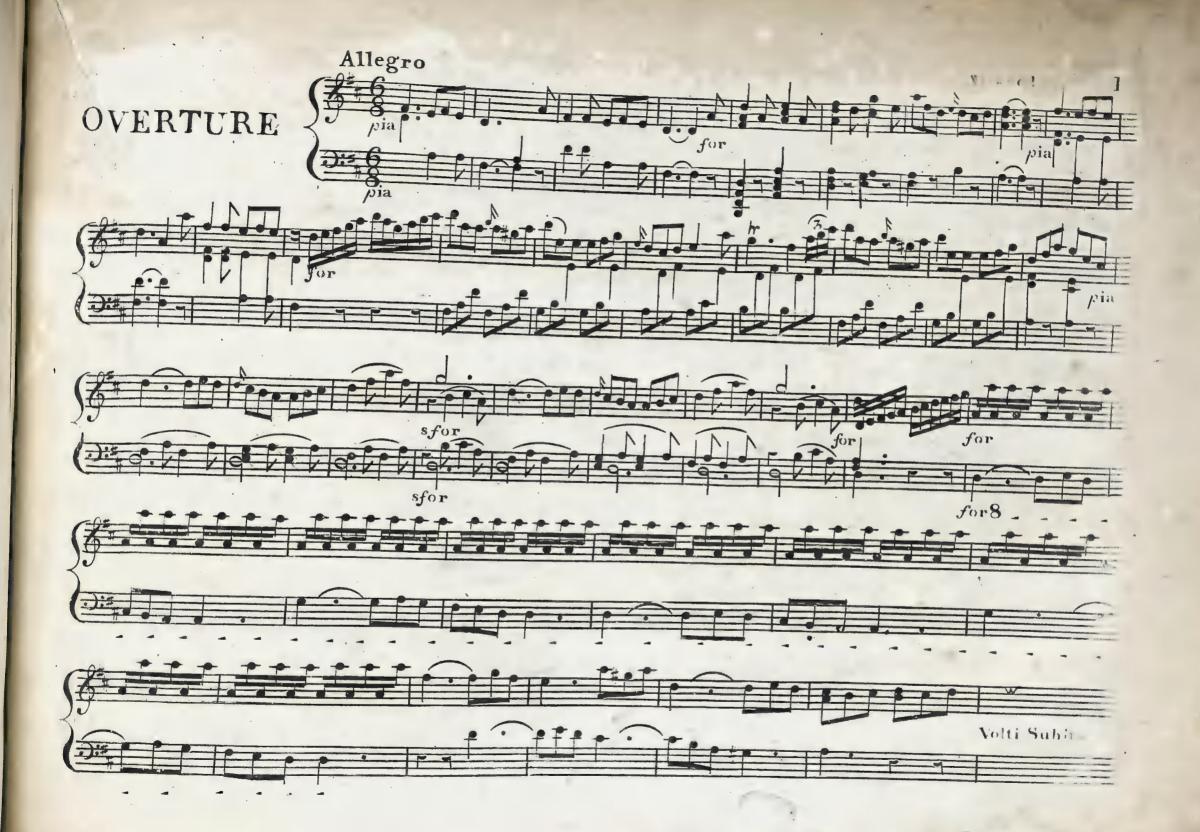


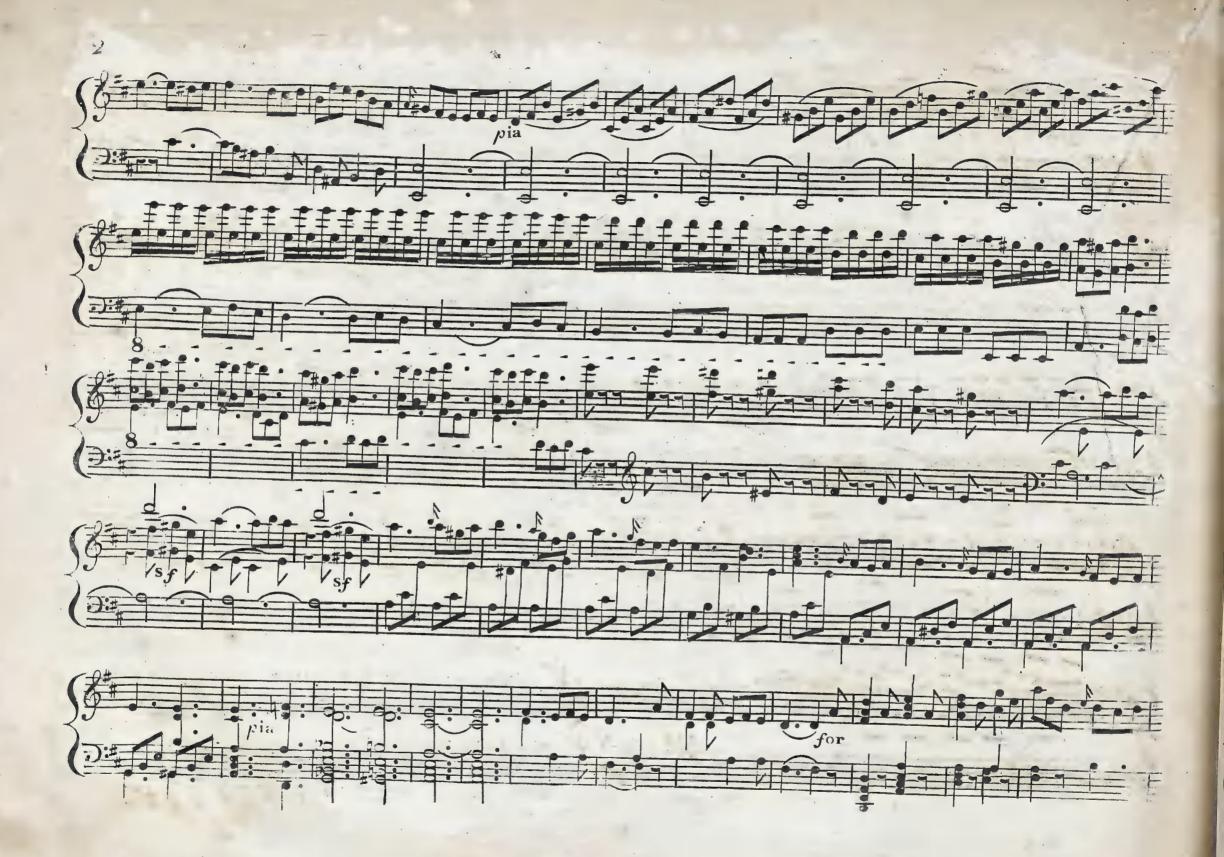


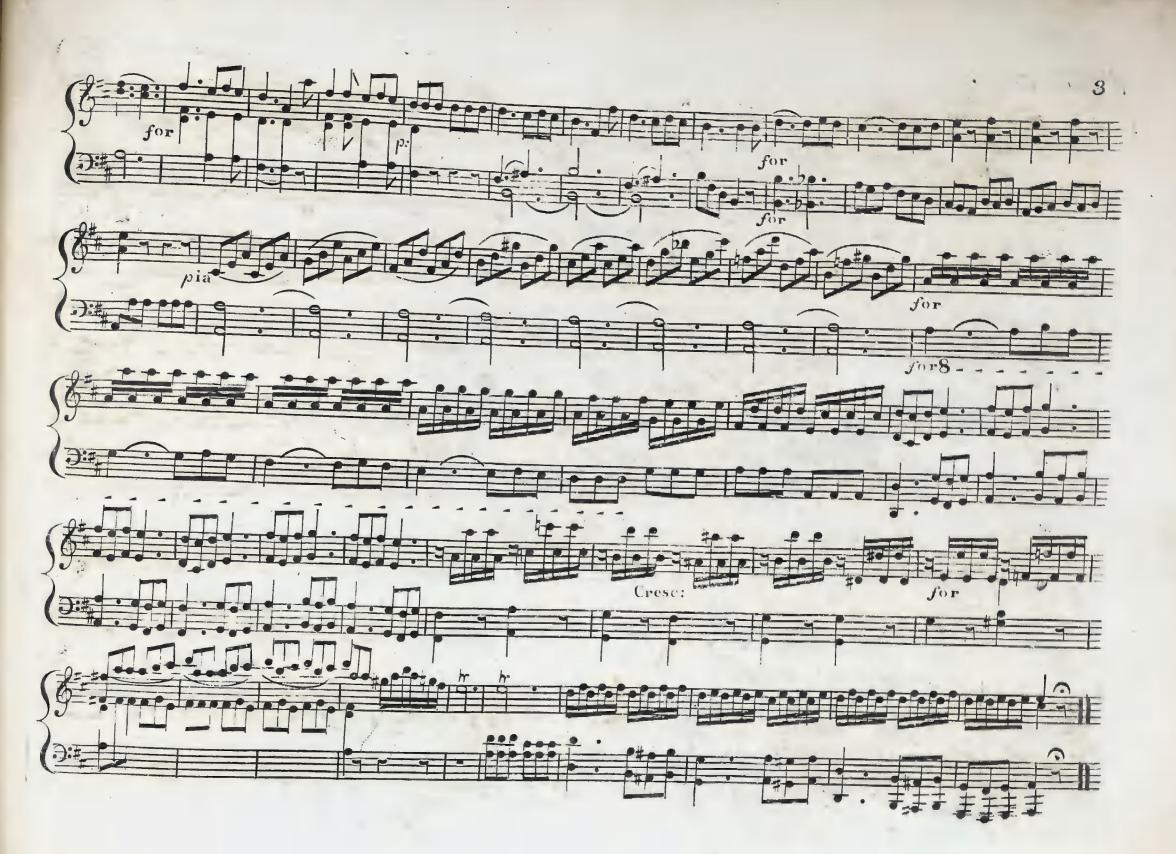


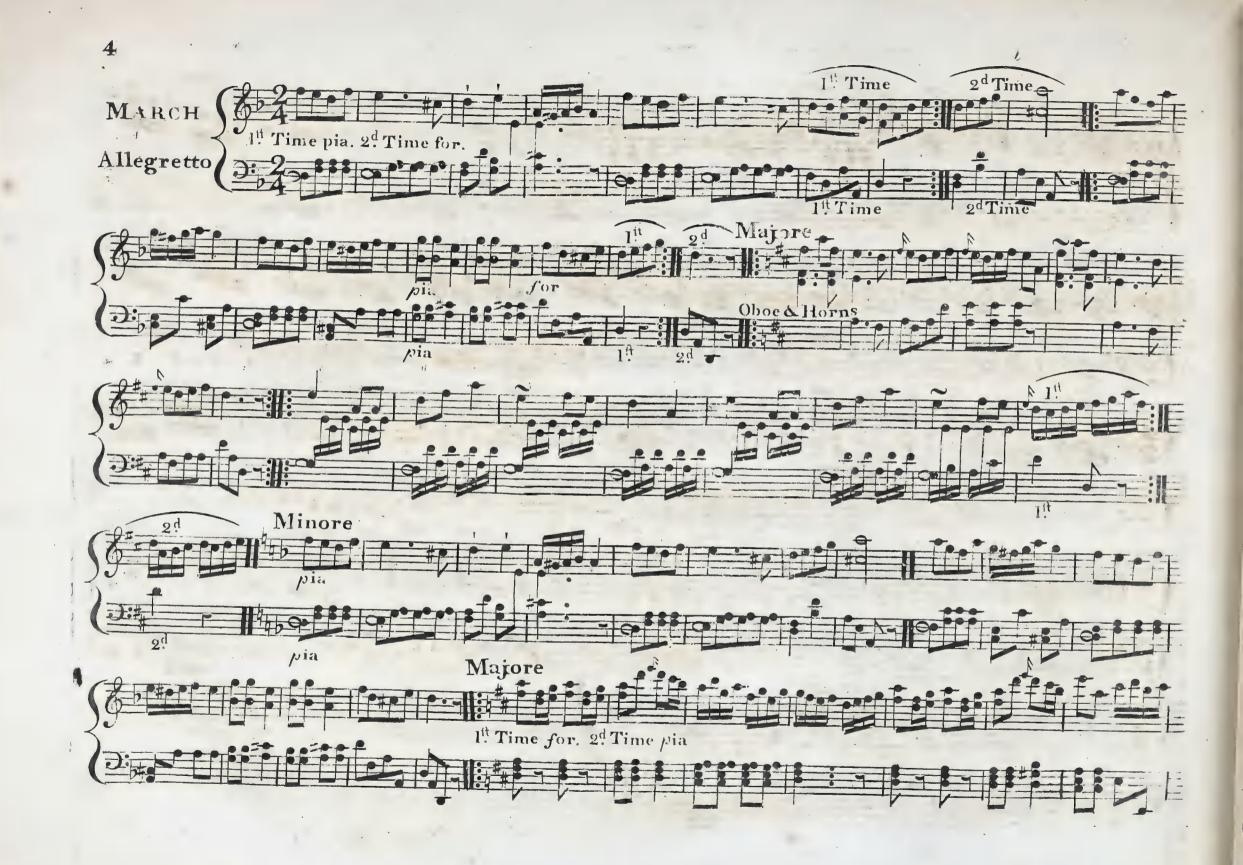


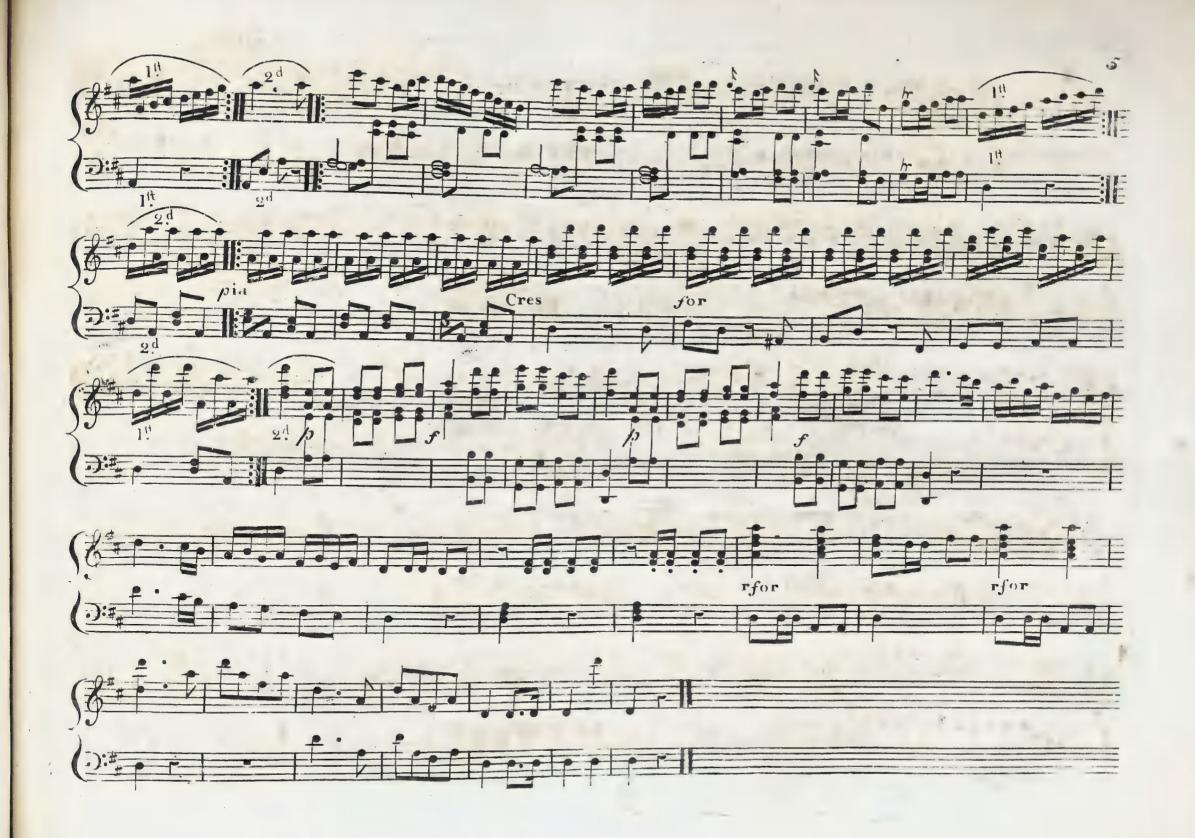
Prime to Langeman, Clementi & Co. 1.24 Charpente, by Tottonham Court-Road:

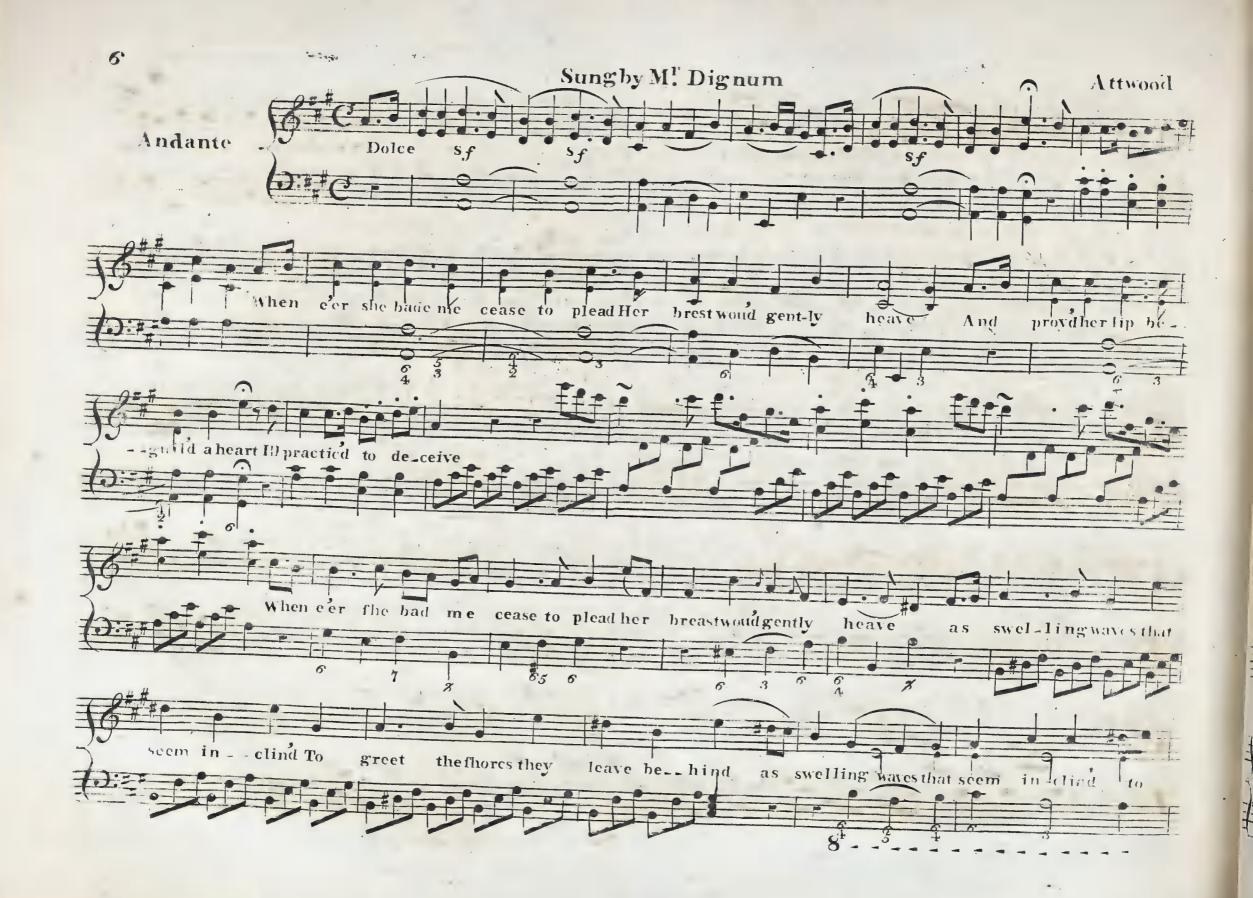


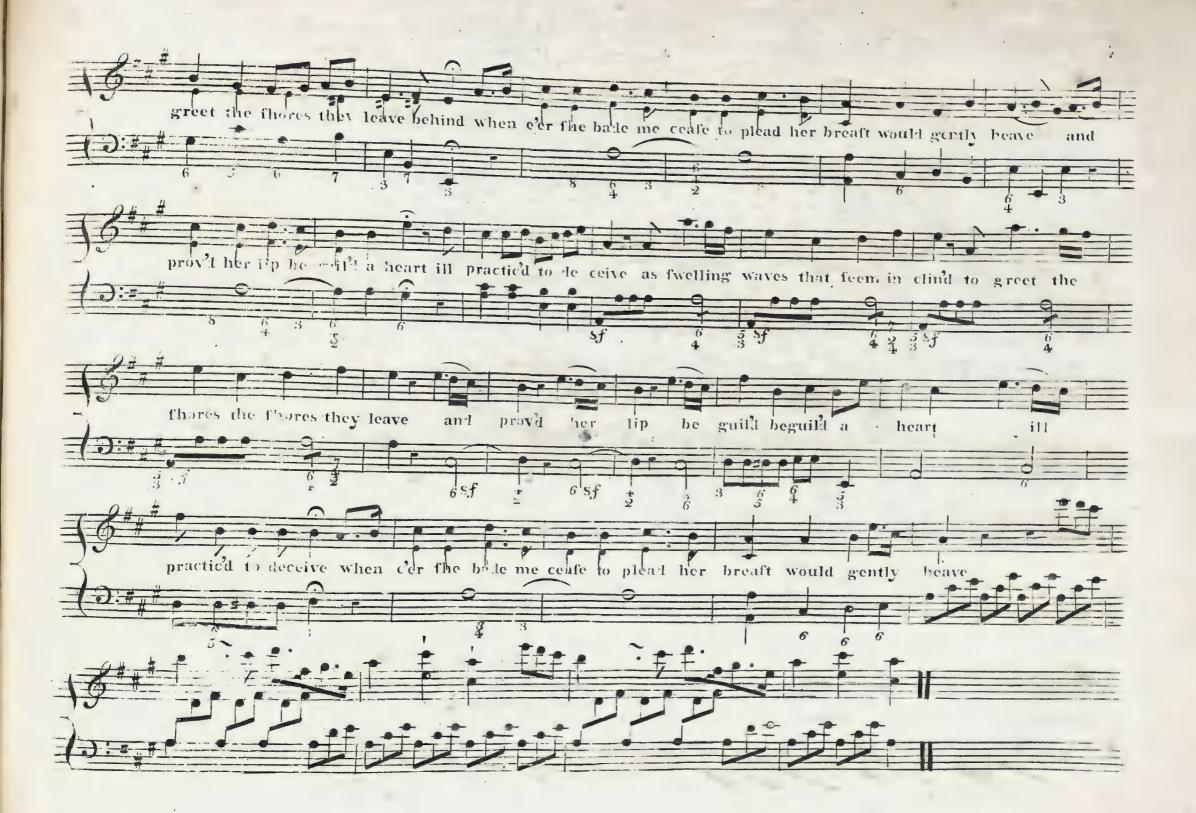


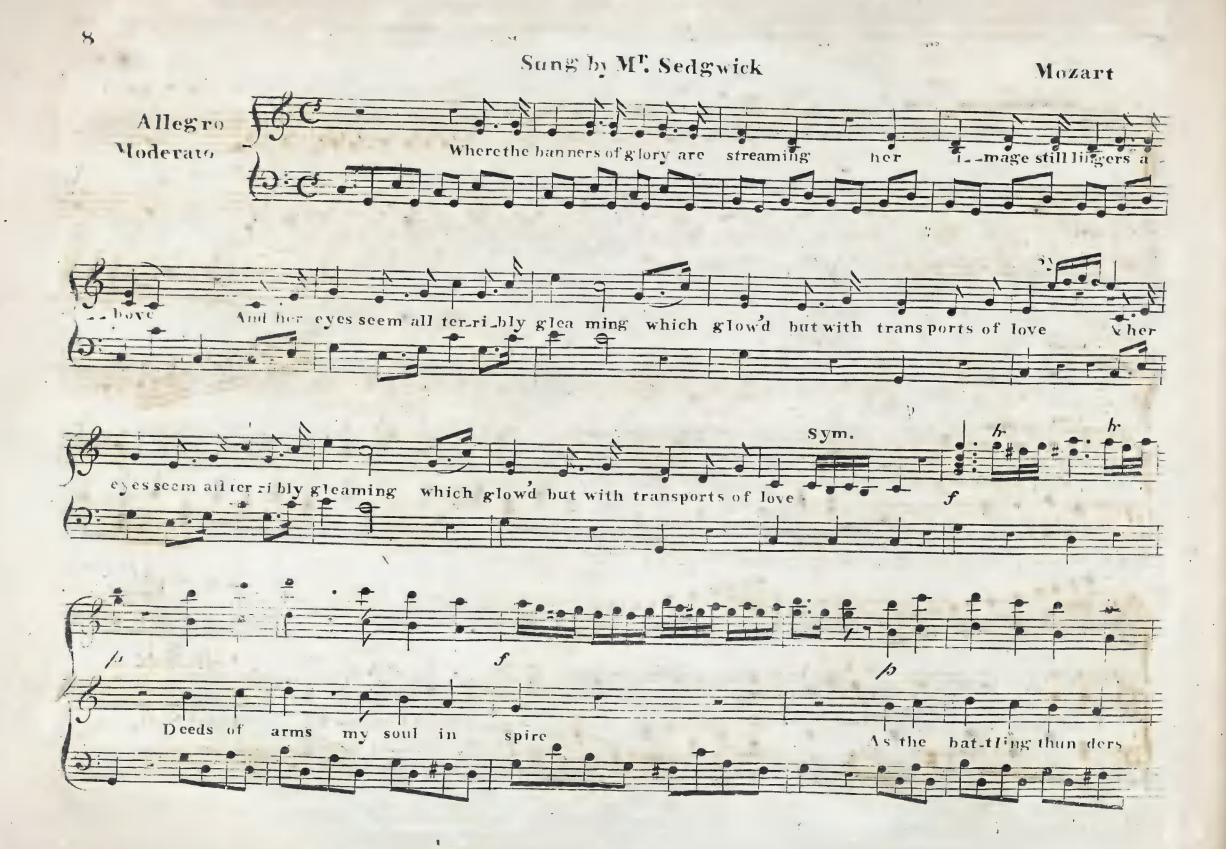


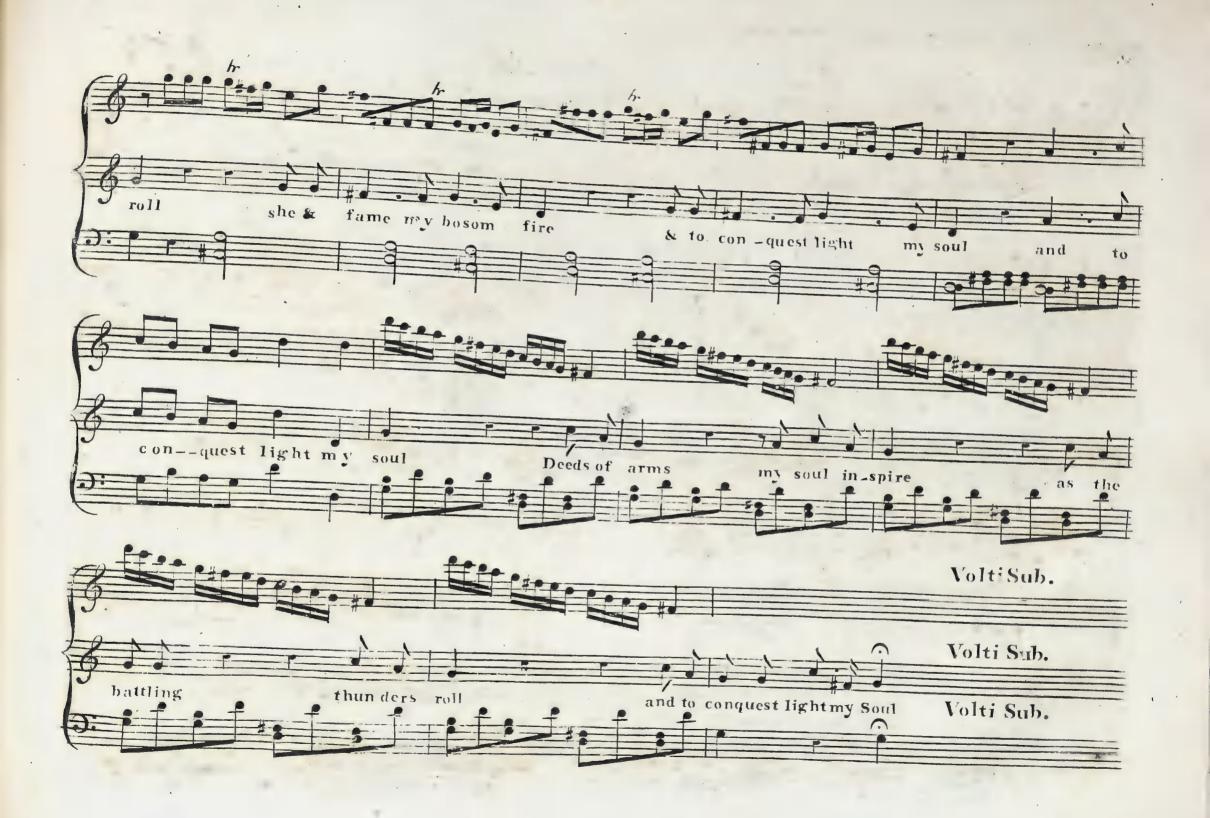




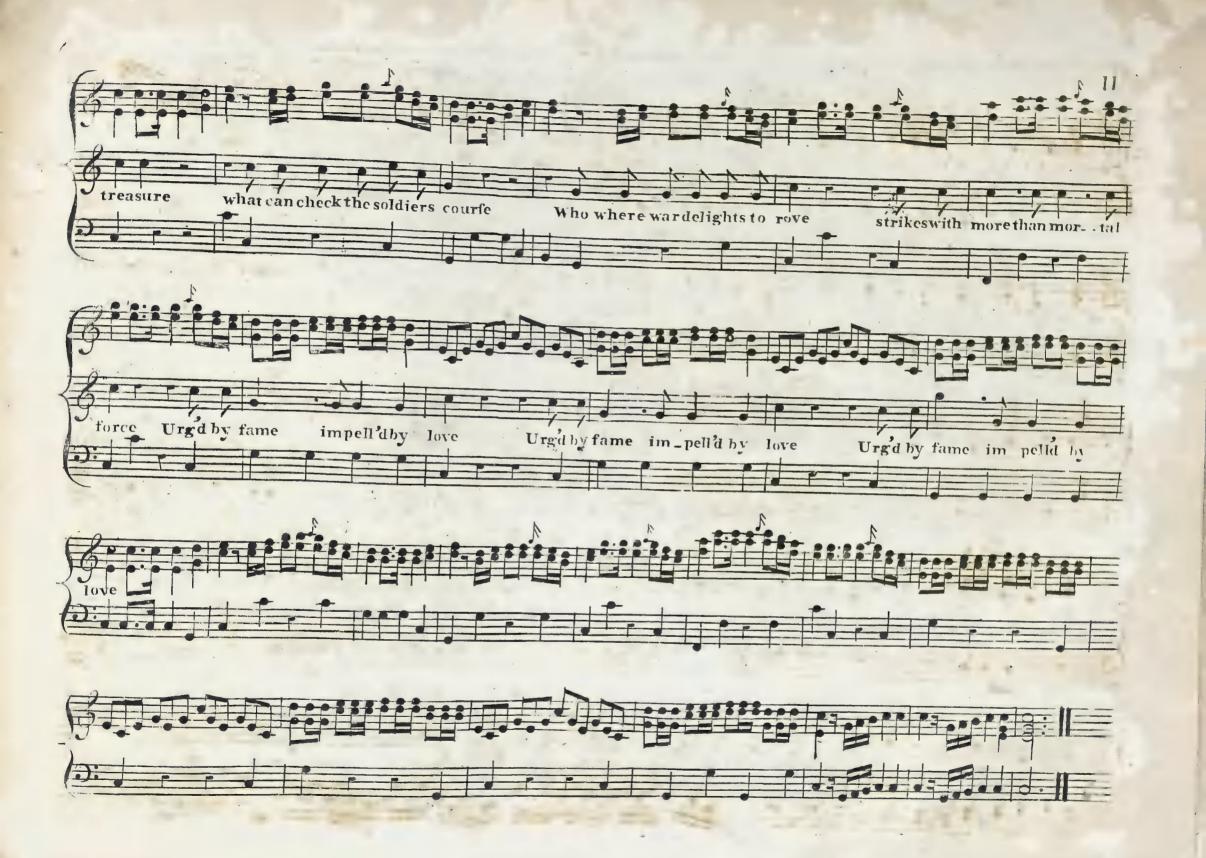




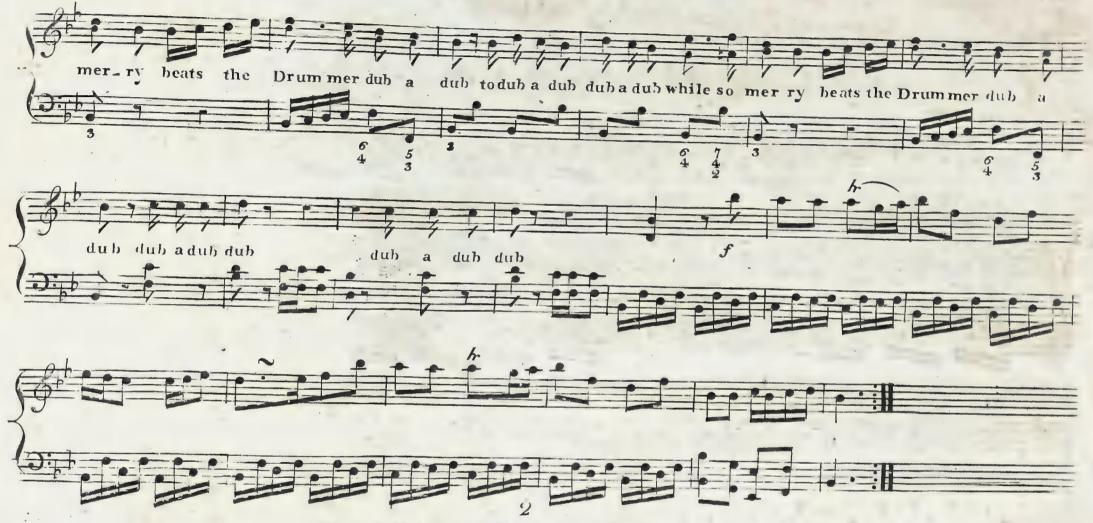












Tho'bluff they look&fierce, that no lions sure are bolder,

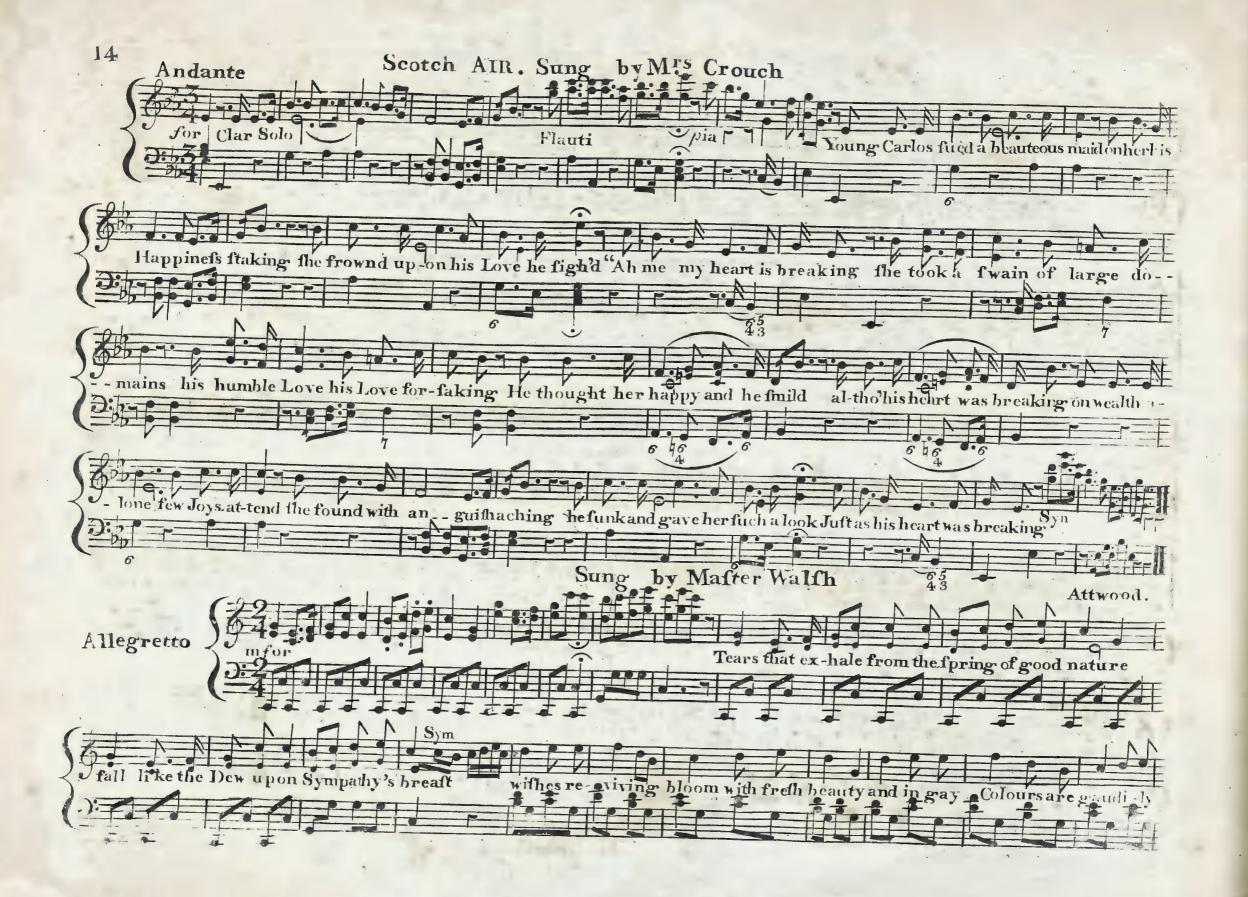
Yet the damsels dont fear em nay one as I live

Came & afkd metogive her my heart but I told her,

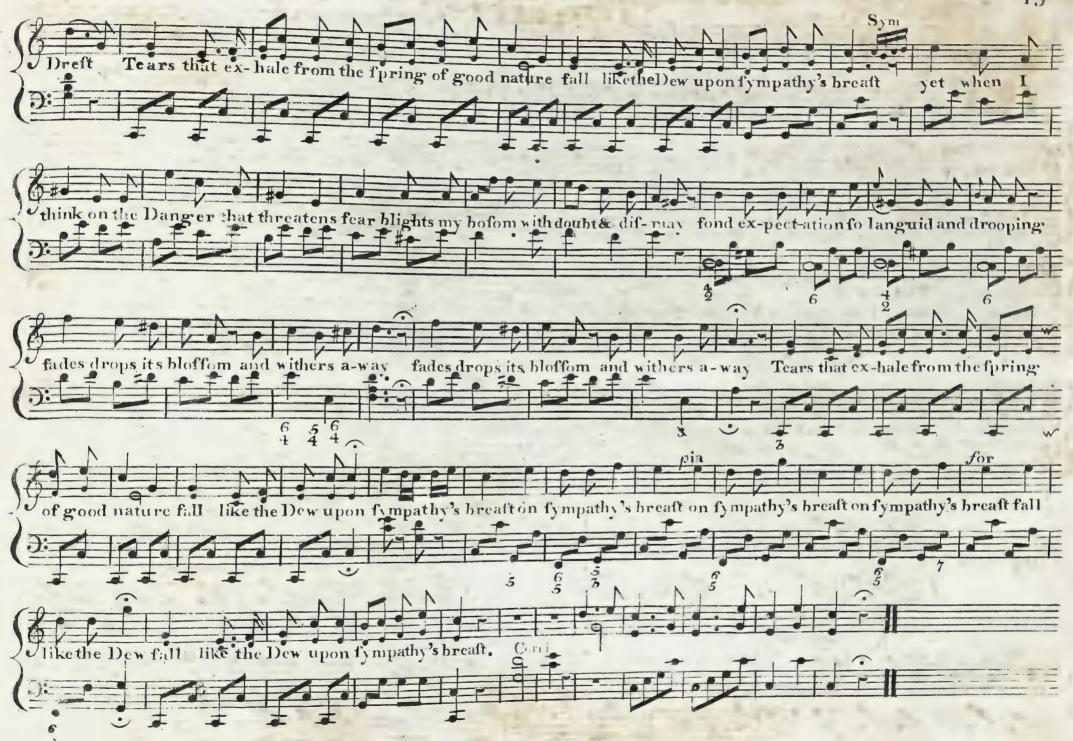
Says I that's hespoke, and I've nothing else to give.

Butduh a duh ever merry

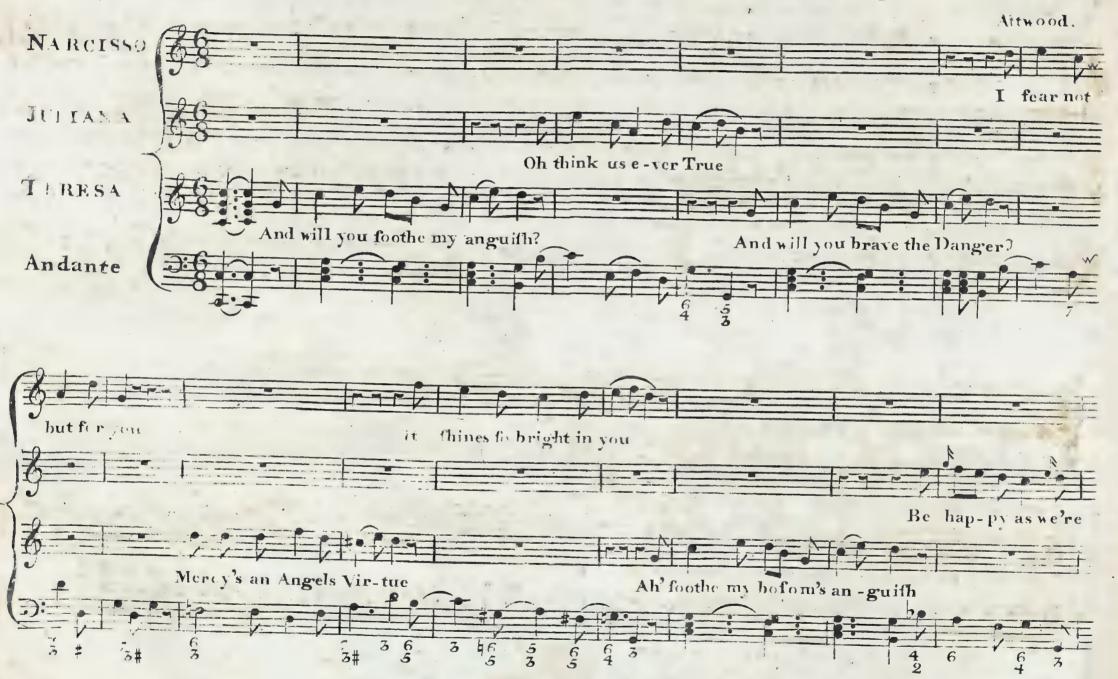
Beats the drummer dub adub

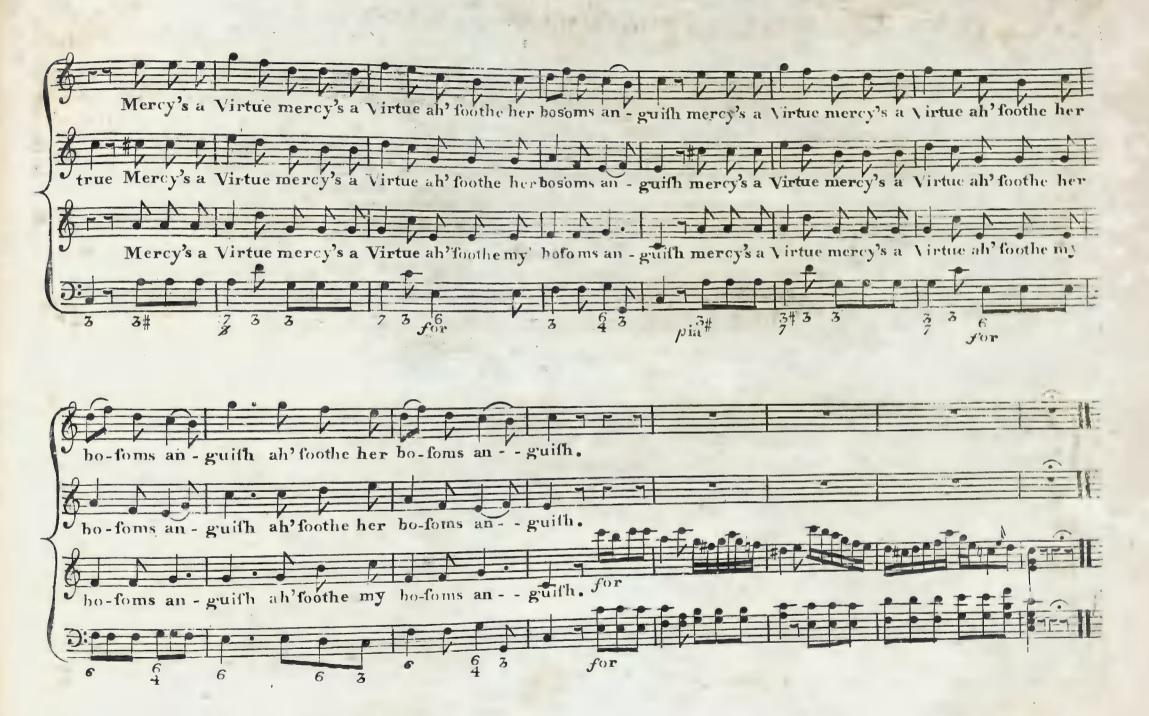




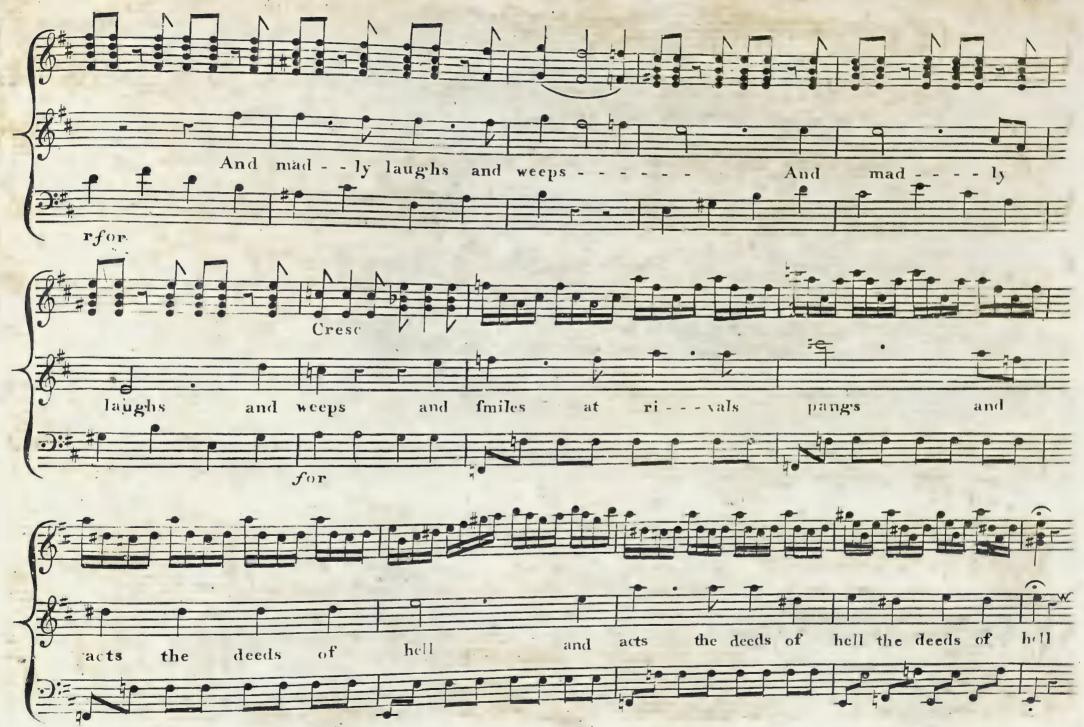


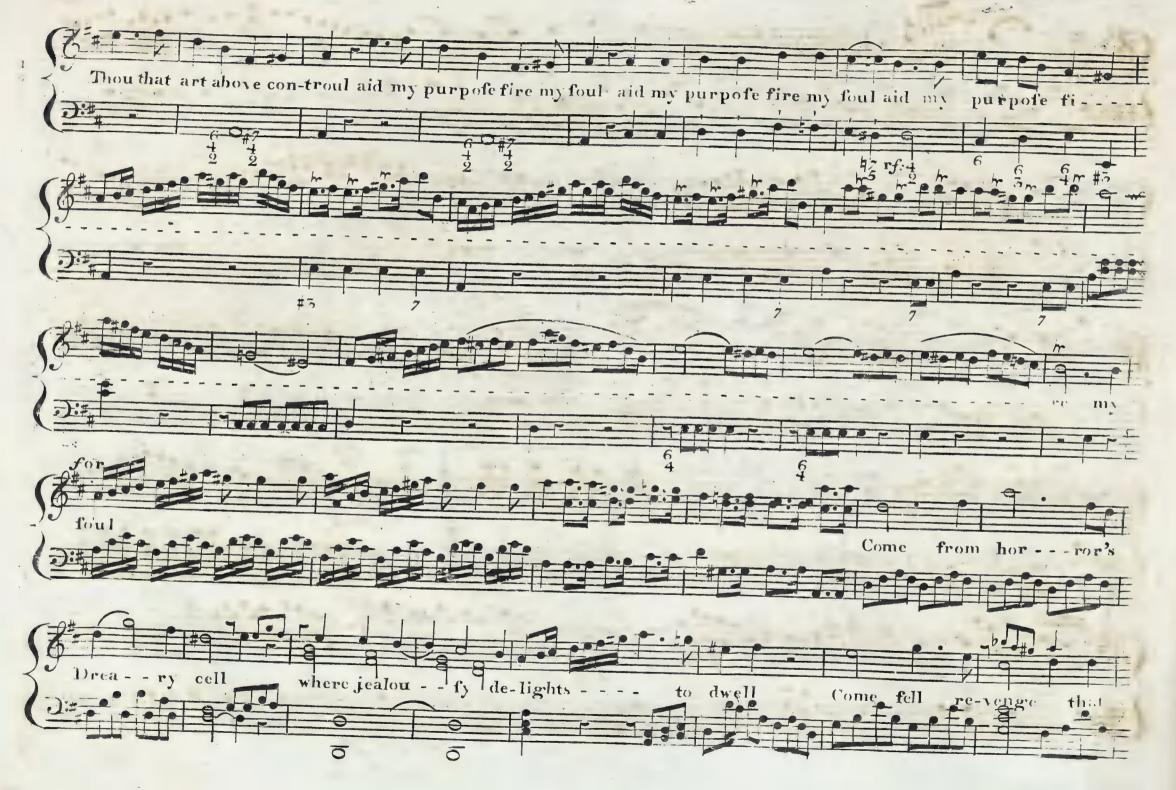
TRIO, Sung by Master Walch, Miss Menage and Miss De Camp.

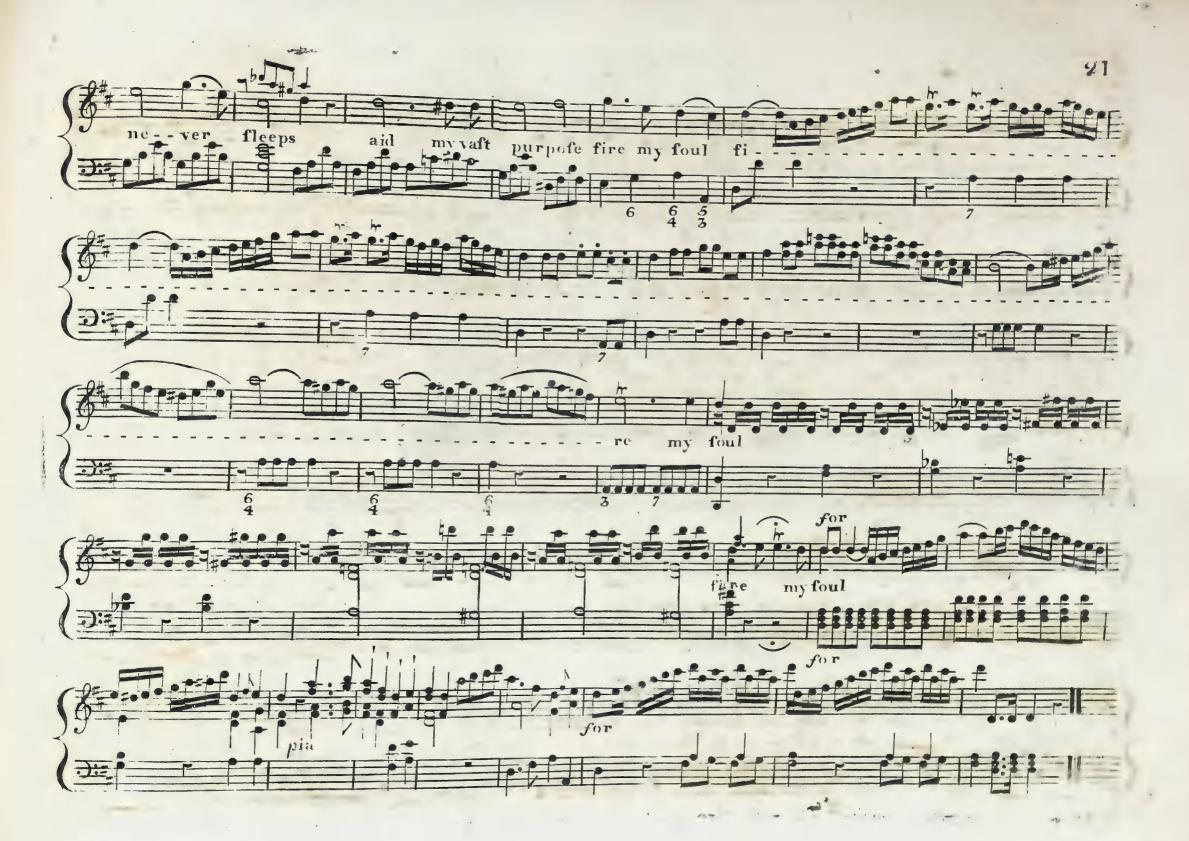


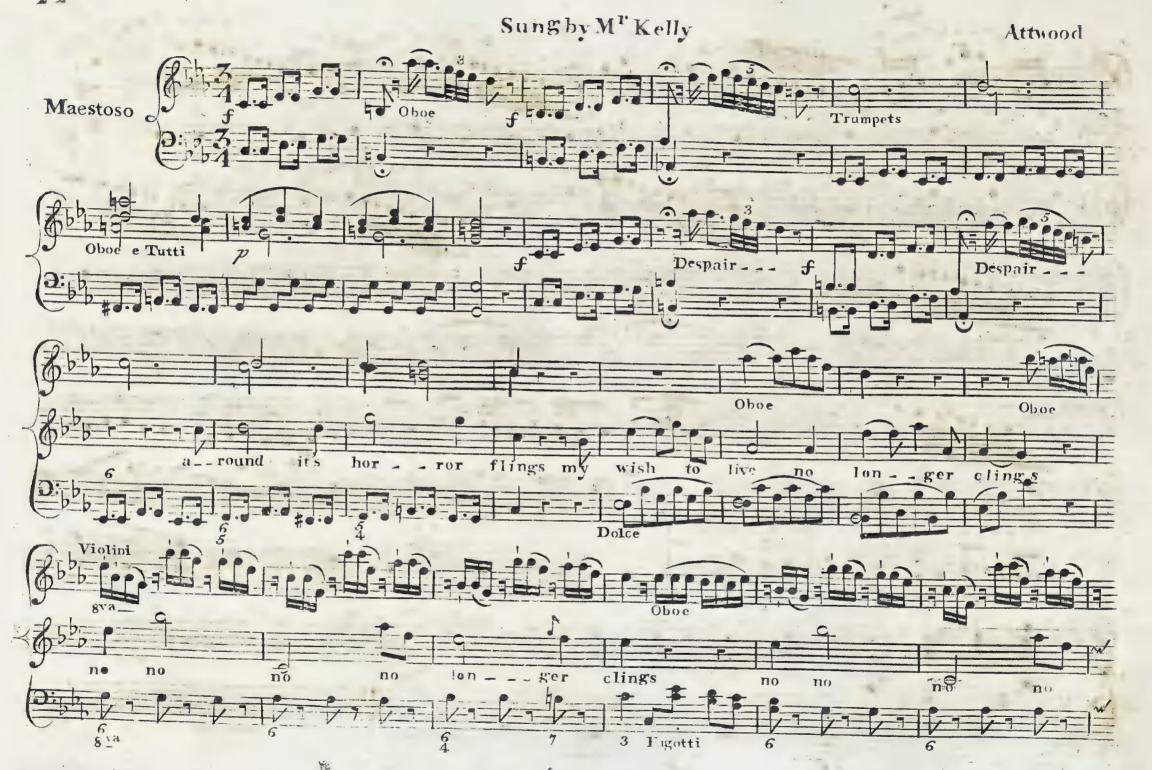


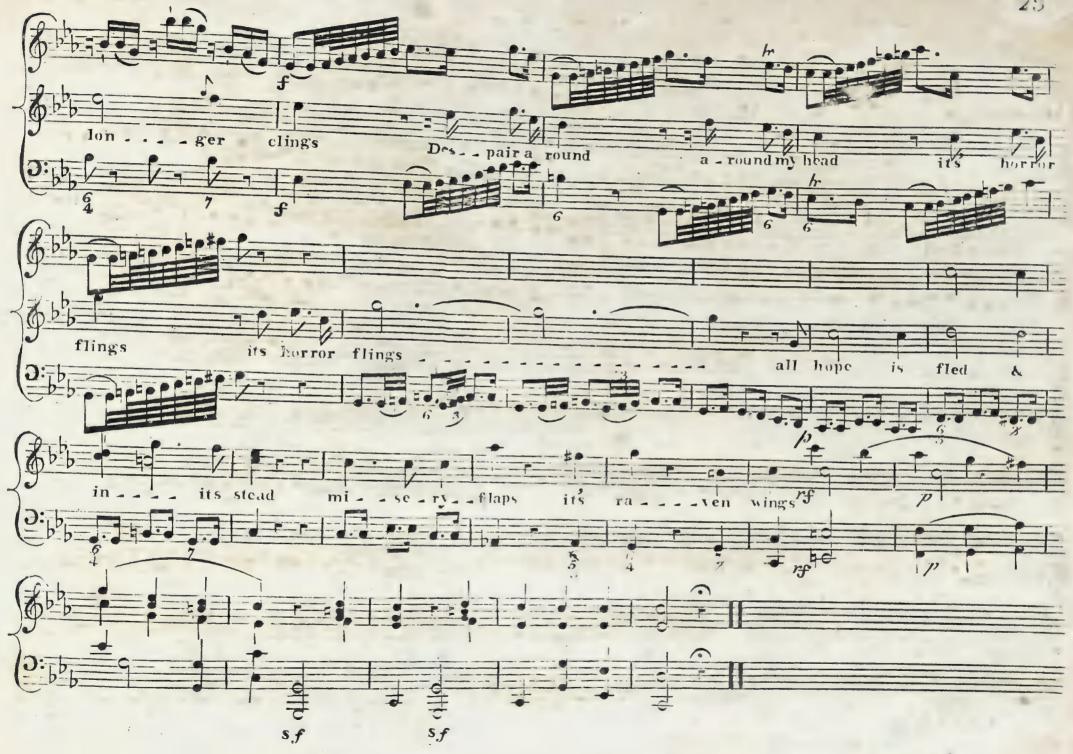


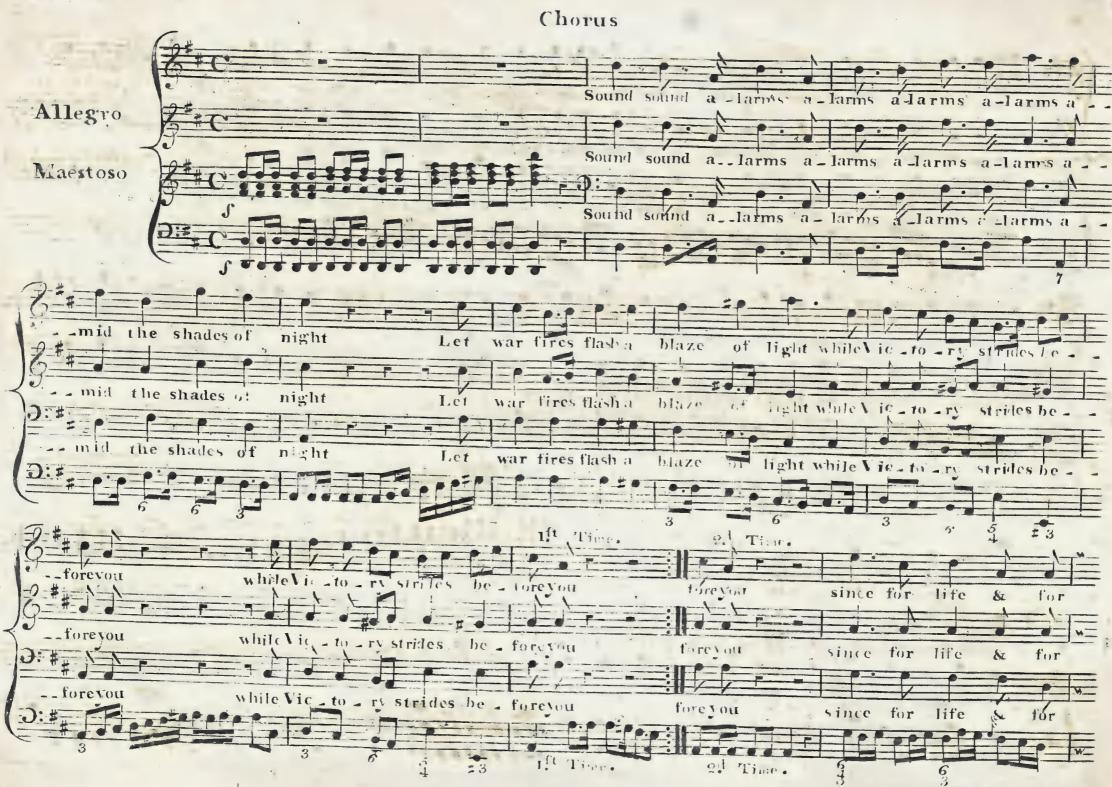






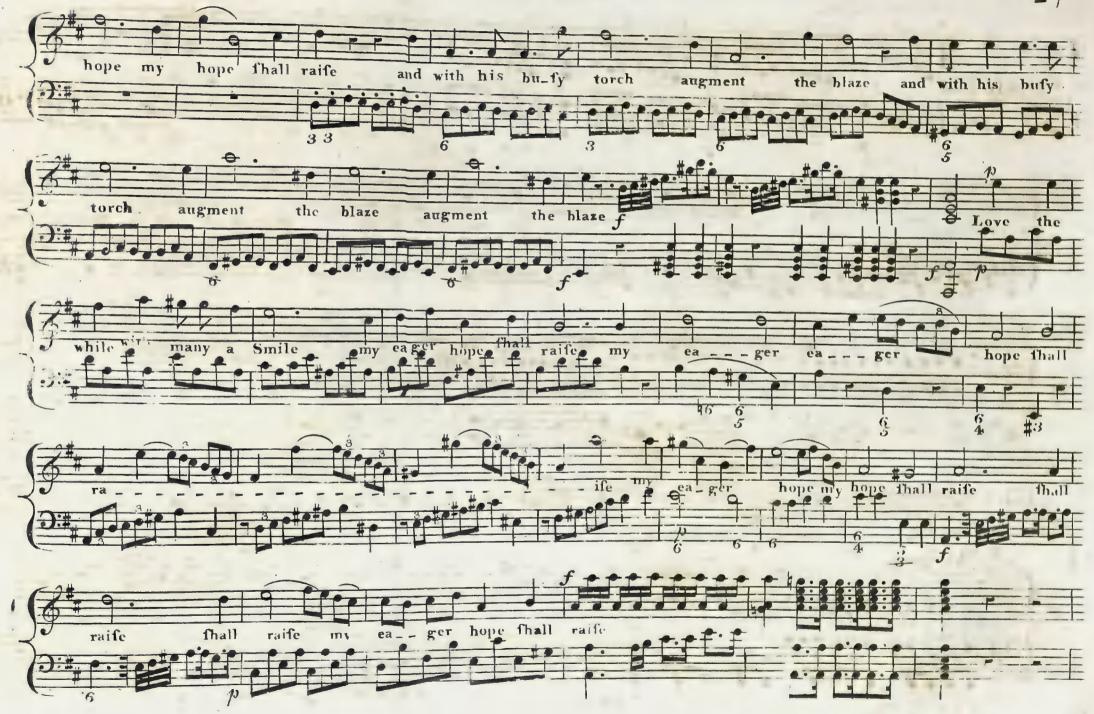


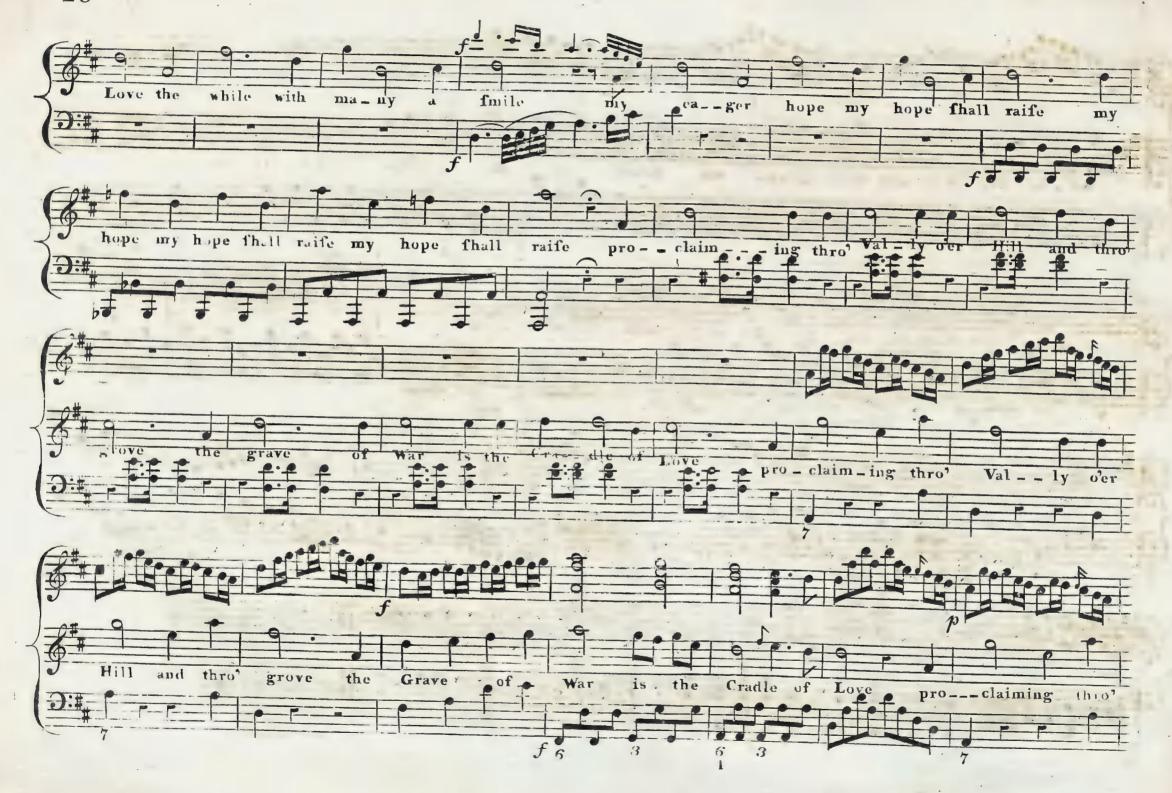


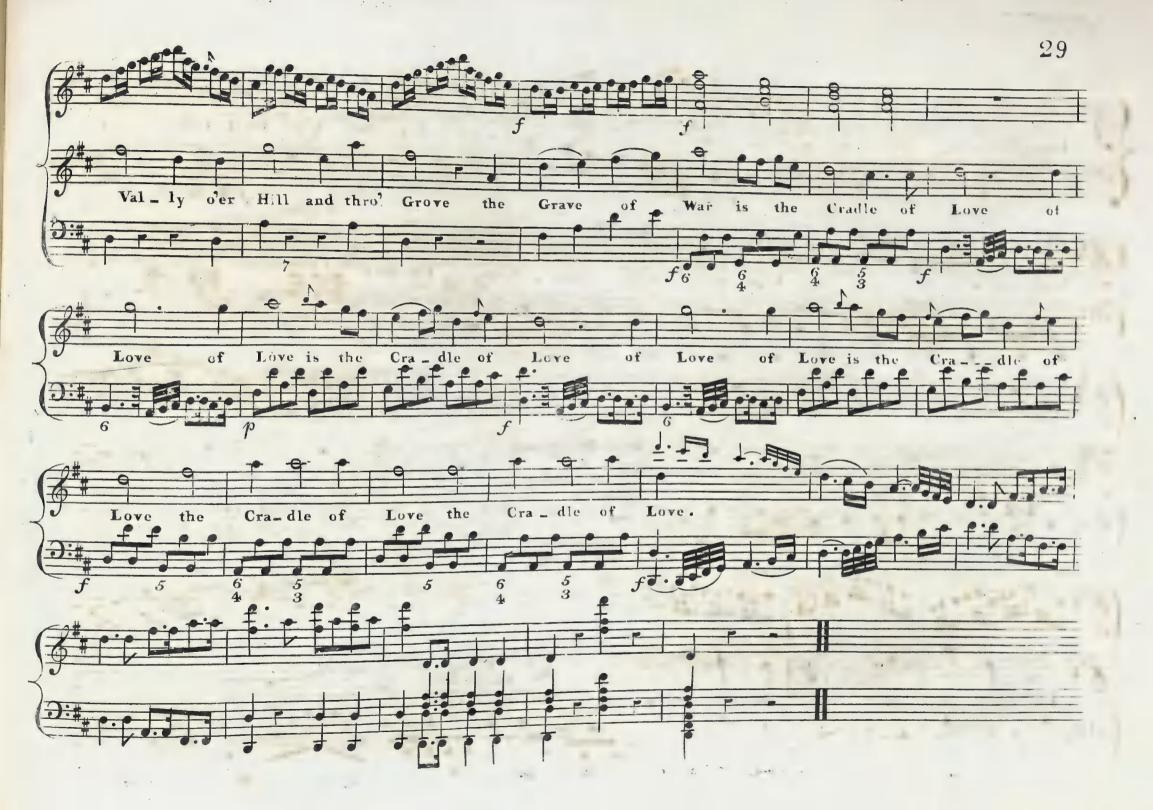




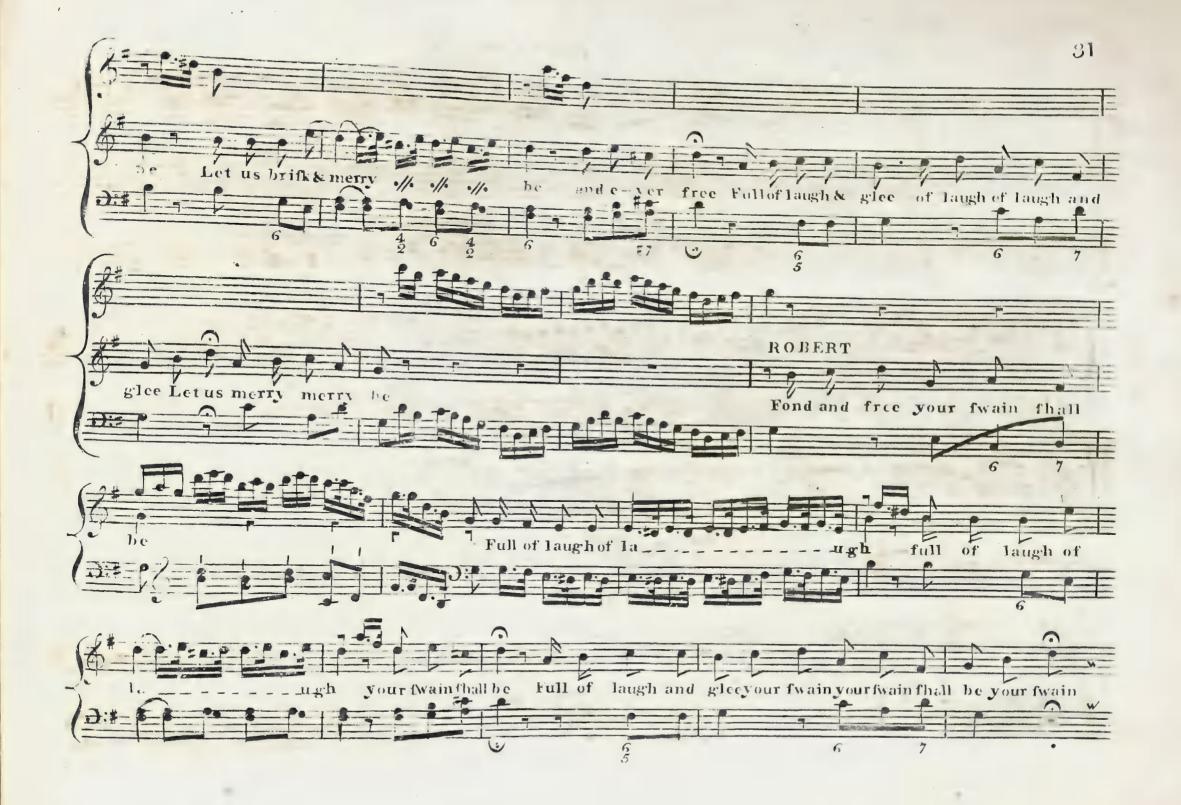


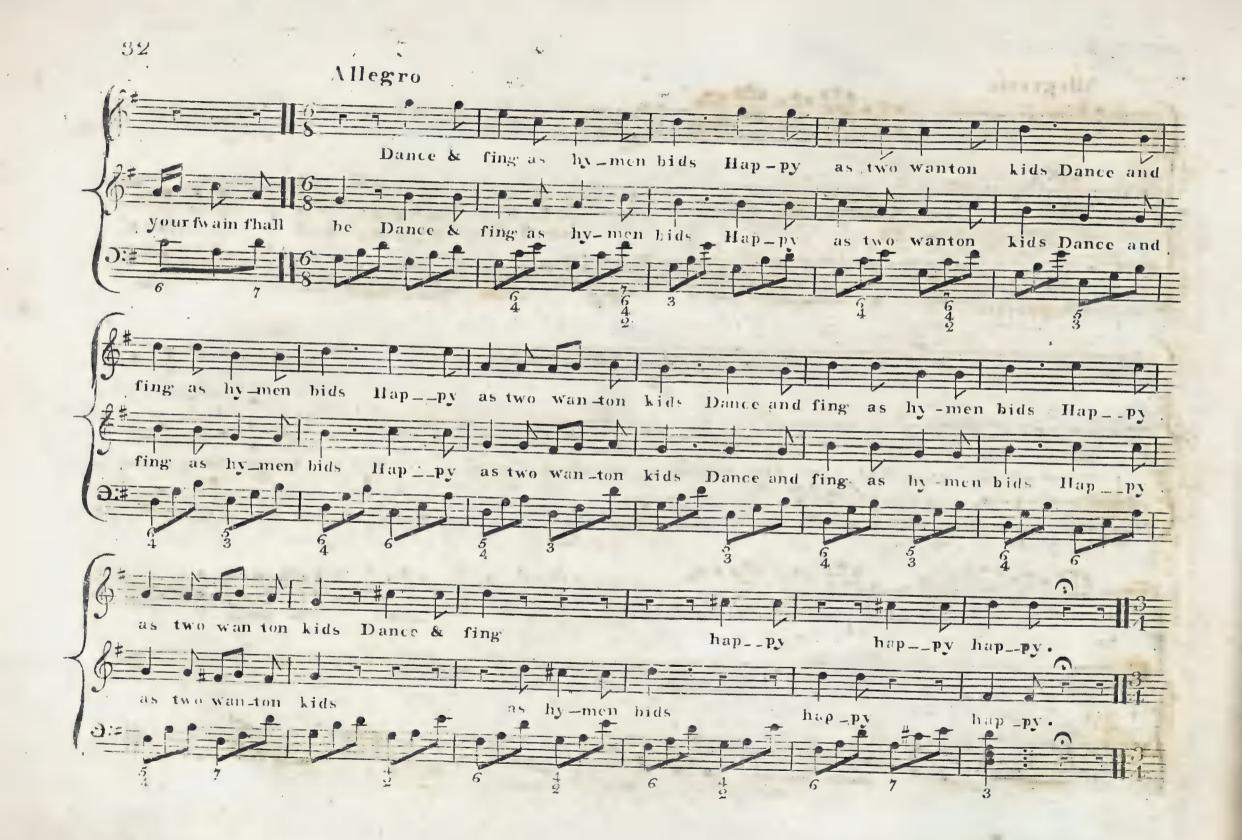


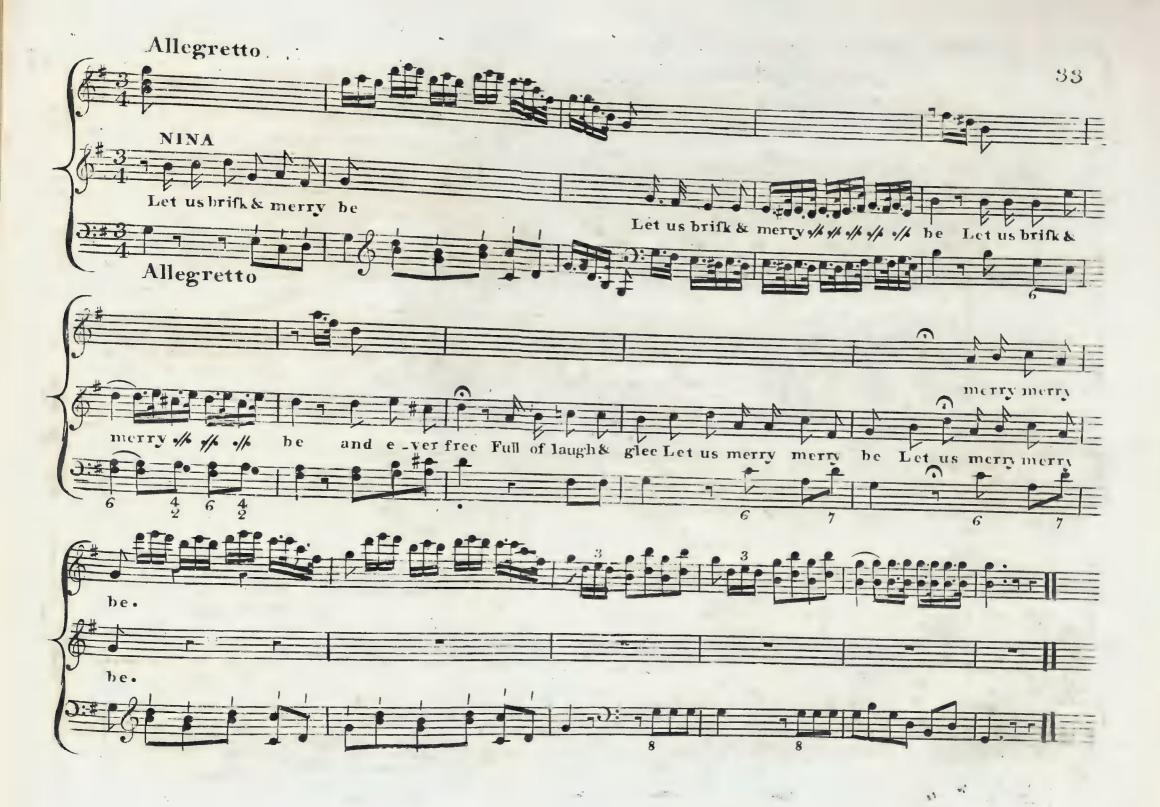


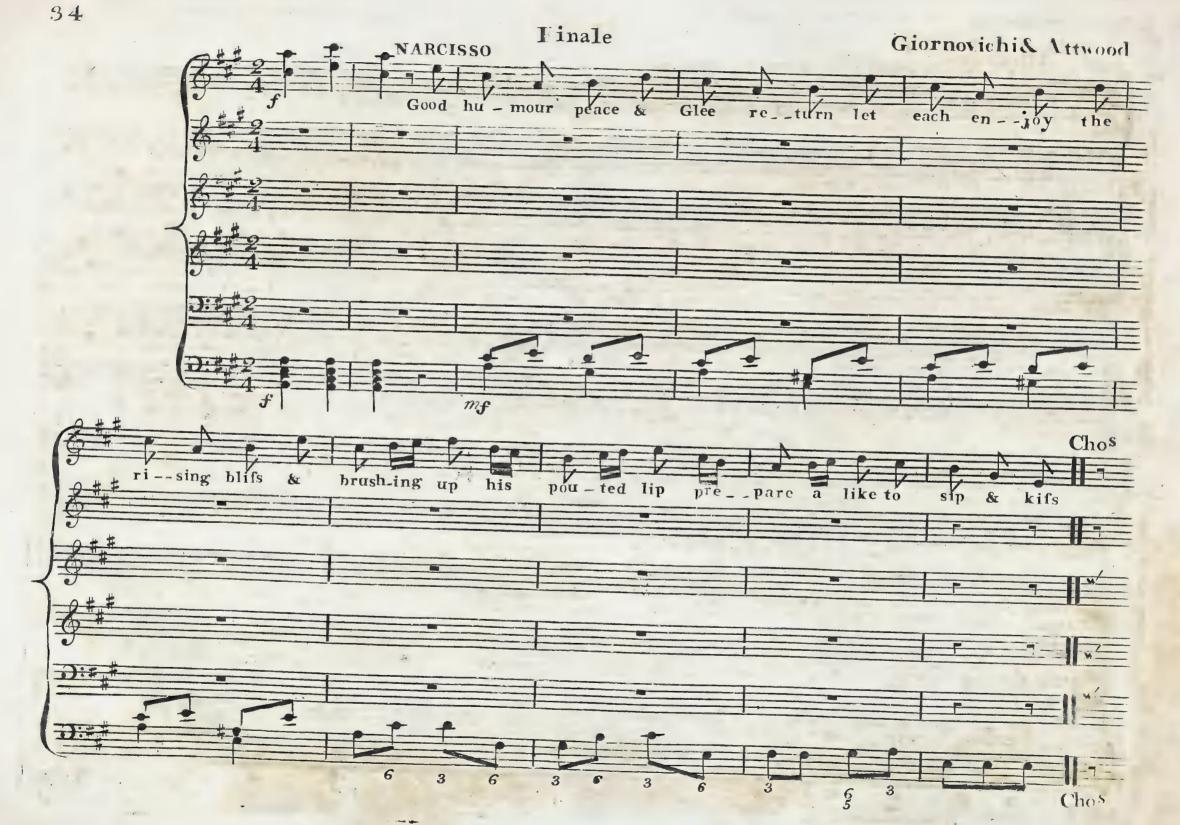


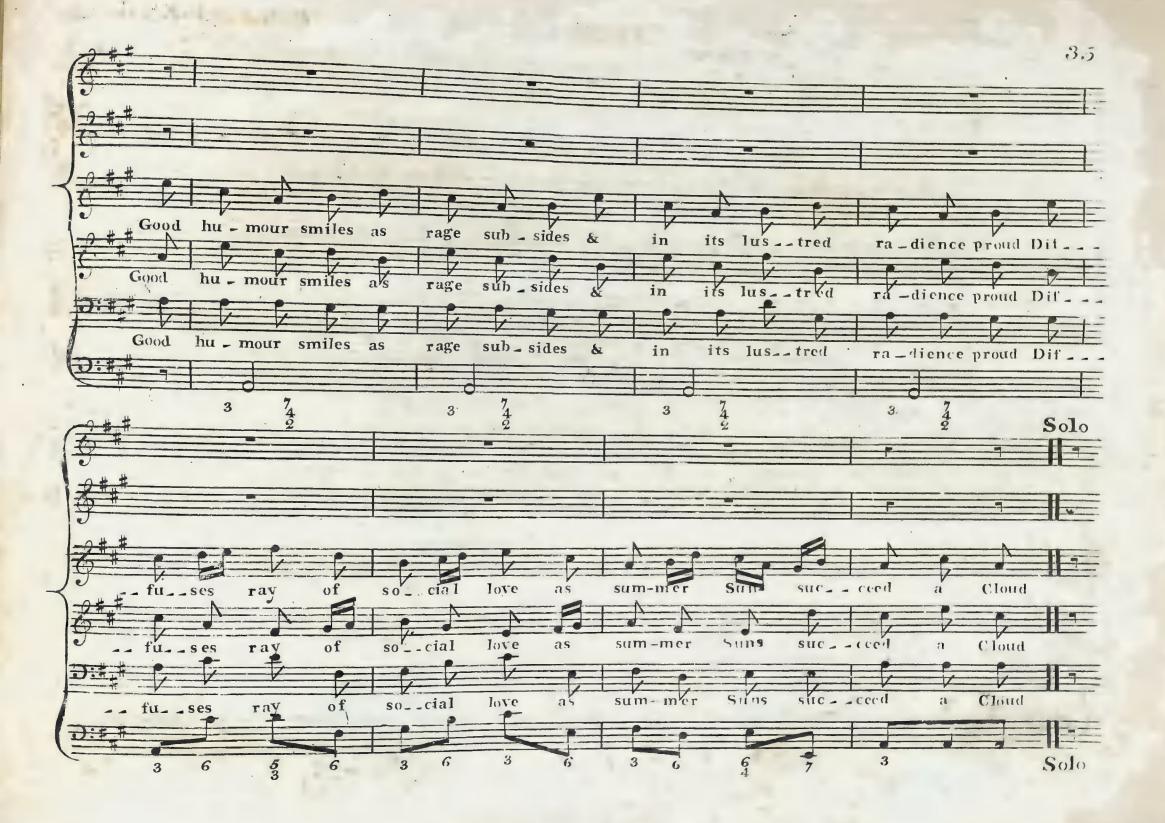


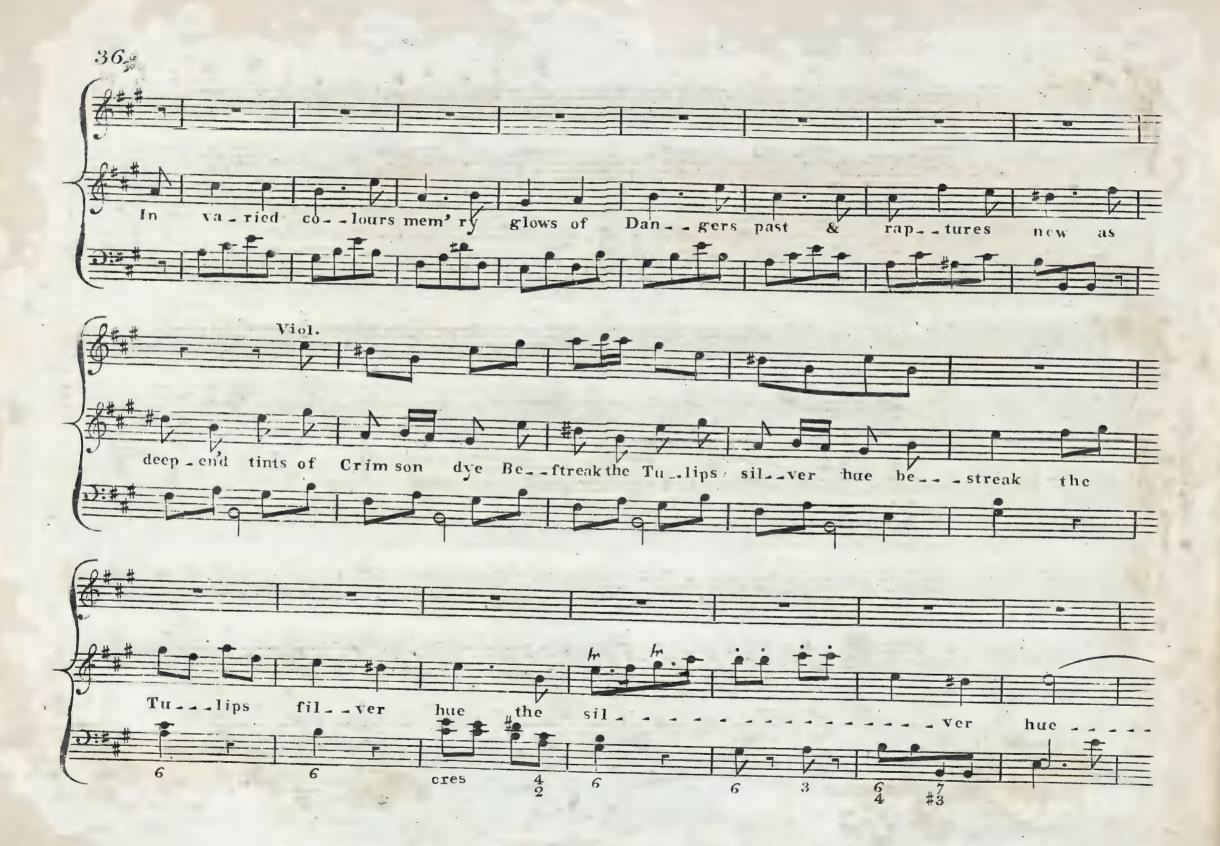


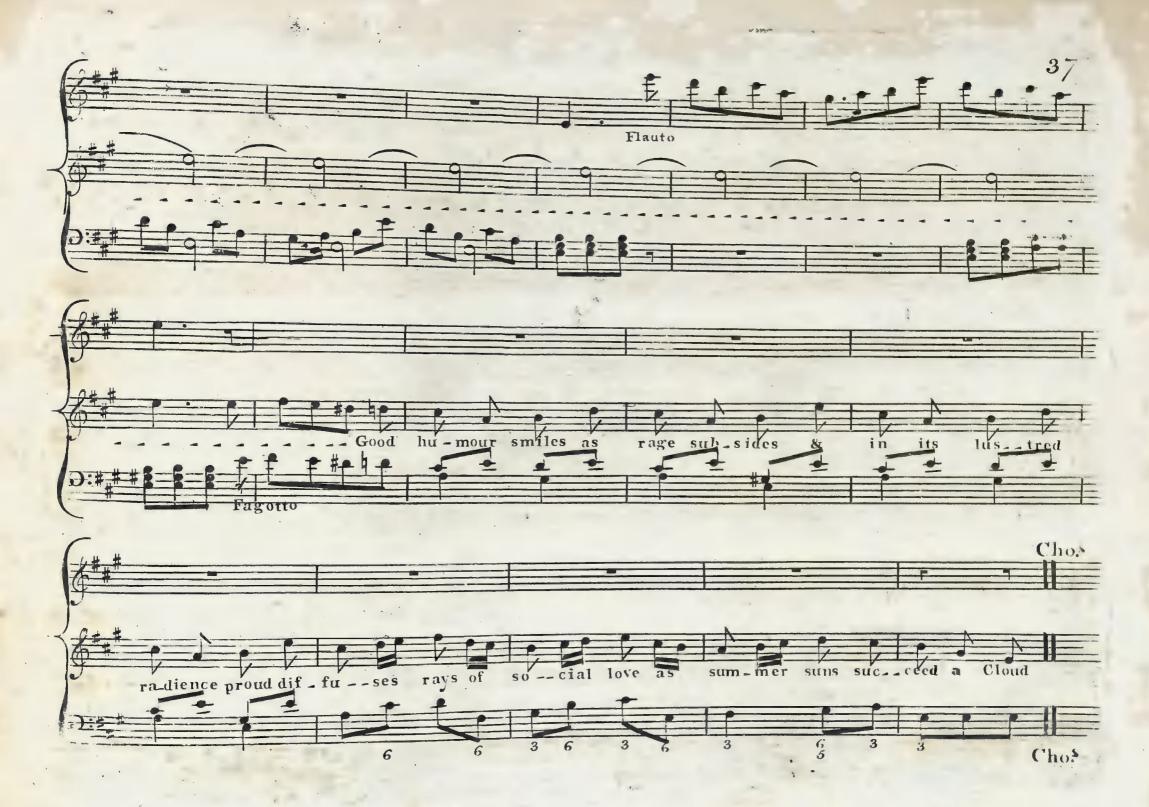












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